The Saturday Evening
POST
March 24, 1956 – 15¢

MAR 2 0 '58

An M.I.T. Expert's Amazing Long-Range Predictions:
COLD WEATHER AHEAD!

LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE

Jobs for Older Women

LIBRARY BALDWIN-WALLACE COLL
BEREA OHIO 25-56

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ACCESSORIES BY BLACK, STARR & GORHAM

"KENT" AND "MICRONITE" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY

No wonder people who smoke a lot choose KENT...

KENT is the only cigarette with the Micronite Filter . . . it gives the high filtration that helps you keep your smoking moderate. What's more, the Micronite Filter gives every KENT a clean, fresh taste—so you get the full enjoyment of fine, custom-blended tobaccos. When it's just a question of pennies, why settle for less than KENT—especially if you smoke a lot!

King Size and Regular length

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AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO COMMON COLD SUFFERERS!

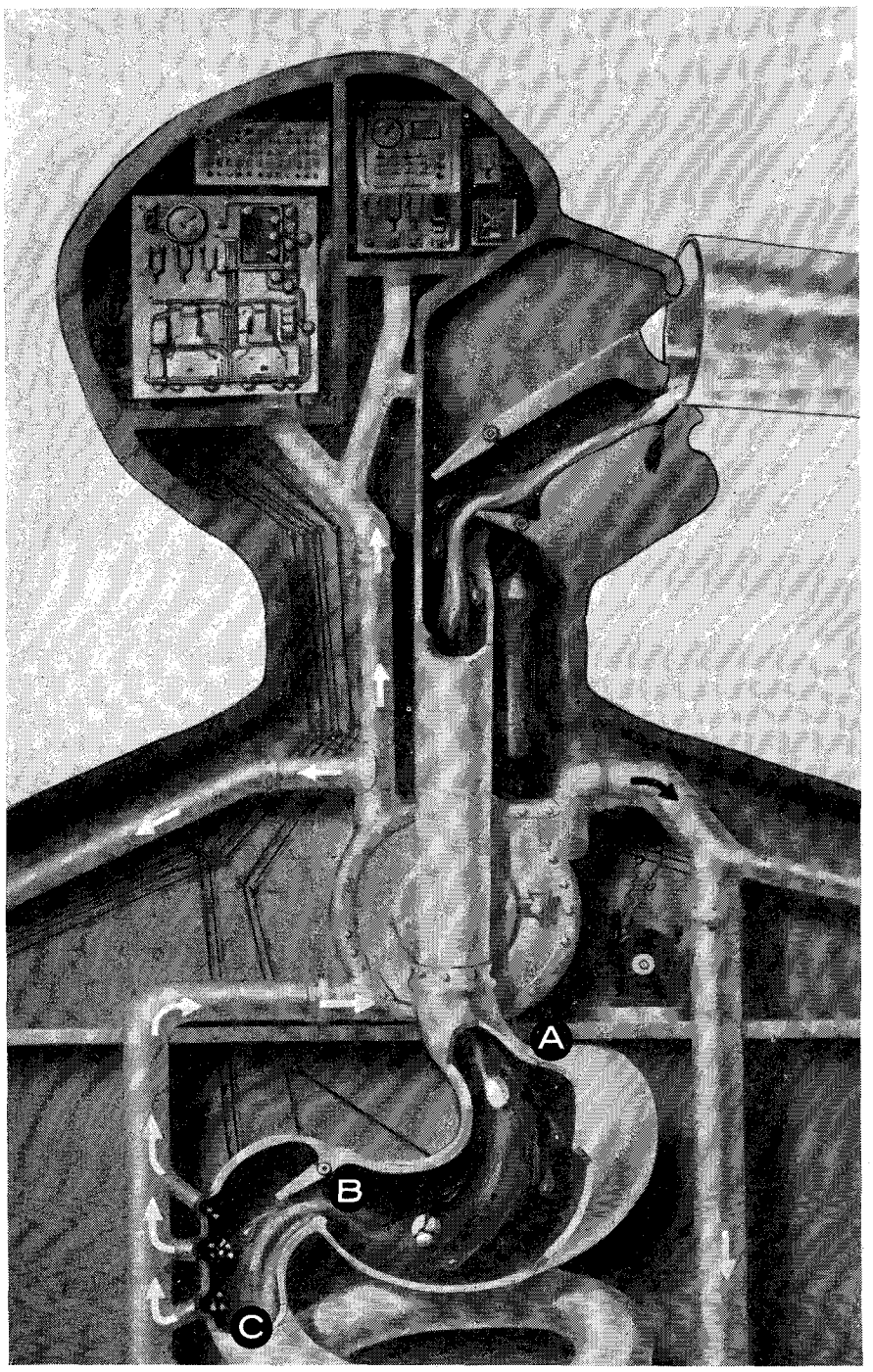
Bufferin® relieves cold miseries twice as fast as aspirin —and doesn't upset your stomach as aspirin often does!

The headaches, neuralgia and discomforts that accompany the common cold can now be relieved with Bufferin in *less time* than with aspirin alone.

Laboratory tests comparing Bufferin and aspirin show that Bufferin's pain relieving agent gets into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin.

This means Bufferin acts *twice as fast* to make a cold sufferer feel better.

Clinical tests reveal that stomach upsets often follow the taking of aspirin. But you can keep taking Bufferin—with a clear conscience—until you feel better. Even in *continuous* doses, Bufferin will not upset your stomach.



Amount of pain reliever in blood stream shows how Bufferin acts faster to relieve pain

Ⓐ Medical science has proved that any known pain reliever must pass through the stomach and into the blood stream to relieve pain.

Ⓑ Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream *twice as fast* as aspirin. That's why . . .

Ⓒ Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin to relieve pain. And hospital tests show Bufferin won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

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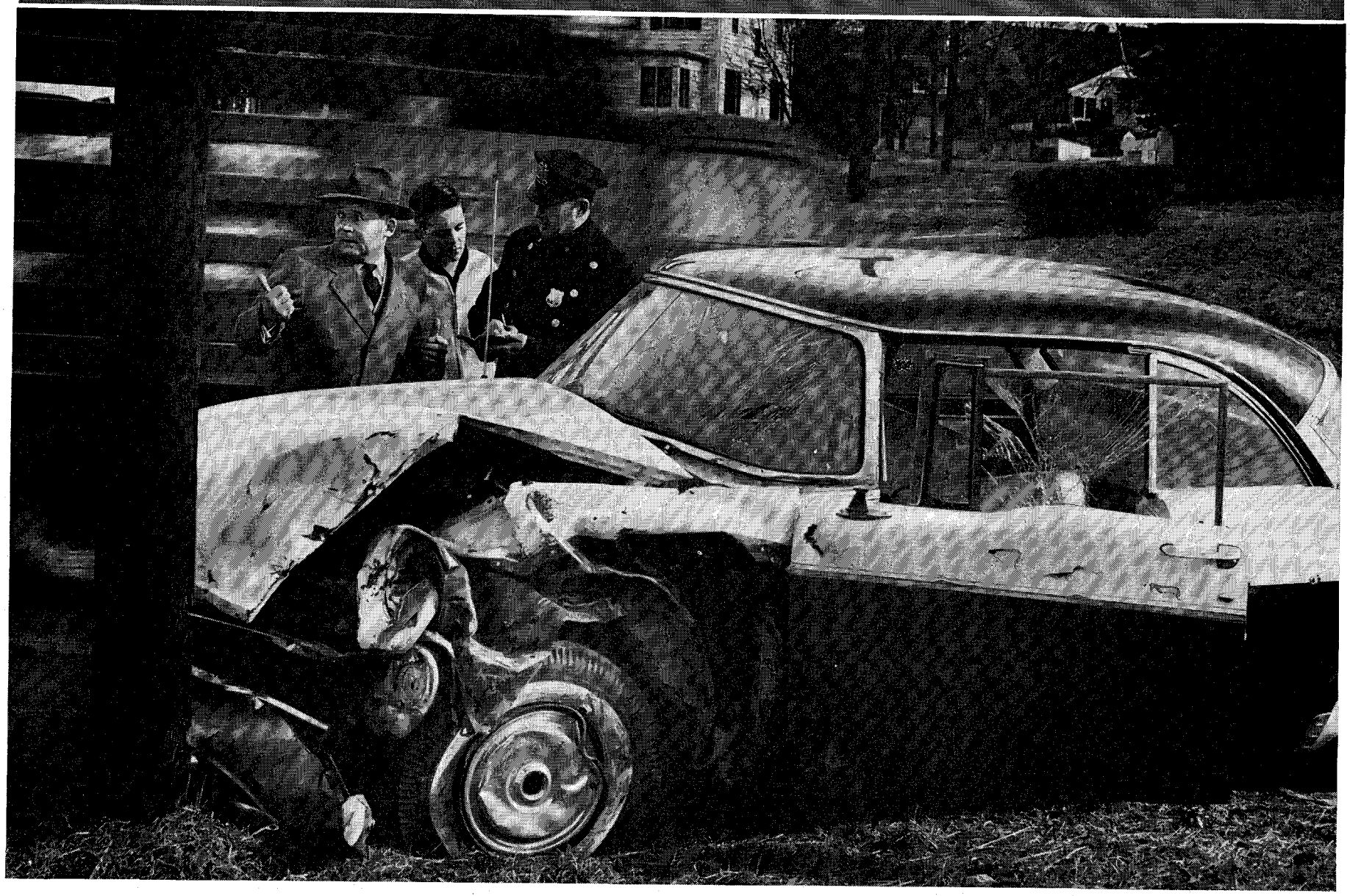
The Company that stands by you



"I can still hear that horrible crash!"

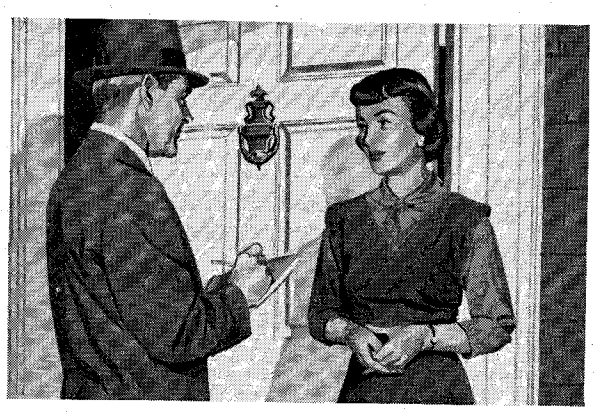
"A delivery truck clipped my fender, threw me into a spin. To avoid hitting me, another car swerved into a utility pole!

"Before I knew it I was being questioned by an officer. After the ambulance came, I got to a phone and called my insurance company — Liberty Mutual. I must have sounded upset because the man there said, 'Take it easy, mister. Let us take over your troubles.' They did, too! And what a relief that was."

When a Liberty Mutual policyholder has an accident, a great organization springs to his aid. Help is always available through Liberty offices in the United States, Canada and Hawaii. It starts as soon as you telephone.

Liberty's ability to take over your troubles is shown by its record. Less than 2% of automobile liability claims are decided by court verdict. And for this protection the cost is thrifty. Savings (*through dividends*) are currently 15% in most states.

YOU FIND FRIENDS EASILY when you're a Liberty Mutual policyholder. Liberty's service follows you everywhere in the country, and Liberty people are always ready to help you. Every day more and more people are learning that *Liberty will stand by you.*



DIGGING FACTS FOR YOUR PROTECTION is a specialty of Liberty Mutual claimsmen. Getting evidence from witnesses who live far from the scene of the accident is a problem easily solved through the help of Liberty Mutual's many offices nationwide.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Towser is thinking, *One minute the boy I love wants me to be with him, next minute he doesn't. Do human beings think or do they just muddle along on instinct?* This is a good subject to change. As to what will happen in the church, George Hughes says he doesn't know, and what a help *he* is. If an usher comes to remove Towser, he may find the dog a distressing nonconformist. If Towser jumps into the vacant seat behind his master, surely the parishioner next to him will think it incongruous to be sitting in a pew beside a dog, and surely papa and mamma, when they turn around, will agree with him. And if the boy arises to take his friend home, will not Towser fill the church with a hosanna of happy barks? Whatever happens, papa and mamma will wind up in a heathen frame of mind.

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly... Column No. 207 — The greatest star of the screen!

The best way to describe M-G-M's "Meet Me In Las Vegas" is to tell you there hasn't been anything quite as fresh, romantic and tuneful since this same company's "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers".

★ ★ ★ ★

This new gold mine of entertainment was filmed right in the whirling activity of America's famed playground, Las Vegas itself—in fact in the sleek Sands Hotel and all around the town.

★ ★ ★ ★

Amidst all the beautiful girls who disport their figures at the poolside in "Meet Me In Las Vegas" and of all the attractive gamblers who make this world of glitter so exciting, we eavesdrop on the hot and heavy romance of its most appealing pair.

★ ★ ★ ★

They are a cocky young rancher, Dan Dailey, and a snobbish but shapely dancer, Cyd Charisse.

★ ★ ★ ★

When ordinary sweethearts hold hands, it's exciting, but with these two it's a lucky charm in addition.

★ ★ ★ ★

Not a deck of cards or a one-armed bandit is safe when they entwine a few fingers.

★ ★ ★ ★

Loving, laughing fighting, dancing, singing—Cyd and Dan hit every jackpot there is.

★ ★ ★ ★

What a fun extravaganza! Wait'll you hear the twelve hit tunes.

★ ★ ★ ★

Wait'll you see ravishing Cyd perform in what will be talked about as the most abandoned but wonderful dance number of the year, the "Frankie and Johnny" spectacle.

★ ★ ★ ★

And wait'll you hear rancher Dan sing "The Gal With The Yaller Shoes" at the big barbecue. He's never been in such engagingly top form.

★ ★ ★ ★

And to cap this madcap jaunt to the world's most fabulous playground, are guest stars Lena Horne (how she sings "If You Can Dream"), Frankie Laine, and Jerry Colonna.

★ ★ ★ ★

And don't miss flirtatious Cara Williams singing "I Refuse To Rock 'N Roll" or the harmony of The Four Aces or the refreshing delivery of "My Lucky Charm" by tiny, talented Mitsuko Sawamura. And really great performances by Paul Henreid and Agnes Moorehead, Jim Backus, Liliane Montevecchi, Lili Darvas, Oscar Karlweis.

★ ★ ★ ★

All in all, twelve hit songs by Nicholas Brodszky and Sammy Cahn enrich the picture. The choreography is by Hermes Pan.

★ ★ ★ ★

The producer of M-G-M's jackpot of entertainment is none other than Joe Pasternak. Isobel Lennart wrote the first-rate script, and Roy Rowland was the ingenious director. The big show is in thrilling Eastman color and expansive CinemaScope.

★ ★ ★ ★

Get your pal, get your gal—and say those magic words: "Meet Me In Las Vegas"! —*Leo*

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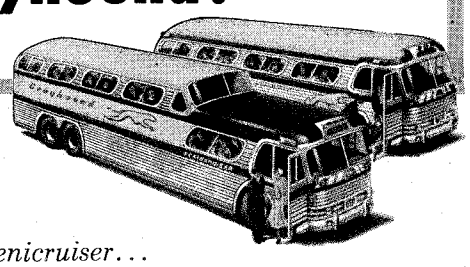
If wheel fatigue gets you down...

Take a vacation from driving!

Relax...in Low-Cost Luxury by Greyhound!



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Panoramic Sightseeing...
Air Conditioned Warmth...
Complete Washroom on Scenicruiser...

There's no need to fight the wheel, on so many of the trips you take—no need to fight for parking space when you arrive! For about a third the cost of operating your car, you can sit back in the air-conditioned comfort of a Greyhound luxury coach . . . relax behind one of the world's best drivers . . . and really see the countryside, through panoramic picture windows. The dual-level *Scenicruiser* even has a fully-equipped washroom!

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Letters

Ridgway's Battles

Dear Sirs:

The Post is to be highly commended for printing the series [My Battles in War and Peace, Jan. 21–Feb. 25] by Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway, as told to Harold H. Martin; I believe that what he is saying is of extreme importance to the welfare of our nation. We need to maintain a strong Army to defend our land. . . .

GLENN R. PRATT, *Pastor*
The First Presbyterian Church
Bloomsbury, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

. . . It was with complete disgust that I read General Ridgway's description of the ensuing battle in crossing the causeways at Merderet. . . . To quote: "There in the cut, when the troops started to recoil in the face of that murderous fire, we'd take them by the arm and turn them around and give them a push, starting them down the Causeway." Reading between the lines, I had the impression he knew it meant certain death for most of the men. . . .

ROBERT F. MOYER
Van Nuys, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

. . . The general is not only a soldier's soldier, but he is also a man of extremely good judgment. . . .

LEE JULIUS
Cupertino, Cal.

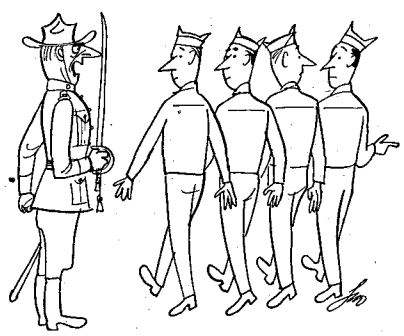
Dear Sirs:

. . . The public should be eternally grateful to General Matthew B. Ridgway for challenging the autocratic military powers with whom he cannot agree. . . .

WILL A. JOHNSON
Bellingham, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

General Ridgway puts the time in February, 1942, the place, Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, where the 82nd Division is in training—and the general remarks cozily, "Most of the men were still so new to the Army that they didn't know 'squads right' from 'parade rest,'



but a few days of hard drill had them marching with much of the snap and swing of a veteran outfit." My, oh, me, oh, my! Can it be that the general doesn't know even to this day that they didn't have "squads right" back there in February, 1942, and that this antiquated close order maneuver had long since been supplanted by the new drill manuals? What the general should have heard was something like: "By the right flank, march," "To the rear, march," "By platoons, first platoon by the right flank, march," etc., etc. But, "Squads right?" Never! . . .

B. M. HAMMOND, *Major, USMCR*
Williston, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Although you'd never find out about it in Gen. Ridgway's fourth article Target in the Dark (Feb. 11), there *was* a 51st Troop Carrier Wing that played a pretty prominent part both in the Sicilian invasion and also in the Salerno operation. . . . When the 52nd Wing, that figures so prominently in the general's article, showed up in North Africa we had already been flying paratroop and combat cargo missions overseas for nearly a year in England and North Africa. . . .

COLIN E. CAMPBELL
Former Major, 51st Troop Carrier Wg.
Bethesda, Md.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I never knew there were so many ways to say S.O.B. until I read the general's description of Secretary Wilson. . . .

PATRICK O. WELCH
Boyne City, Mich.

Eve's Apple

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for the fine editorial on the apple [First of the Top Ten Fruits is the Apple] in your February 4 issue. My mouth is watering for one to eat out of hand now, as no doubt are millions of your other readers. We, as a farm organization, appreciate the attention you have called to this delectable fruit. I can visualize countless numbers of housewives, motivated by this editorial, going to fruit counters of their favorite food stores and including apples among their purchases. . . .

C. K. BULLOCK, *Director*
Commodity Dept., New York Farm Bureau
Ithaca, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial on the apple will appeal to many old-time Americans. But where in the Bible is there any mention connecting Eve and an apple? . . .

WALTER F. MURPHY
Winnetka, Ill.

● *We can't find any specific mention. It's a tribute to the apple that so many people have assumed that it was the fruit which tempted Eve. —ED.*

Quebec

Dear Sirs:

Re: Cities of the World, Quebec City [by George Sessions Perry] . . . Feb. 18th.

Thanks for the nice, friendly article. . . . Quebec IS "the most glamorously European city on this side of the Atlantic" and "one of the most beautiful cities on earth." . . .

MICHAEL L. GUIMONT
Quebec, Canada

Dear Sirs:

. . . Let's face it, the days of the trading post are gone, woodcarving is commercialized and is definitely not a Quebec pastime, ninety per cent of those that ski around Quebec are the Quebekers themselves, and snowshoes—UGH—. What are they? . . .

Tourist publicity and reality are not the same. . . .

ROBERT MONTMINY
Quebec, Canada

Dear Sirs:

. . . Tourist guides are very poor sources to base a magazine article on.

TERRY LISTON
Montreal, Canada

(Continued on Page 6)

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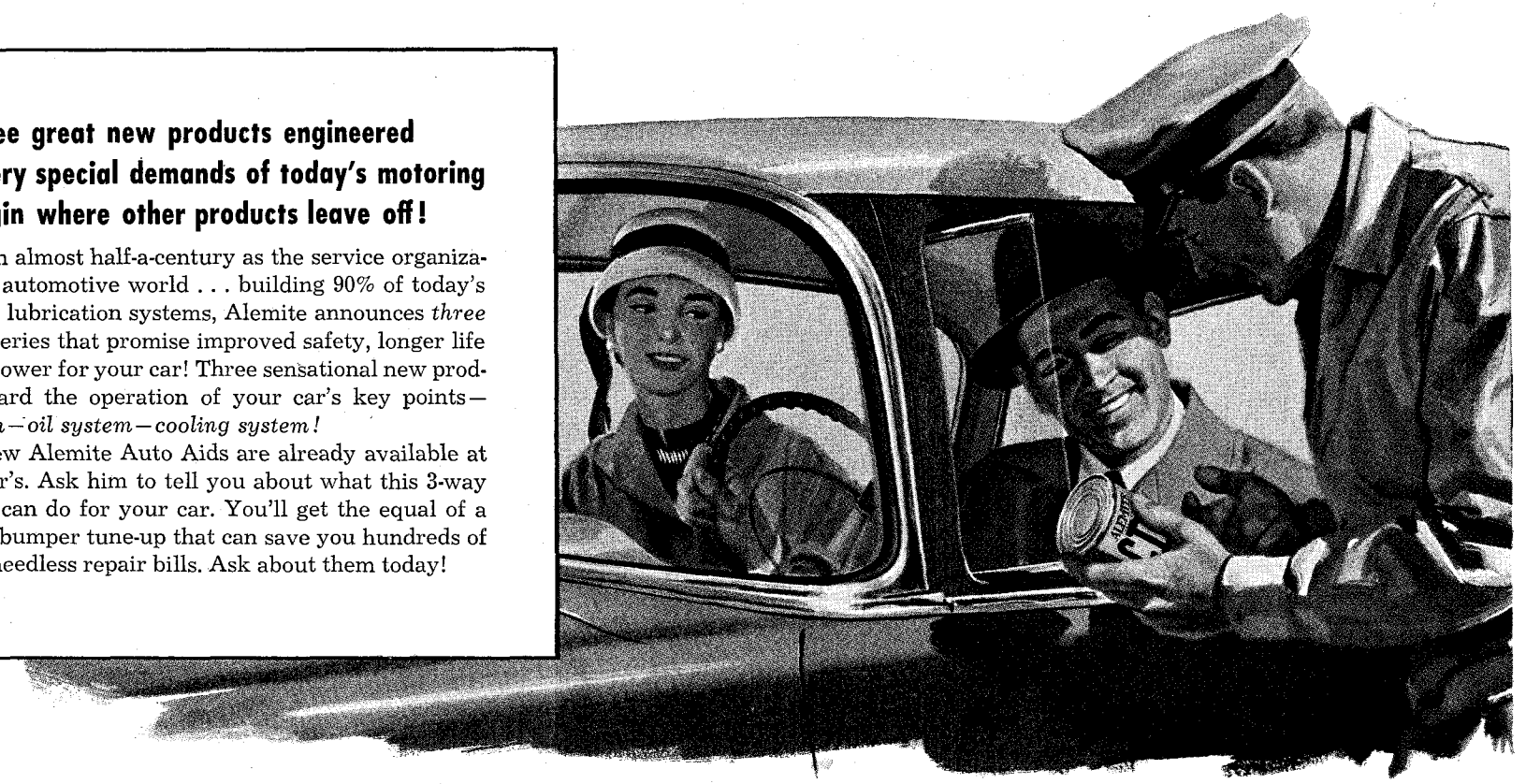
Now...from ALEMITE...World Leader in Lubrication

3 REVOLUTIONARY DEVELOPMENTS TO BRING NEW SAFETY AND POWER TO YOUR CAR

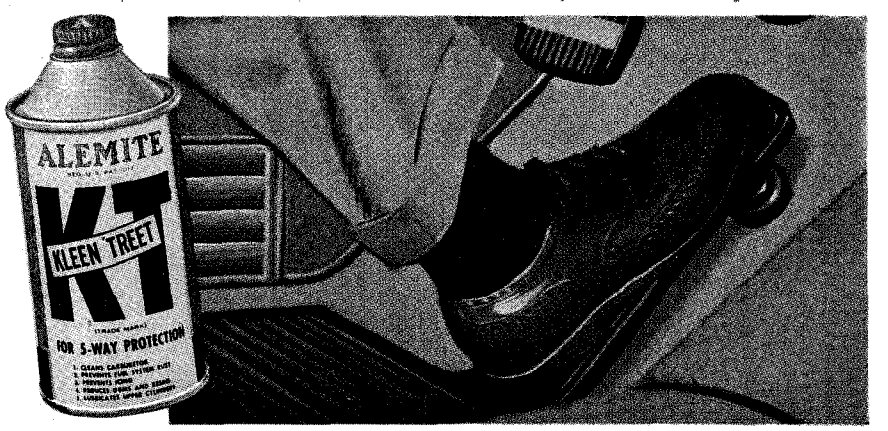
Three great new products engineered for the very special demands of today's motoring begin where other products leave off!

Drawing on almost half-a-century as the service organization of the automotive world . . . building 90% of today's automobile lubrication systems, Alemite announces *three* new discoveries that promise improved safety, longer life and fresh power for your car! Three sensational new products to guard the operation of your car's key points—*fuel system—oil system—cooling system!*

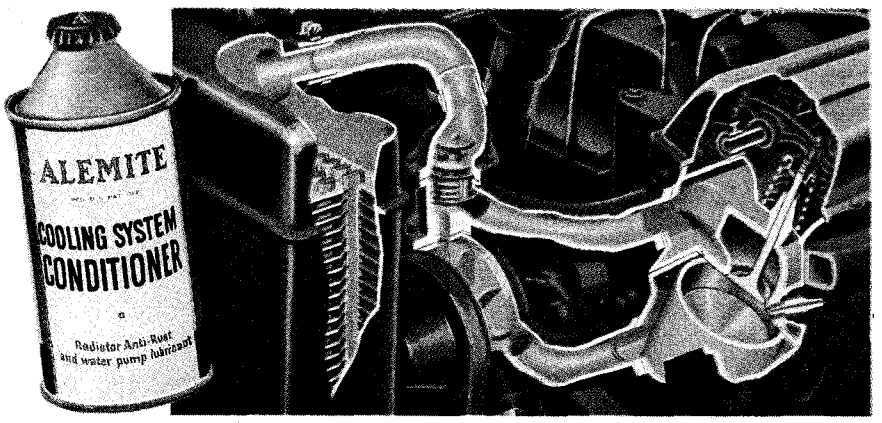
These new Alemite Auto Aids are already available at your dealer's. Ask him to tell you about what this 3-way protection can do for your car. You'll get the equal of a bumper-to-bumper tune-up that can save you hundreds of dollars in needless repair bills. Ask about them today!



Alemite CD-2 Gives Your Car A Fast On-The-Road Tune-Up. Engine sludge and rust are dangerous by-products of stop-and-go driving. It takes more than oil to keep your car running smoothly in spite of these enemies. That's why you need Alemite CD-2. The famous 6-way action of CD-2 washes out engine sludge, frees valves and lifters, gives your car new power. Add CD-2 to your crankcase with each oil change. Only $1.35.



New Kleen Treet Lets You Avoid Rough Idling and Engine Lag! Stalling, sluggishness, and clogging of fuel lines can be expensive nuisances. Now, Alemite automotive research offers revolutionary Kleen Treet – a quick, easy way to get rid of the gum, resin and dirt that clog carburetors and cause fuel-system trouble. Add one can of Kleen Treet to your gas four times a year for a clean fuel system and fresh, reliable power. Only $1.35.



Alemite Cooling System Conditioner Cleans Your Cooling System As You Drive. Now Alemite offers a product that does away with the unpleasant chore of radiator cleaning. Alemite Cooling System Conditioner cleans your cooling system while you drive . . . keeps it clean and rust free . . . does away with messy flushes and drains. Alemite Cooling System Conditioner removes rust and scale . . . prevents clogging . . . lubricates your water pump . . . assures maximum efficiency of your cooling system. Only $1.00.

★ ★ ★

Give your car a Three-Way Alemite Auto Aid treatment . . . at your car dealer, service station or auto supply store. You may save yourself hundreds of dollars in unnecessary repair bills later on!

ALEMITE
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The First Month's Wear is a *Lifetime Discovery!*

It is easy to fashion a shoe to fit well and look well . . . at the fitting stool. But Ankle-Fashioning fits the *mobile* foot and *keeps it looking smart.* Only Nunn-Bush Shoes are Ankle-Fashioned. Only Ankle-Fashioning gives persisting, gentle Nunn-Bush snugness . . . and superior style lines through added satisfying Nunn-Bush miles!

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NUNN-BUSH • MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN

Also makers of Edgerton Shoes for Men • Most styles $11.95 to $15.95 • Some Higher

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

. . . To clear up [a] point brushed over by your author. No child under sixteen is allowed to attend a movie in Quebec province. The law was passed about twenty-five years ago, after a terrible fire in Montreal, in which nearly 100 children were crushed to death in a theater.

There has been a great deal of controversy about this, of course, but at least the little "habitants" . . . get more fresh air on Saturday afternoons than their contemporaries in the other provinces and in the United States. . . .

ROSEMARY HUTCHINSON
New Liskeard, Ontario

Colorful Coach

Dear Sirs:

I disagree with the title of the article... THE COACH WITH THE TERRIBLE TEMPER [by Edward Linn, Feb. 18].

To be sure Al Cervi has a temper, but by no means *terrible.*

I should know, for we have been married for fourteen years. . . .

MRS. RUTH M. CERVI
Syracuse, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . A distorted picture of Al Cervi. . . .

Your article notes that he was charged with only three technical fouls last season, although it fails to note that he was the least-penalized coach in the NBA in this respect. . . .

Al's record as a coach is given short shrift. . . . His Syracuse teams hold an all-time margin over every other team in the Eastern Division. . . . When the 1954–55 Nats won the world championship, they became the first Eastern Division team to accomplish this. . . .

You give only an inkling of the fact that, off the court, he's one of the happiest, funniest, most companionable men you'd meet anywhere. . . . You discover nothing about the fact that Syracuse teams have won consistently without ever having come close to owning an individual scoring champion. . . .

BILL REDDY
JIM MCKECHME
JACK SLATTERY
JACK ANDREWS
Syracuse Post-Standard
Syracuse, N.Y.

● *We felt that all the points at issue were fairly and fully covered in the article.* —ED.

Lonely Patient

Dear Sirs:

The harassed visage of George Hughes' suffering victim [cover, Feb. 18] should be plastered on every hospital entrance as a quaint reminder that a hospital should be a home for the sick and not a conclave of well-wishing relatives and lodge brothers for dispersal of irrelevant gossip. . . .

DR. JAMES B. BUNDY
Fayetteville, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Poor patient! . . .

MRS. RITA BOSCIA
Tuckahoe, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I think the folks on the right-hand side of the picture are visiting the patient in the next bed. That has always been my experience.

EVERETT REID
McIntosh, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

. . . The poor guy should get used to the situation because it will happen again—at his funeral.

W. V. ZAHNISER
Edinboro, Pa.

French Jaycees

Dear Sirs:

Members of the French Junior Chamber of Commerce were deeply interested in your article OPERATION BROTHERHOOD [by Darrell Berrigan], Nov. 12, 1955. . . .

We, as French Jaycees, consider that some Americans have absolutely the right to be defenders of anticolonialist messianism. . . . We also consider that they have absolutely the right to take every opportunity to recall certain mistakes of French colonialism. . . . However, the French Jaycees cannot admit such criticism under the moral security of an international organization they are members of. . . .

YVON CHOTARD
Vice President, JC International for Europe
Paris, France

● *Author Berrigan quoted Vietnam's Premier Ngo Dinh Diem as saying that Operation Brotherhood had done "more for Vietnam than the French have done in 100 years of occupation."* —ED.

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IT DIDN'T COST THAT MUCH TO BE SICK WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL!
OH, BUT ACTUALLY, SICKNESS COSTS LESS TODAY--AND MANY MORE CHILDREN GET WELL!

Back when today's adults were growing up, one out of every ten babies died before its first birthday. Now, advances in medical science are saving millions of young lives each year. Yet the cost of the better medical care available today is actually *less* than the best care you could get when you were a child!

The reason: new treatments and new medicines developed by the medical profession and the pharmaceutical industry.

A dramatic case in point is mastoiditis in children. Surgery was often able to save the child's life, but sometimes left him with a deaf ear. Nowadays, the doctor is often able to cure him with perhaps $25 worth of potent new medicines, and thus save the expense of an operation and hospital stay.

But most important, these new drugs are saving children's lives—by the millions. Once, the four most deadly child-killers were diphtheria, whooping cough, scarlet fever, and pneumonia. Nowadays, the number of deaths from all of these causes combined is actually less than the number of children killed by accidents.

And medical progress continues. Today, the dollar you spend for prompt and proper medical care buys more than ever before—and may well represent one of the really extraordinary bargains of your life.

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Makers of medicines since 1866

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. . . THIS IS THE TIRE WITH

Ends fear of blowouts!
Ends fear of punctures!
Ends fear of skids!
Gives longer, safer mileage than any other tire!

Now from Firestone comes the automatic safety tire . . . the new Firestone Supreme. It gives you and your family protection never before provided in any tire at any price. It's the first and only tire with built-in peace of mind!

Blowout Safe! It's a tubeless tire. Its cord body is made of all nylon – stronger than steel, pound for pound. That's why the Firestone Supreme resists all causes of blowouts. But no tire is blowout-proof from a slash or cut in the sidewall. So t leave nothing to chance, Firestone engineers hav built into the Supreme an emergency life protecto

For should a blowout occur, an automatic safet valve closes in the life protector and retains ⅔ of the air. This lets you ride out a blowout witho swerving—without danger. Lets you come safely t a straight-line stop. This is built-in peace of min

Puncture Safe! The new Firestone Supreme ha

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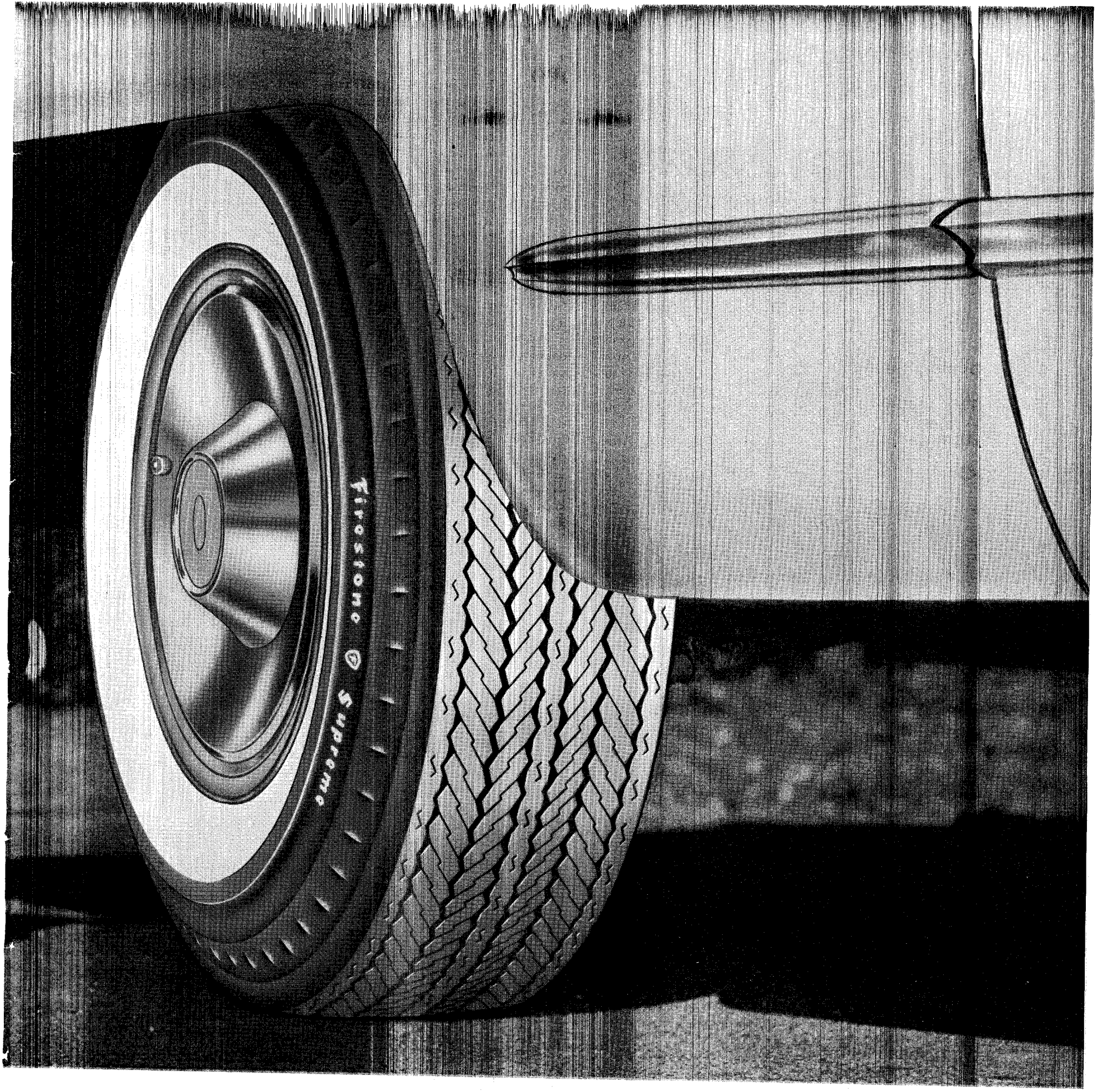

a special gummy rubber sealant that seals any puncture the instant it occurs—makes it completely puncture-safe. No more delays, no more fear of changing tires on a busy highway. This is built-in peace of mind.

Skid Safe! Firestone's new exclusive tread design makes all others out-of-date. Wider and deeper, this efficient tread holds the road with a powerful grip never before possible. It won't skid, swerve, or slide like ordinary tires. Takes danger out of driving on pavements wet with rain or snow. And this tread is *silent*—won't hum on the highway. Won't squeal on the sharpest corners. This is built-in peace of mind.

Thousands of extra miles! The rugged all-nylon cord body, plus 25% thicker tread, gives you the longest, safest mileage of any tire by far. And it's made for beauty—as well as duty. With its white sidewalls—made to *stay* white—with curb scuff protection—and smart fashion-line styling, the new Firestone Supreme gives you the most luxurious tire on the road.

Have your car dealer put Supreme tires on your new car—or have your Firestone Dealer or Store put them on your present car. You'll get a liberal trade-in—convenient payment terms—and built-in peace of mind in the bargain.

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Editorials

Courses on Communism Can be Too "Objective"

At intervals during the discussion of how much communism has influenced education and educators, somebody is certain to exclaim, "But surely young people ought to learn enough about communism to be able to fight it intelligently." The other item in the one-two punch is "Don't you think they should be taught to see both sides?"

A few weeks ago the World Affairs Council of Philadelphia conducted a seminar on the subject among the high schools of the area. In the account of the discussion published by the Philadelphia Bulletin, the views of eight of the student participants were quoted, and all eight agreed in general that, although communism might sometimes be a menace, the immediate threat was "hysteria" on the part of those who are supposed to fight communism. It would not appear from the quoted remarks of any of the students that, if they had studied communism in school, they had been given "both sides" of the case. At any rate, none of them seems to have picked up the idea that communism is a vicious doctrine under the aegis of which millions of individuals have been murdered, enslaved and taught to despise the moral and humanitarian principles upon which civilized life is possible.

Instead, one student felt that something called "idealistic communism" might have been all right if it hadn't been for "Stalinism." Another declared that "this mad rush to seek out communists is a crime." Still another, while admitting that "the Communist Party does pose a threat to our way of life," came down on the popular side with the view that "the methods of fighting it used by some men are totally wrong."

It would certainly be unfair to condemn these earnest young people for views which are not unknown among their elders. When two Federal judges can seriously maintain that congressional committees have no right to question a witness unless the information sought (apparently by clairvoyance) will aid in framing legislation, it is hardly remarkable that high-school students should express similar views. With so many important people branding as "McCarthyism" every effort to unearth the Red conspiracy, only a slight push by the social-science teacher would be needed to give an apt pupil the desired "liberal" slant.

Probably very little can be done about all this, but in an effort to be constructive, we suggest that teachers and pupils alike would do well to write to the United States Government Printing Office in Washington, D.C., and apply for a copy of a pamphlet titled The Communist Party of the United States of America, which was published last year by the Senate subcommittee to investigate operation of the National Security Act. We don't guarantee that this document will give "both sides," but it does contain valuable information, much of it new, concerning the United States Communist Party. It ought to convince any reasonable American that the effort to protect the country from Red subversion deserves a better reward than the cries of "witch hunt" and "hysteria" which invariably arise whenever one of the Kremlin's agents is laid by the heels.

DUFFY'S CARTOON

Desert Flower and Thorns.

India Wants Capital—and a Little Socialism as Well!

India's leaders are trying to have the cake of foreign investment and eat their socialism too. It's a neat trick if they can do it, but right now they are in a bit of trouble. India's governing Congress Party recently went on record in favor of a "socialistic pattern of society." Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru has stated his views as follows:

"I certainly do not consider free enterprise has anything to do with the concept of democracy. Democracy is for the good of all the people. I do not want to give private enterprise a place it has in some countries, where it is virtually a demigod. If private enterprise clashes with the interests of the country as a whole, it will have to be put down or perhaps have to go, root, trunk and branch."

That he really means it, and is not just engaging in Marxist-sounding oratory, is proved by the Nehru government's new Company Law Bill of 1955. This law, as drafted, sets some kind of record in bureaucratic ambition. Its 649 clauses and twelve schedules cover all aspects of company management. It limits the salaries of managers—who are roughly equivalent to presidents of companies over here—and it empowers the central government to change systems of management.

Some of its provisions are similar to the terms of American corporation laws. But the Indian law would give the government power to retain or abolish the "managing-agency system" in any industry after a certain time. The government would be able, by August 15, 1960, to say whether managers could continue to hold their jobs. The influential New Delhi weekly, The Eastern Economist, believes the government is making itself a "final authority" over the way a company should be run, and has called the whole thing "a process of nationalization by the back door."

At the same time, India is winding up its first Five Year Plan, 1951–56, and is presenting its second Five Year Plan. India is trying to increase agricultural output and reduce unemployment, in the face of very rapid population growth. Both, of course, are laudable aims.

New Delhi's Minister for Planning, Gulzarilal Nanda, thinks his country will need some $2,300,000,000 of foreign capital to reach the goals of the second Five Year Plan. But the average American company is likely to think twice before engaging in Indian ventures. A foreign company might build up a business in India, only to have the government expropriate it. The New Delhi government, with an air of paternalistic contempt, says it would not hesitate "to intervene whenever the progress of an industry under private enterprise is unsatisfactory." There are more persuasive methods of attracting new capital to a country.

Nevertheless, several experienced American companies are now doing business in India, some under special agreements; this includes two major oil companies. It has been proposed that our own Government insure United States firms against expropriation by foreign governments. An investor whose company was seized and nationalized by India would be reimbursed by Uncle Sam. Washington would then haggle with the (Continued on Page 12)

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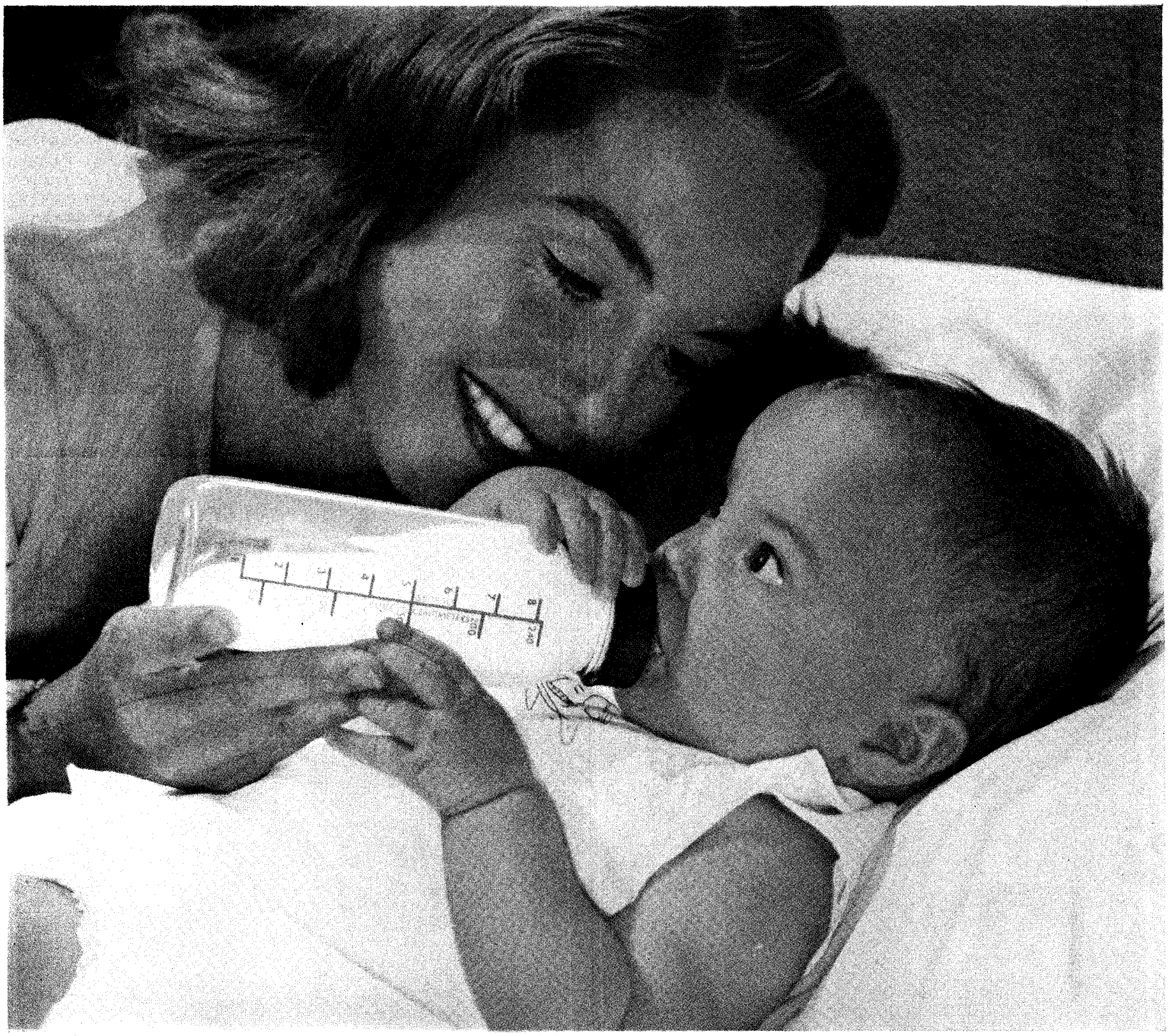

Photograph by Willinger

Right from the Start!

One of the proudest achievements of modern medical science is its progress in preventing and treating the diseases of infants and children.

Because of new knowledge and new products in the hands of the medical profession, infant mortality is steadily being reduced and more and more of our children are growing into healthy maturity. It is a comforting fact to know that today a baby's life expectancy is 20 years greater than it was at the turn of the century.

American Cyanamid's Lederle Laboratories Division is contributing substantially to the knowledge and the products that make such achievements possible. Lederle's most recent contribution is Incremin® Lysine-Vitamin Drops, a vitamin development that increases appetite and aids infant nutrition. It joins Aureomycin® chlortetracycline, Achromycin® tetracycline and many other Lederle biologicals and pharmaceuticals in helping your doctor protect human health right from the start—and all through life!

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BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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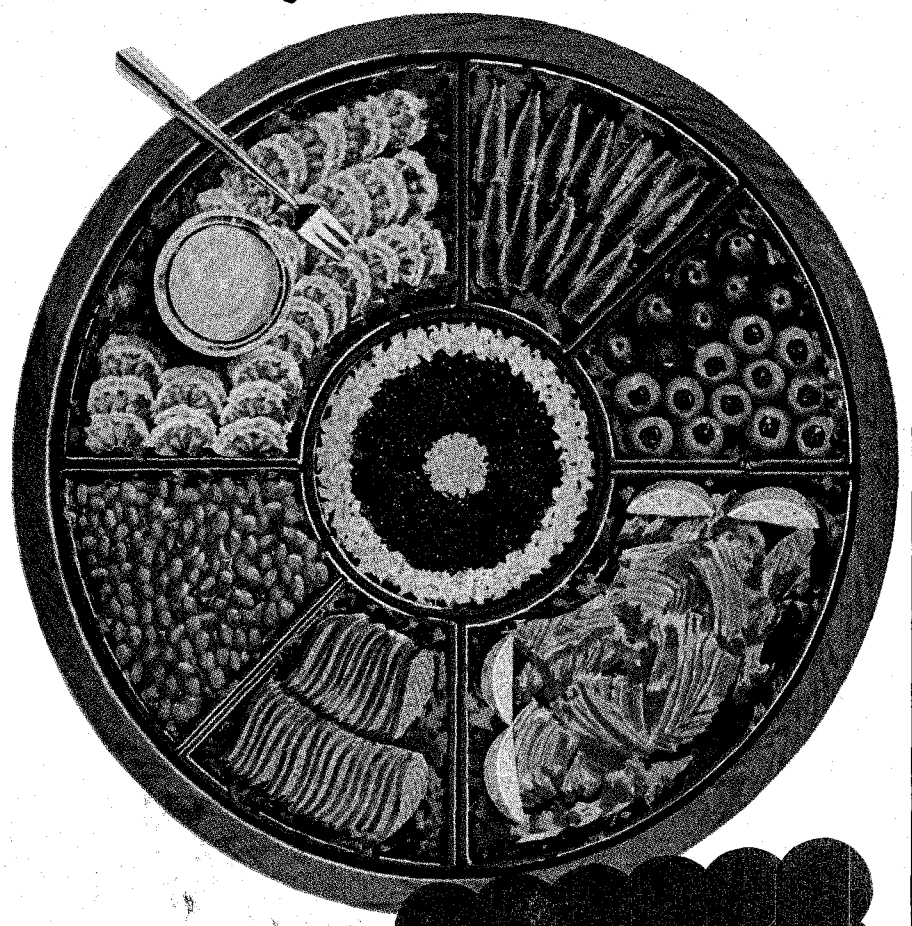
Ready to serve... an appetizing buffet of Sexton delicacies!

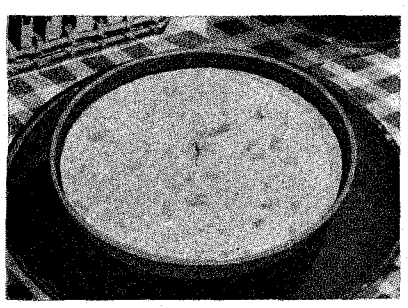


What a tempting spread of Sexton treats!

So easy to arrange an attractive tray of Sexton delicacies... jumbo Caribbean shrimp... fancy sliced smoked salmon... colossal ripe olives... giant whole-grain Russian Beluga caviar... Puget Sound Sockeye salmon... Mediterranean sardines... huge Spanish green olives stuffed with sweet peppers.

Sexton Quality Foods

What fun it is to surprise your guests with a buffet service of Sexton appetizers! Now, with the greatest of ease, you can serve right at home, the same unusual Sexton treats that you'll find at foremost restaurants and famous hotels. There is a wide variety of Sexton foods—obtainable at better independent grocers.

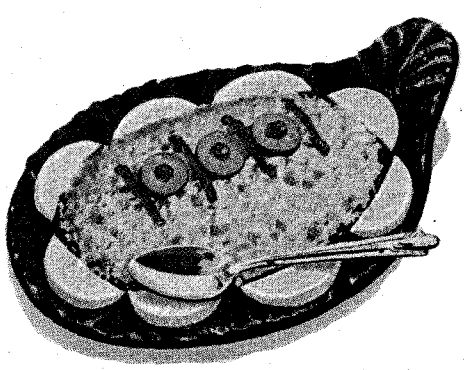


New England style clam chowder!

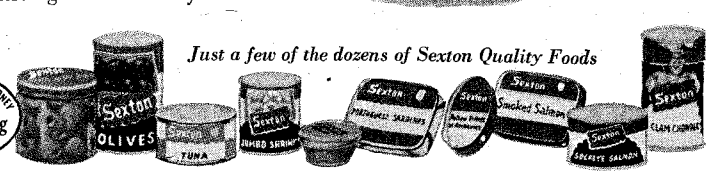
This is true kettle-style clam chowder—direct from the famous Sexton kitchens. Here's hot and hearty fare—a marvelous brew of selected clams blended in with onions, potatoes and pungent spice.

A different kind of tuna salad!

Try this white meat tuna—packed in brine—for an unusual salad. Only the selected sirloin cuts of tuna are good enough to carry the Sexton label. Here's the most enticing tuna taste you've ever tried.



Just a few of the dozens of Sexton Quality Foods



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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

JOHN SEXTON & CO., CHICAGO

Editorials (Continued from Page 10)

government concerned over the price on a government-to-government basis.

We're not sure we like this idea. The American taxpayer would, in effect, be underwriting the whims of Socialism. Perhaps India will learn more about how one gets capital if she has to apply for it on merit.

Bureaucrats Assume the Right to Veto an Act of Congress

Any schoolboy knows that only the President can veto an act of Congress. Even then, he has been taught, Congress can pass a law over the President's disapproval, by a two-thirds majority. Congress has the sole power to make laws.

But now it appears that attorneys for bureaus not only write many of our laws but also exercise the veto.

Recently a United States senator complained loudly that "Congress is never quite sure what kind of a law it has passed until it has been interpreted by attorneys for the bureau charged with its administration."

But the most clear-cut case of "veto" we've heard about recently involves the United States Artillery Center and School at Fort Sill, near Lawton, Oklahoma.

Because of the greatly increased range of our new 280-mm. cannon—the one that will fire atomic shells too—and the need for training gun crews in its operation, the Department of Defense asked Congress for more land for its artillery range at Fort Sill. The land needed included private property of ranchers and farmers. But a large share of it is Government-owned, as part of the Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge, operated by the Department of the Interior.

There were objections, of course, from both interests. But Congress decided that the nation's taxpayers had a huge investment in Fort Sill which could be best protected by granting the extension. The President signed the authorization.

Then Congress was called upon to appropriate funds for the purchase of private lands and to pay the costs of legal work in transferring land from the Department of the Interior to the Department of Defense.

There were more hearings, before two different congressional committees. There was a full-dress debate in the Senate, as the battlers for nature and wildlife contended with military interests and the interests of taxpayers in the Artillery-School investment.

But the appropriation bill also was passed and signed by the President.

Now, to the amazement of the military, Secretary of the Interior McKay has refused to transfer the property to the Defense Department.

His position, undoubtedly suggested by his own bureau attorneys, has been that Congress "authorized," but did not make mandatory, such a transfer. And, besides, he's had thousands of letters from nature lovers!

Without regard to whether or not the Army needs the additional range or whether or not an unspoiled bit of America will be spoiled, the interesting question here is: Does a Cabinet officer have the power of veto? Bureaucracy has come further than we realize when the real lawmakers of this country turn out to be officials who never have to face a hostile voter or run for re-election.

What Was Wrong With That Stock at Half Price?

It looks as if some members of the locals of the United Auto Workers Union, or maybe their wives, were unhappy over the rejection by their leaders of the offer by the Ford Motor Company to let its employees buy the company's stock at half price. One UAW local recently asked the company to renew the offer which was made in the course of last fall's wage negotiations. The company, reminding the union of its leaders' contemptuous refusal to "help the company peddle its stock," refused.

It appears that the older workers, whose seniority rights make it unlikely that they would be laid off and thus forced to draw on the so-called "guaranteed annual wage," would like to have had a piece of Ford stock at cut rates, despite the hurdles that would have to be got over before the worker had full possession. One of these was that the worker could not get his shares until he had contributed to the fund for five years.

Nevertheless UAW officials have been trying to explain to the rank and file why the offer was turned down flat. The explanations are interesting. One was that "a discharged worker would get only his money back plus interest." But for a novel reason for refusing to buy stock in a great American industry at half price, we give you part of a recent statement by Ken Bannon, UAW director at Ford, as reported by the Associated Press:

"Stock can go down as well as up, and all the worker was guaranteed in the event of a stock-market decline was that he would get back his own money plus the same interest he would have gotten by investing in Government bonds."

That's all the worker was guaranteed: riskless investment.

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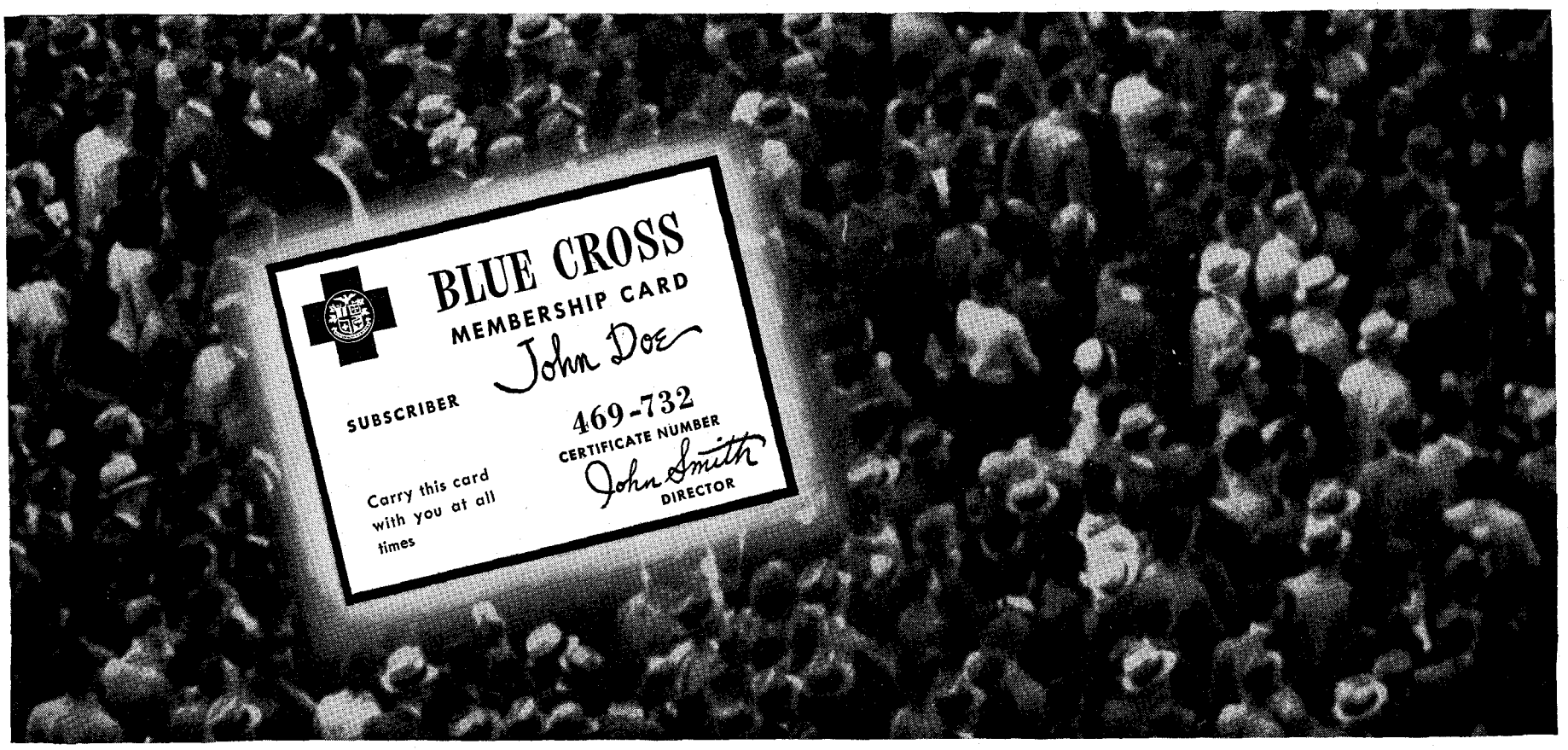
50 million people now belong to BLUE CROSS



Blue Cross Plans, serving locally from coast to coast, bring Americans this famed program for prepayment of hospital care . . . the only one officially approved by the American Hospital Association.

NEVER before in America's history has any voluntary movement won so many members! Twenty-five years ago, the Blue Cross idea first demonstrated to America the workability of a program for making real hospital expense protection available to almost everyone—a plan that continues to be the standard of effectiveness.

All Blue Cross Plans have one primary objective: to protect people in terms of the *hospital care they need*, rather than dollar allowances. Organized for service, not for profit, the 86 Blue Cross Plans located in United States, Canada and Puerto Rico are locally sponsored by citizens and hospitals. They offer the kind of realistic protection people *need* and *want*. 50 million members can't be wrong!

Most people join Blue Cross through a group where they work. Ask your employer. Or contact your local Blue Cross Plan. *Blue Cross Commission, Dept. 307, 425 North Michigan, Chicago 11, Illinois.*

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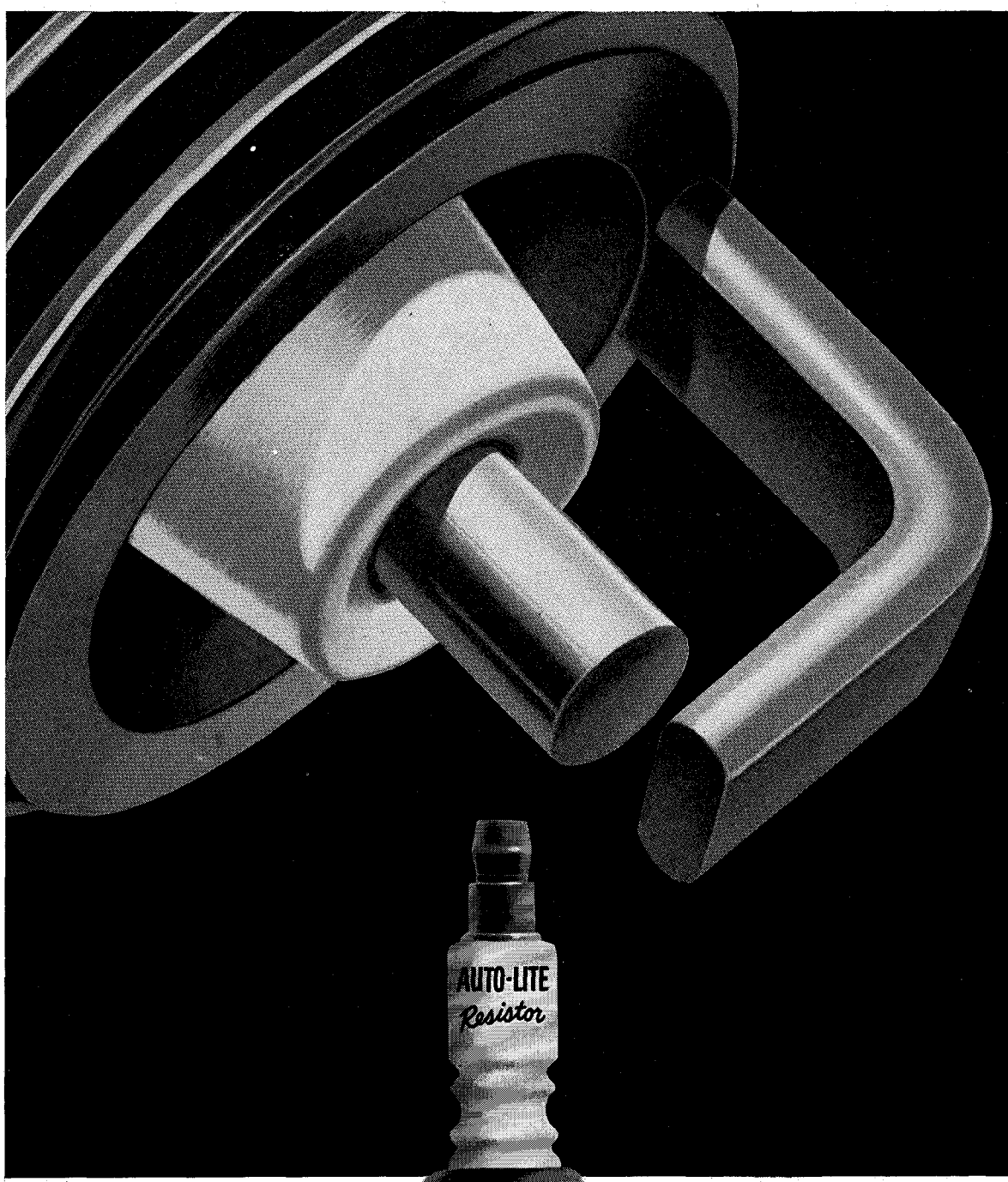
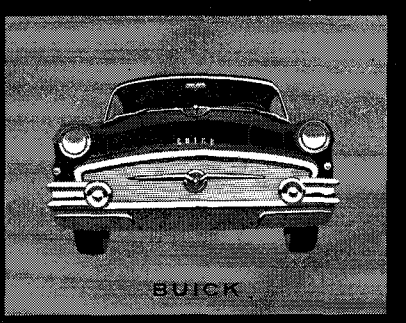
Some spark plugs are designed for low speeds, some spark plugs are designed for high speeds, but

ONLY POWER TIP "FIRES UP"

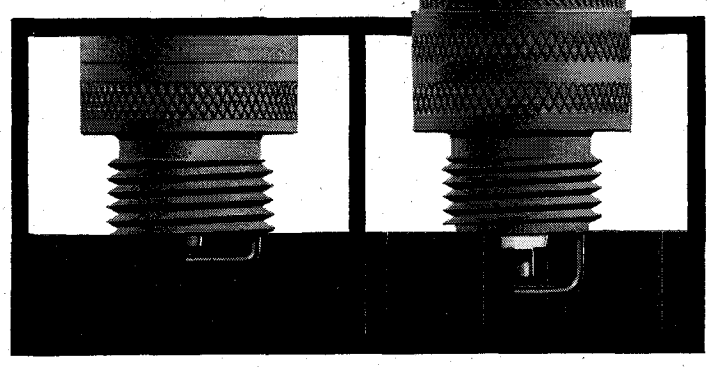




spark plug

for today's

It's the POWER TIP that makes the difference!



Ordinary Plug Tip **New Power Tip**

The Power Tip gets to the heart of better combustion

In modern overhead-valve engines, you can't win the battle of combustion from the "sidelines." Projecting ceramic tip—the Power Tip—extends the spark gap inward toward center of the combustion chamber. Ignition takes place closer to the heart of fuel mixture. Fuel burns more evenly and completely. Carbon and oil deposits burn away clean, even at low speeds, to prevent fouling. Yet tip stays cool at highway speeds to prevent pre-ignition.

It had to come! 65% of all cars built in the last 5 years have overhead-valve engines. Yet not until Auto-Lite developed the Power Tip has there been a spark plug that brings out peak performance in these modern engines *at all speeds*. You've had to settle for frequent, costly tune-ups to correct plug "fouling"—or else sacrifice the power and performance you bought in your car.

Up till now there has not been a spark plug that is satisfactory for both city driving and highway driving. "Hot" plugs, designed for city driving, cause power-wasting pre-ignition on the highway. "Cold" plugs, designed for highway driving, become badly fouled at slow city speeds—eventually sacrifice performance at all speeds.

Revolutionary Power Tip is "hot" at low speeds—"cool" at high speeds! The Power Tip gets hot faster at low speeds to fight fouling. It's "in the thick" of combustion so deposits burn away clean. At high speeds, the protruding ceramic tip takes full advantage of the cooling action of intake gases to keep *cool*. It eliminates pre-ignition, safeguards power and performance at highway speeds.

Is your car listed here? If so, you *need* the Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug with Power Tip, as proved by actual road tests *at all speeds*. It fits all these cars with overhead-valve engines using 14 mm. plugs. So see your nearest Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer for Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs with Power Tip for these fine cars . . . Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Chrysler, DeSoto, Dodge, Ford, Hudson, Imperial, Lincoln, Mercury, Nash, Oldsmobile, Packard, Plymouth, Pontiac and Studebaker.

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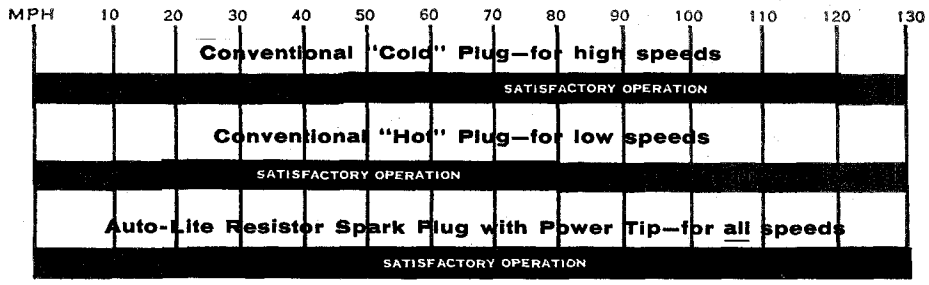
YOUR ENGINE AT ALL SPEEDS!

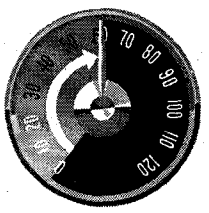
Now! First and only

ignition-engineered

engines and today's driving

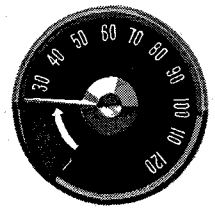
Engineering chart shows how only the Power Tip can deliver all the power and performance you paid for! Conventional "cold" plug, designed for country driving, shows bad tendency to foul at town traffic speeds. Conventional "hot" plug, designed for city driving, brings on power-wasting pre-ignition at highway speeds and during acceleration. Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug with Power Tip extends peak performance to cover city and highway driving—"fires up" your engine to deliver top performance and economy at all speeds.





COLD AT HIGH SPEED

On the open road, higher speeds call for a plug cool enough to prevent pre-ignition. New Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug with Power Tip is the answer.



HOT AT LOW SPEED

City driving at traffic-jam pace demands a plug hot enough to resist fouling. New Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug with Power Tip is the answer.

AUTO-LITE RESISTOR SPARK PLUG WITH POWER TIP

Auto-Lite manufactures over 400 products, including Spark Plugs, Batteries, Wire and Cable, and Automotive Electrical Systems . . . sold throughout the United States and Canada.

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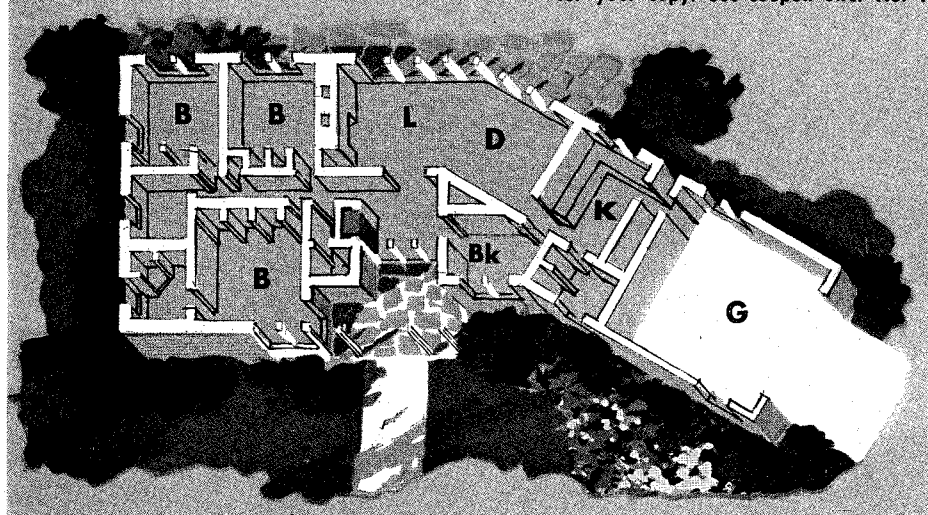
TO BETTER YOUR HOME LIVING

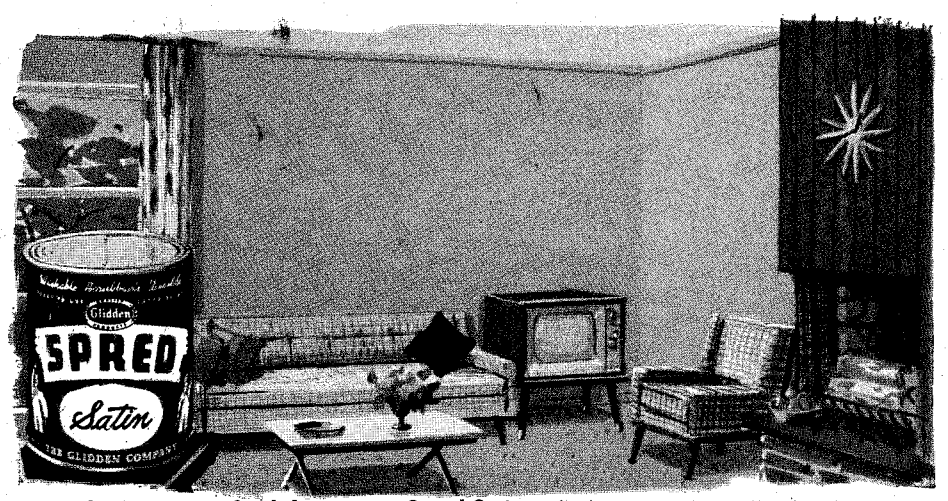
HOW TO COMFORT-CONDITION YOUR HOME
This brand new book is a "must" for every family planning to build or buy a new home, or improve the old, written by experts. Send for your copy. See coupon offer No. 11.



How To COMFORT-CONDITIO

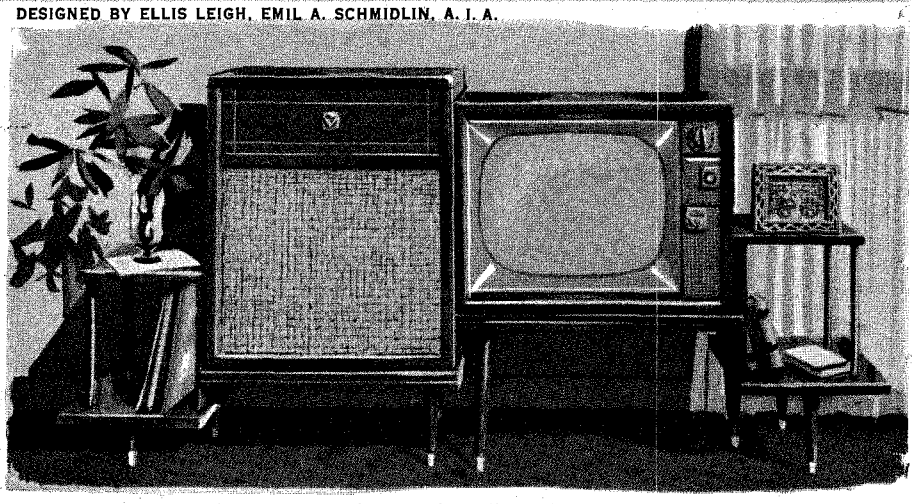
Here's a subject dear to the hearts of everyone. On these two pages are te different ways in which you can make your present home or your new one a safe longer lasting, more comfortable, colorful place in which to live. One of these is year round air conditioning shown with a Janitrol Winter-Summer conditioner. Tempotherm® a new clock thermostat in brushed chrome by General Controls, helps keep perfec temperatures, day and night, year-round...There's a fire-safe exterior of Fire-Che asbestos-plastic roof shingles and Ceramo glazed siding by The Philip Carey Mfg. Co (This same company makes fireproof rock wool insulation)...Comfort also comes fron color and so you'll see that all exterior-interior paints and wood finishes are by Glidden

When planning your new home, plan for the future. Will your family inherit a home, or an unpaid mortgage, if you—the bread winner—should die? New York Life has designed a policy that guarantees immediate funds which can be used for full payment of the remaining mortgage. With it, your family will never be forced to sacrifice their home...or move to a less desirable location. It's the New York Life Mortgage Protection Plan. Cost is only a few dollars a month—small in comparison to your mortgage payments. But the feeling of security it gives is great, indeed. Ask your New York Life agent today. And check our coupon. **New York Life.**

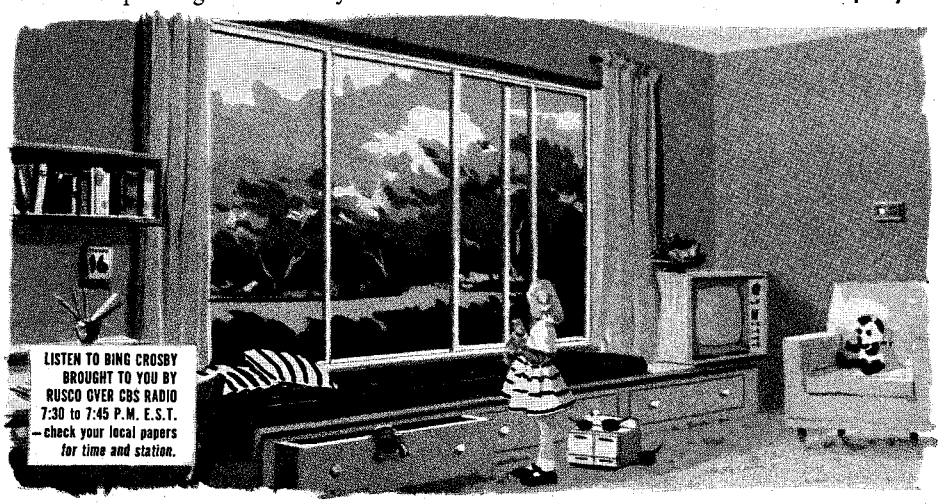


For colors that stay fresh longer, try Spred Satin—the latex wonder wall paint that dries in 20 minutes. It goes on twice as fast as ordinary paints; use brush or roller. No brush or lap marks, no unpleasant odor. So washable you won't need to paint again until you want to change colors! If you prefer a higher gloss finish for woodwork, the answer is Speed-Wall semi-gloss alkyd enamel—in colors exactly matching SPRED SATIN. And for wood surfaces like the fireplace above, it's GLID-TONE wood finishing products—excellent for furniture, floors and paneling . . . Send for your free "How to Paint" booklet. **The Glidden Company.**

DESIGNED BY ELLIS LEIGH, EMIL A. SCHMIDLIN, A. I. A.



Take your pick of home entertainment in this new Du Mont Decorator Combination... A "Sound Stage" hi-fi unit, "Ming" Radio, and "Trainor" Television Convertible. Group them as we do, or buy them separately. Only Du Mont—finest name in electronics—offers such beauty and flexibility. In limed oak or mahogany finish. The "Trainor" comes complete with legs...or can be placed on a bench (the legs are easily removed)...or set on one of Du Mont's famous Decorator Ensemble Tables (delightful accents!). New Du Mont Telesets have Top-Flite Tuning, Set-and-Forget Volume . . . Go see them at your Du Mont Dealer's. **Du Mont.**



Our House is a white window wonderland... with Horizontal Sliders for picture window beauty, lovely modern Multi-Lite vented windows and the ever practical Vertical Slide type. And every last one is a Rusco "White Beauty"—a new steel window with a gleaming white finish...of baked enamel, bonderized to hot-dipped galvanized steel. Rusco is famous, too, for its combination windows and doors. (See the doors in our exterior views.) So easy to operate! Exclusive built-in felt weatherstripping seals perfectly. Phone your Rusco man listed in the Yellow pages; and check our coupon for new free "White Beauty" Rusco booklet. **Rusco.**

Here's Luxury Broadloom at half the luxury price. Aldon Rug Mills has ingeniously combined Viscose, Wool and Nylon into a cushiony soft carpet that sells for as low as $6.95 sq. yd. It's Aldon "Miracle-Tex". Color! Texture! Durability! The luxury of Wool; long wear of Nylon; and the color magic of Viscose—all in one wonderful broadloom... Never before have all *three* been in one broadloom—at this low price. And just look at the colors: See them on every living floor in our house. Only Aldon gives you this "double protection" when you buy: Its own Bonded Guarantee *and* the trusted Good Housekeeping Seal. **Aldon Rug Mills.**

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SHOW-HOUSE, Box 1500, Grand Central Sta., New York 17, N. Y. Please send me the better living aids checked below. I enclose coins (no stamps) to cover the cost of those for which there is a charge.

- ☐ 1. NEW YORK LIFE: Booklet: "There's Money in Home Maintenance — Your Money".
- ☐ 2. GLIDDEN PAINTS: Free booklet "How to Paint." Complete do-it-yourself details for all painting, inside and outside.
- ☐ 3. RUSCO: Free literature describing new "White Beauty" windows and doors for new or modernized homes.
- ☐ 4. DU MONT: Free buying guides for better home entertainment.
- ☐ 5. MAGIC CHEF: Free folders: ☐ Console Models. ☐ Built-ins. Or mail $1.00 for 128-page ☐ Full-Color Cookbook.
- ☐ 6. GENERAL CONTROLS: Free booklet "The Standard of Excellence in Room Thermostats."
- ☐ 7. CAREY: Complete color and specifications chart on Fire-Chex and Ceramo.
- ☐ 8. The "OVERHEAD DOOR": ☐ Free Folder: Save 29,000 Steps a Year. ☐ An Extra Room at Lowest Cost, 25¢.
- ☐ 9. JANITROL: Meeting the Modern Trend in Advanced House Heating.
- ☐ 10. BLUE-PLAN of entire house, 25¢.
- ☐ 11. "How to Comfort-Condition Your Home": Belongs in every home library, 50¢.

This coupon is good until June 30, 1956. Please print clearly your name and address at right.

Your Home

The Glidden Color Studios, Cleveland, have color-styled our entire house. For year-round comfort, there are Rusco prime windows by The F. C. Russell Company. Rusco also makes combination windows and our combination doors. What can match the convenience of an "OVERHEAD DOOR" with automatic Ultronic Opener that saves you 29,000 steps a year? Within the house, wall to wall carpeting of Miracle Yarn Broadlooms by Aldon Rug Mills makes for solid comfort...Then there's a new DuMont ensemble of hi-fi phonograph, TV and table-top radio for the joy of home entertainment. In our kitchen is a new Magic Chef range, full of new and magical features... And because comfort can only come from security, we also tell you about a wonderful home protection plan developed by New York Life ... See them all on these two pages.

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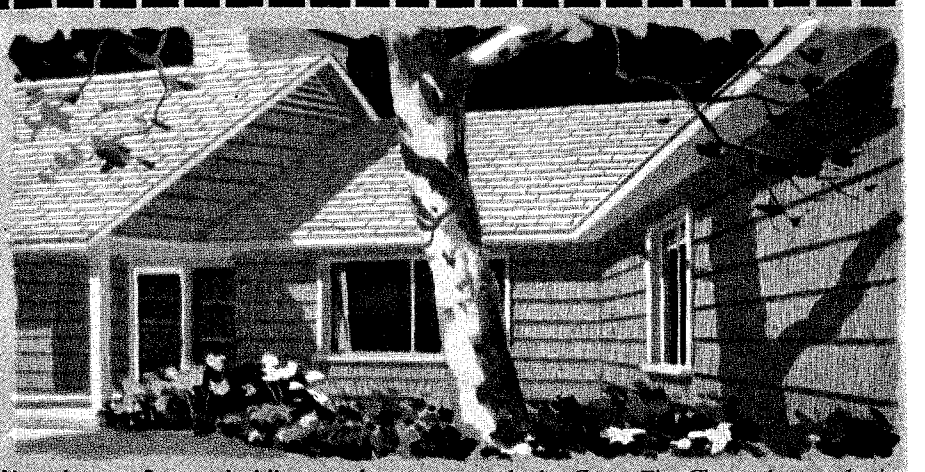
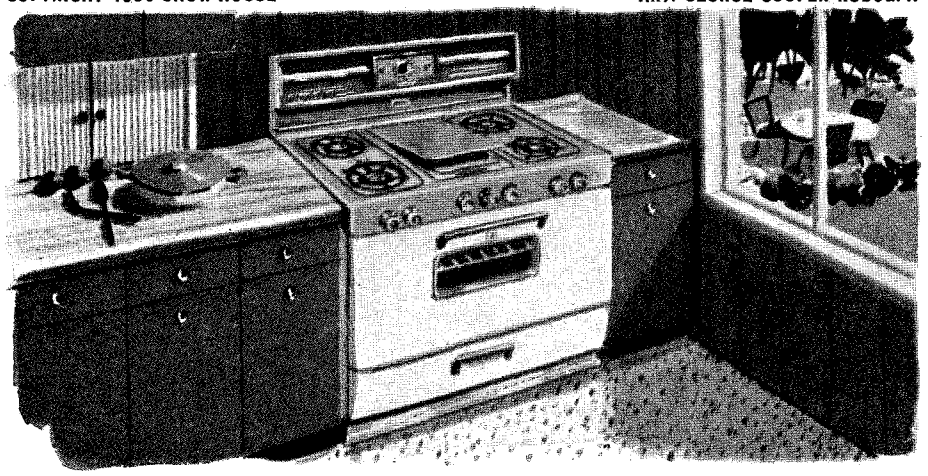
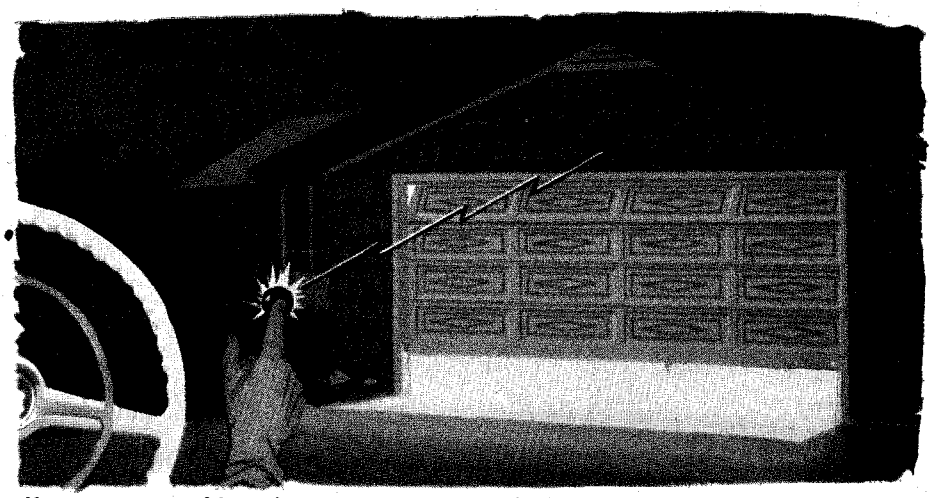
ART: GEORGE COOPER RUDOLPH



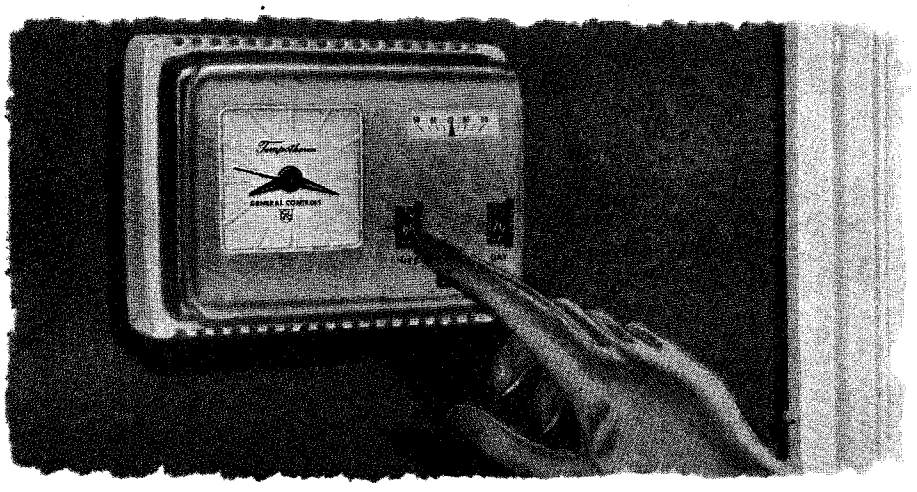
No other roofing and siding products can match the Carey Fire-Chex asbestos-plastic shingles used on our roof, and Carey Ceramo *glazed* siding on our sidewalls. Fire-Chex Class "A" shingles come in 11 rich *copyrighted* colors and Shadow-Blends. They are *fire-safe;* hurricanes won't dislodge them; outlast by *several times* ordinary shingles!...Washing will keep the Ceramo glazed asbestos siding on our walls color-bright—for years. There are 9 *incomparable* colors in eye-pleasing tones from pastels to deep shades. This siding *can't* burn! For your new or modernized home. Check the coupon. **The Philip Carey Mfg. Company.**



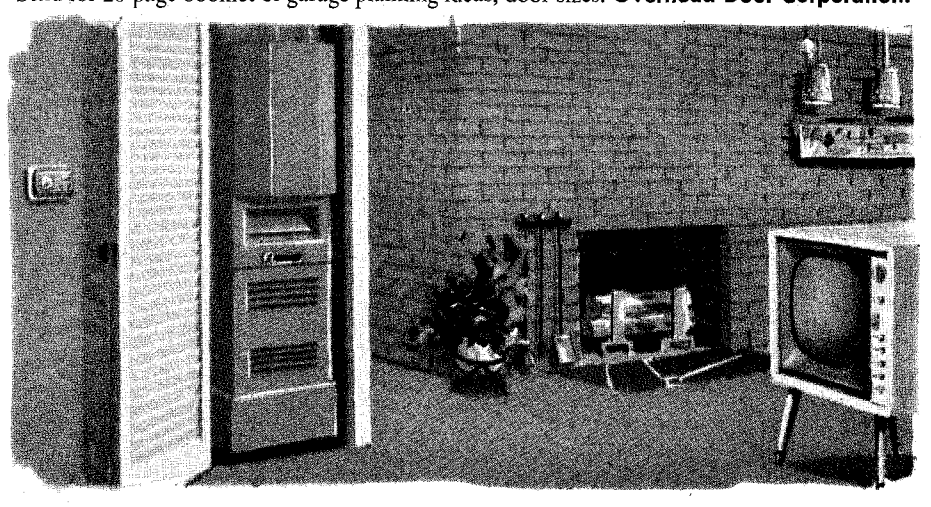
From its sparkling *Crescent-Glow* mantelback to bright aluminum toe-plate, the brilliant new Magic Chef gas ranges boast beauty—*with brains!* Every roast is *right!* The guess is gone . . . exclusive *Roast-Guide* reads "doneness" from *inside* the meat, registers on the range-top dial. New *Magitrol Griddle* just *won't* burn food—grills better, too! Magic Chef huge *Family Fare* oven is the first truly giant oven in an efficient space-saver range. Big, easy-to-reach *Outamatic* broiler glides out when door is opened. Magic Chef beauties come in many styles—$119.95 up. For city or bottled gas. See your dealer or gas company.Check the coupon. **Magic Chef.**



Have you ever driven into a garage equipped with The "OVERHEAD DOOR" with Ultronic Opener? It's simply wonderful! The driver just presses a button on the dash. Magically, the door rolls up, garage lights flash on—and you're home *safe*. The same button also closes the door or instantly reverses it, turns lights off...you save 29,000 steps a year! This Ultronic Opener costs *less* than many household appliances. Overhead Door Corporation makes a complete line of doors—residential, commercial, industrial—in a complete price range. Send for 28-page booklet of garage planning ideas, door sizes. **Overhead Door Corporation.**



Here's the newest clock thermostat...*and one of the finest*. It's Tempotherm® by General Controls. This smartly modern thermostat pinpoints *exactly* the temperatures you select... lowers the temperature at night for sleeping comfort, then automatically resumes daytime setting. Tempotherm® is a thing of beauty...its graceful silhouette complements every room decor. Precise as a fine watch, it makes the best heating systems better, automatically. Tempotherm is but one of a complete line of heating or year 'round air conditioning thermostats, all made by General Controls. Send for your free booklet by **General Controls.**



Comfort should not be a "sometimes" thing. This Janitrol Winter-Summer conditioner unit *both heats and cools* our entire house. Tucks into an odd corner or closet in your present home...saves space in your new one. (For oil or gas!) Perfect for the basementless house. The cooling core goes into the base—or add it later. And big news, this Janitrol *uses no water!* Heat is removed via a handsome "Pride O' Yard" compressor. (See ours in main view of the house above.) This is but one of a large line of quality heating and cooling equipment made by Janitrol for all budgets and houses. See our coupon for a helpful free booklet. **Janitrol.**

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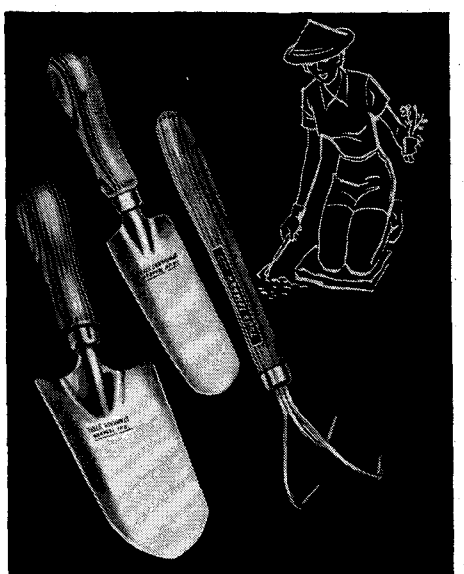
WHEN TULIPS BLOOM..."IT'S TOOL-UP TIME"®



HAND TOOLS Heavy-gauge stainless steel. Rust resisting, easy to clean. Dirt knocks right off. Palm-fitting handles. **About $1.50 each***

Beautiful lawns and gardens come easier with True Temper tools

Tulip and daffodil shoots are pushing up—buds are bursting into bloom. *It's Spring—it's Tool-Up Time!*

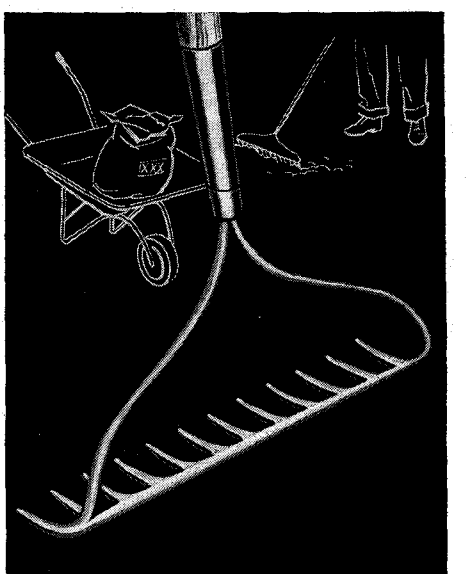
Now's the time to get the new tools you'll need for a beautiful lawn and garden this summer. Gardening's more satisfying, and lots easier, when you have the right tools.

Here are the True Temper tools every home needs for a well-kept lawn and garden. The blades are hand-crafted from the finest steels. Handles are genuine Northern ash, fire-hardened to seal the grain against wear and weather.

Visit your favorite garden supply store . . . and get a set of fine True Temper tools.

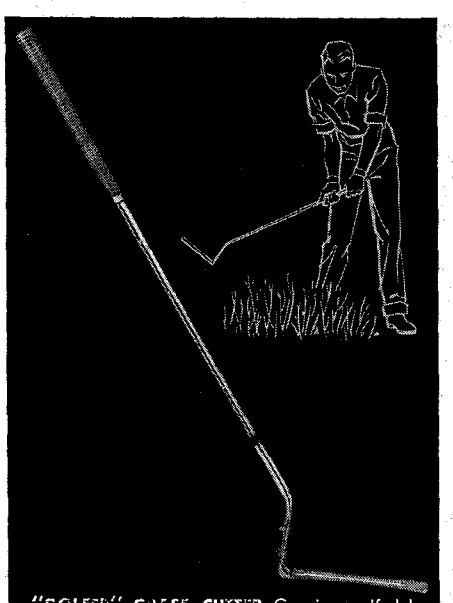
Write for FREE "Tool Facts" Booklet

New free booklet tells how to choose, use, care for tools. Write: True Temper Corp., Cleveland 15, Ohio, or pick one up at the store with the bright green and yellow Tool-Up Time banners.



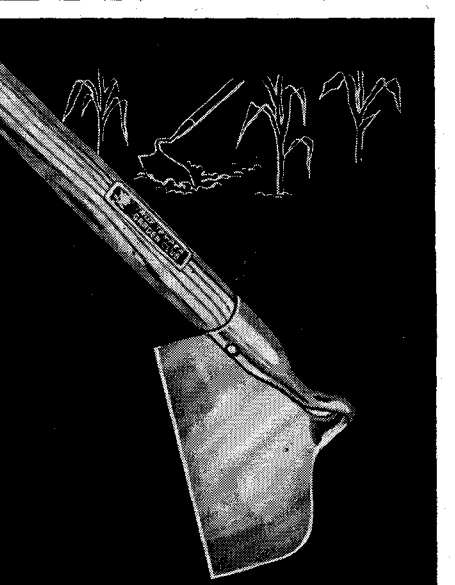
GARDEN BOW RAKE Sturdy, one-piece head, forged from a solid bar of steel. Curved and tapered teeth. **From $2.80***

GARDEN SHOVEL Only low-cost *forged* shovel. Strong but light. Flat edge—ideal for spading and edging. **About $3.50***



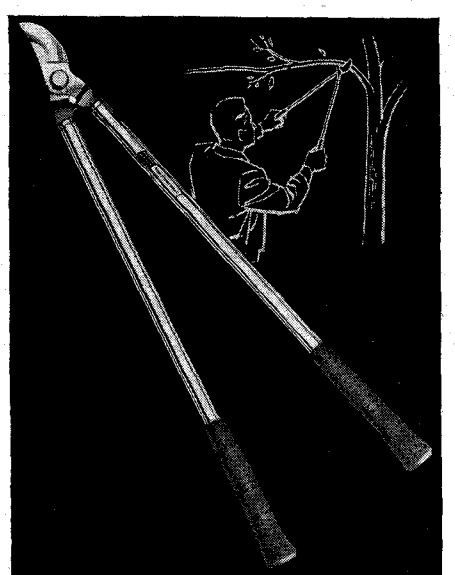
"GOLFER" GRASS CUTTER Genuine golf-club grip and shaft. Cuts clean and easy with golf-club swing. Good for practice. **About $4.95***

DYNALITE LAWN RAKE Large capacity, light weight. Built-in spring action—teeth *hug* lawn but won't bite into roots. **About $2.25***

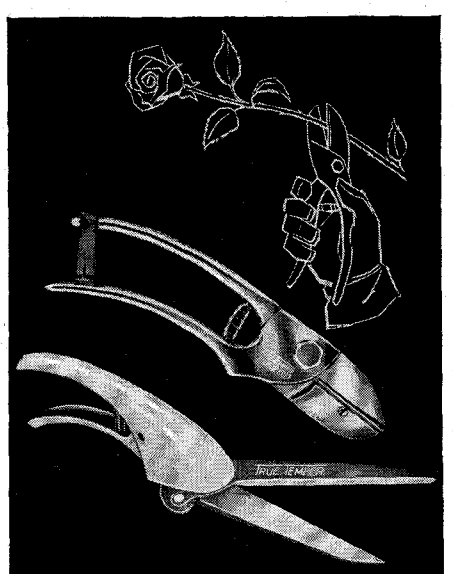


GARDEN HOE Improved forged-steel blade; *tapers* to thin edge. Very strong but also very light. Sharpened blade. **From $2.85***

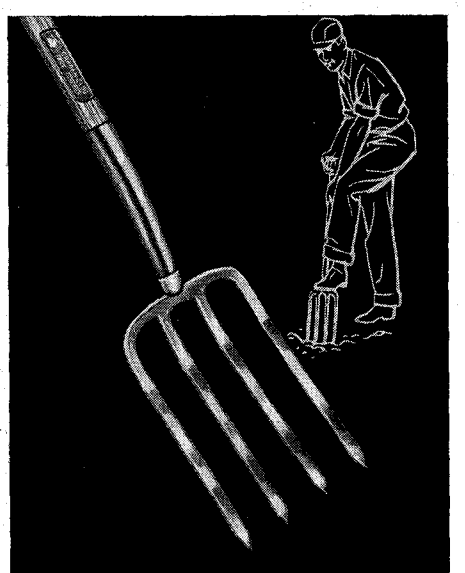
HEDGE SHEARS Famous ROCKET model with tubular steel handles and cushion-grips. Shock-absorbing bumper. **About $7.95***



LOPPING SHEARS For heavy-duty pruning of trees and shrubs. ROCKET model with tubular steel handles, cushion-grips. **About $7.95***



PRUNER, GRASS SHEARS Chrome-plated pruner quickly cuts thick branches. **About $2.80*** "Easy-squeeze" grass shears. **About $2.75***



DIGGING FORK True Temper makes four sizes —heavy, medium, light and floral. Diamond-back tines, fire-hardened handles. **From $3.15***

*Prices slightly higher in West

TRUE TEMPER®

Finest quality in Garden, lawn and farm tools • Shovels • Shears • Hammers, hatchets, axes • Fishing tackle • Golf-club shafts

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1. FORD *COUNTRY SEDAN* 2. LINCOLN *PREMIERE* 3. FORD THUNDERB

TODAY'S CARS AR

Not so many years ago, most of the cars Americans drove were family sedans—tudors and fordors. But just look at the wonderful variety of cars they drive today: the new hardtops, station wagons, convertibles—even convertible hardtops.

And more and more of today's people are choosing these body styles from the Ford Family of Fine Cars. For this whole line is one long parade of car usefulness and style: a shining array of Fords, Thunderbirds, Mercurys, Lincolns and Continentals—cars built to suit your every need.

Out of Ford's endless drive into the future has come *widest range* of cars on the American Road today—all the v from the universal Ford to the incomparable Continental.

They are as varied as people. There's a whole new race hardtops, twelve in all (including two new 4-door hardtop There are four handsome convertibles, including the F Sunliner, most popular on the American Road. There are n station wagons (Ford sells more than any other manufacture And—there are the Thunderbird and the Continental.

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4. MERCURY *MONTCLAIR*

5. CONTINENTAL *MARK II*

AS VARIED AS PEOPLE

Throughout the line runs the new concept of styling and engi-ering cars to match the people who drive them. You see the sults on any road. Alert youngsters in a Ford (more powerful an the costliest cars of a few years ago). Young newlyweds a Mercury. A capable young executive in his Lincoln. A an who loves the *sport* of motoring—in his Thunderbird. And a man who loves the classic in car style, in the Continental.

The people are changing—and the progressive trend at Ford moves faster. You see it every day in the swiftly growing numbers of the Ford Family of Fine Cars on the road. See the final proof at your dealer's now. Everything that you could want in a car awaits you there.

THE FORD FAMILY OF FINE CARS FORD • THUNDERBIRD • MERCURY • LINCOLN • CONTINENTAL

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HI-DENSITY Rubber tougher textured for longer mileage!

NYGEN® CORD

pound for pound, stronger than steel cables!

MILEAGE, surpassing any you have ever experienced, is yours in the new Nygen Cord General Tire with HI-DENSITY Rubber. It combines tremendous toughness with a degree of ground-gripping skid safety never before thought possible.

Nygen Cord and HI-DENSITY Rubber give you all the extra-long, extra-safe mileage you have ever wanted in a tire.

THE GENERAL TIRE...GOES A LONG WAY TO MAKE FRIENDS

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POST

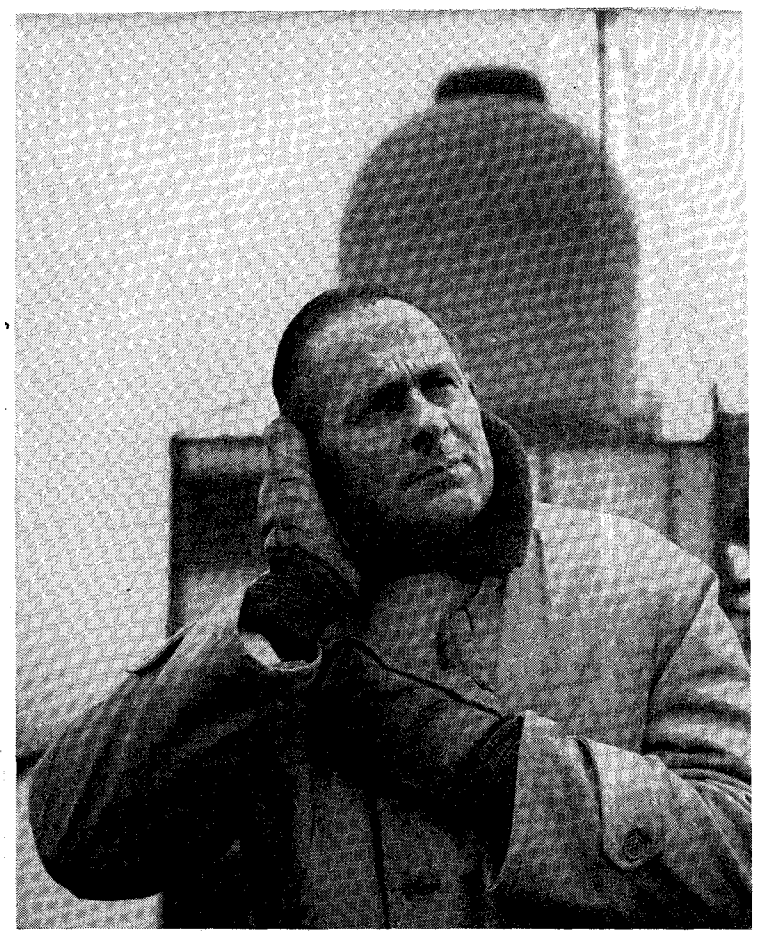
Cold Weather Ahead!

Old-fashioned winters will return, hurricanes will cease pestering so many of us, and Great Salt Lake will rise again. An expert makes some astonishing long-range predictions.

By DR. HURD C. WILLETT

Professor of Meteorology, Massachusetts Institute of Technology

As told to JOE ALEX MORRIS



"Keep your ear muffs handy," warns the author. Behind him, at MIT, is radar equipment he uses in tracking storms.

The weather is my business. I've been studying it and working at it for the last forty years as a schoolboy, as a graduate student, as a Government meteorologist, as an expert consultant during the war, and as a professor at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. And in the last few years I've been amazed at the amount of loose speculation as to how the climate of the United States is changing so drastically that in another century or two palm trees will flourish in New York City and the "hurricane belt" will be permanently shifted from the West Indies to New England.

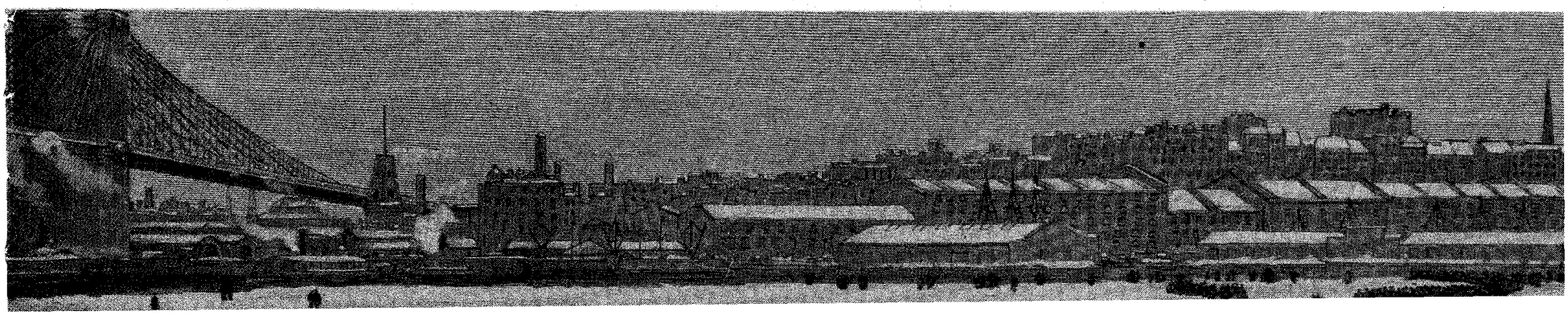
Let me say right now that such ideas are bunk.

I am not, of course, suggesting that there won't be some sizzling days in the United States next summer or that there will never be another hurricane on the Northeastern seaboard. There doubtless will be. But the unusual climatic trend that has prevailed throughout much of this century is now changing. And I am quite willing to stick my neck out by making a few long-range predictions of my own, contrary to the popular impression that this country is slowly turning into a subtropical land.

In general, and with a few qualifications, I would say that:

1. The next half century looks great for ice-skating and skiing enthusiasts in America. Our weather is going to be moister and colder, with plenty of snow and ice over the long run,

New Yorkers skid across the East River during the great blizzard of March, 1888. In Herald Square, snowdrifts were thirty feet deep.



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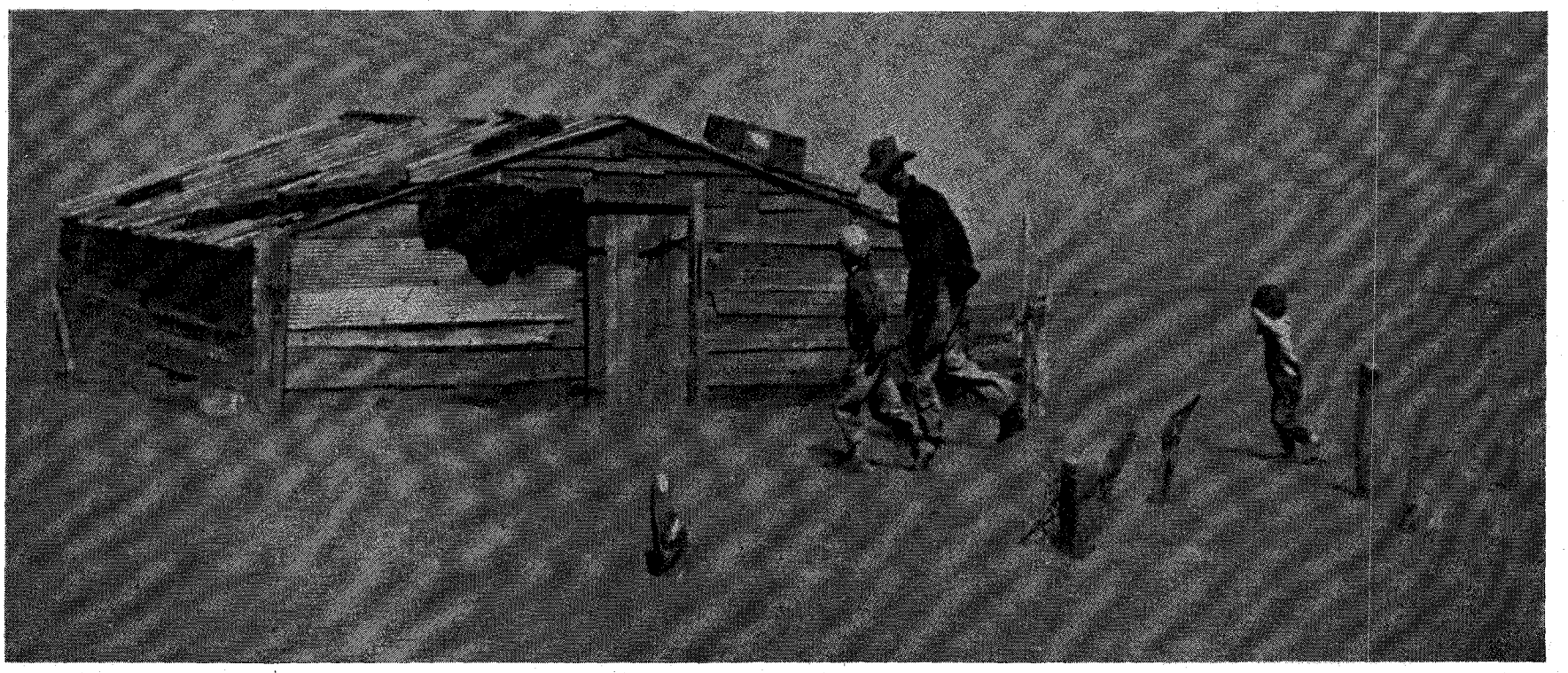

April, 1936: A relentless dust storm buries Cimarron County, Oklahoma. Prediction: "American farmers need have no fear of another (such) dust-bowl drought."

A Connecticut mother clings to her baby after seeing her older child drown in floods triggered by Hurricane Diane last August. Willett foresees fewer such tragedies in New England.

More of Diane's victims: A helicopter lifts the first of two survivors from a Scranton, Pa., house. The 1955 hurricane floods took 150 lives in Northeastern states.

and by 1965 or 1970 our Northern states will be experiencing a series of "old-fashioned" winters such as those of the 1830's when New York harbor froze solid.

2. Residents of the Middle Atlantic and New England seaboard who have been battered by frequent hurricanes in recent years can look forward to better times. These tropical storms with feminine names will henceforth decrease in frequency and intensity in northern latitudes, and after another five or ten years will be confined, except on rare occasions, to their traditional track in the Caribbean and Gulf of Mexico areas or will blow themselves out over the Atlantic Ocean. The recent tendency of hurricanes to veer northward won't recur to the same degree in the next half century or more.

3. American farmers need have no fear of another dust-bowl drought such as caused disaster on the Great Plains in the 1930's. Despite some present drought spots on the Southern Plains, there will be more rainfall and cooler weather in the Middle West and the South for the remainder of this century, except for a possible period of lesser drought from about 1975 to 1980, which will be restricted primarily to the southernmost sections of the country.

4. In the Northwest, the Rocky Mountain glaciers which melted away to record lows in the first half of this century will continue their recent readvance, the water level of Great Salt Lake will rise and the wet, cool climate that has returned to the Northwestern states during the last ten years will continue, with possibly some slight modification.

These long-range forecasts, of course, are merely the high lights of what we must expect in the next half century or so as the earth's climate continues a new phase of its periodic changes. The weather, as everybody knows, is variable and there will be short periods that run contrary to the long-range trend. There are, of course, meteorological experts who disagree with these conclusions. But in recent years many meteorologists have become more and more convinced that climatic conditions on the earth follow a cyclical pattern and that the pattern will become clear as our statistical records extend over longer and longer periods. Today we can see at least enough of the pattern to make some intelligent guesses about the future.

Obviously, this calls for an explanation in regard to both the statistical information on which the pattern is based and my own efforts to understand and explain this pattern. To start at the beginning, I became interested in the weather back about 1913 when I was ten years old. I then began keeping a weather diary on our farm north of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where my family had moved from Rhode Island when I was four years old. I soon became familiar with local weather conditions and, by reading the newspaper reports about conditions elsewhere, I became known among our neighbors as a forecaster.

My father, who was teaching at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, encouraged my hobby

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and bought books for me. When we moved to Washington during the first World War, I became acquainted with the chief officials of the United States Weather Bureau. Later, when I was attending Princeton, I served one summer as an assistant weather observer in Baltimore and after graduation I went into the forecasting section of the Weather Bureau in Washington, in 1924. I took my Ph.D. at George Washington University and at that time spent a year in Europe on a Daniel Guggenheim fellowship, studying the advanced European methods of weather forecasting for commercial-aviation lines. I returned to the United States Weather Bureau until 1929, when the noted Swedish meteorologist, Dr. Carl-Gustav Rossby, arranged for me to join the staff at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Since 1936, I have specialized in study of "the general circulation"—meaning study of the large-scale wind systems of the hemisphere, which are the basis of changes in climate and of the science of long-range forecasting. To put it rather crudely, it is the circulation of winds around the globe that determines the pattern of weather over large areas. The circulation of winds, in turn, depends upon atmospheric conditions that are in part determined by or coincide with changing conditions in the gaseous atmosphere of the sun. And by studying the changing atmosphere of the sun we can determine a pattern of solar behavior that affects in a general way the average weather or climate in your neighborhood.

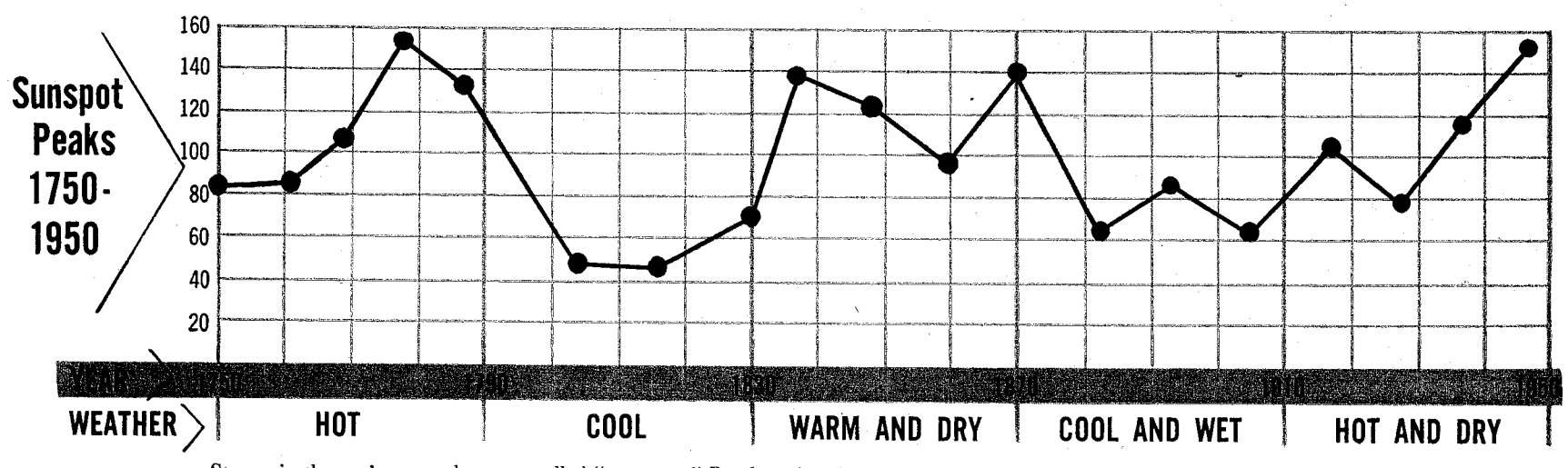
Climate records of the earth do not extend over a long enough period to enable us to say positively that the climatic pattern may not deviate strongly from that of the recorded past. But statistical information available regarding weather conditions in Western Europe and Eastern America for the last two centuries indicates strongly that there are definite cycles of climatic change. It shows that we now are in a period of transition from an unusually warm era—one that has also been dry in our latitudes—to an era that will be colder and wetter in most of the United States.

In reaching this conclusion, we do not depend merely on weather statistics on the earth. We also are guided by cycles of change in the atmosphere of the sun that parallel to a great extent—and may control—the climate on the earth. Highly technical problems are involved in the study of these cycles, but the important thing as far as this article is concerned is that there are almost always a number of storms—low-pressure areas—in the gaseous atmosphere of the sun, just as there are storms in our own atmosphere. These solar storms, which can be observed and counted, are known to meteorologists as sun spots. The increase or decrease in the number of sun spots observed is a key factor in predicting climatic changes on the earth and, just for a moment, it is necessary to discuss them before explaining what is going to happen to our climate in the next half century.

Springfield, Mass., digs out of the Blizzard of '88. Northern states may have "old-fashioned" winters again by 1965.

Sun spots follow a complex pattern of variations. It is not possible in a brief space to explain these patterns in detail. About all that need be said here is that—stated very crudely for the lay reader—there are cycles in which sun spots increase and decrease. The most familiar of these cycles, as far as our weather is concerned, has recently averaged very roughly about twenty years. But, in addition, there is simultaneously a long cycle of eighty years during which sun-spot activity averages high for forty years and then decreases sharply to a lower average for forty years.

The significance of these cycles is that the sun sends out, in addition to the ordinary visible sunlight, (Continued on Page 122)



Storms in the sun's atmosphere are called "sun spots." By observing the number of sun spots, the author claims, we can predict climatic changes on earth. Note 40-year high-low cycles. Dots mark the years of highest sun-spot activity within these cycles.

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Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

General Rumson

Mr. K

The Man Called K

Rumson knew K was a spy. Could he find proof before it was too late?

By PAUL HORGAN

Maj. Gen. Ted Rumson, my new boss in the Pentagon, opened the door connecting our offices and said, "Did I put in to have you cleared for top-secret matters?"

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"Has it come through yet?"

"Yes, sir. Yesterday."

"Good enough. In that case, come in here. There's something I want you to listen to, in case you can help me on it later."

He shut the door after me. Seated in one of the leather armchairs was a ruddy, white-haired, scowling, blue-eyed man also in the uniform of a major general. He was smoking a cigar.

General Rumson introduced us, explaining that I was a reserve lieutenant colonel on temporary active duty in our particular strategic-planning agency. He then named his "old classmate," Maj. Gen. George Filbert Lunkers, whom I recognized by name as the chief of a counterintelligence staff, with offices in the E ring a few bays away from us.

"This officer is cleared for the works, George," said General Rumson, indicating me. "He has to be, to be in my office. You can say anything."

General Lunkers asked, "Do you know anything about Fort X?" naming an Army installation out West.

"Only," replied General Rumson, "that it is a key assembly point for theoretical data about new weapons made and tested at other locations. Is that right? I suppose it is one of your headaches, eh, George?"

"That's right. Have you ever heard of Professor Z?"

"Who hasn't?"

"Well, I never had, till they handed me this job."

"What about Z?"

"He wrote some books."

"Gosh."

General Lunkers shagged his big, healthy head in a sweeping glare across the walls of the office. They were lined solidly with shelves full of books of every sort. You felt that General Rumson would not be able to breathe without books. General Lunkers, his friend, class-

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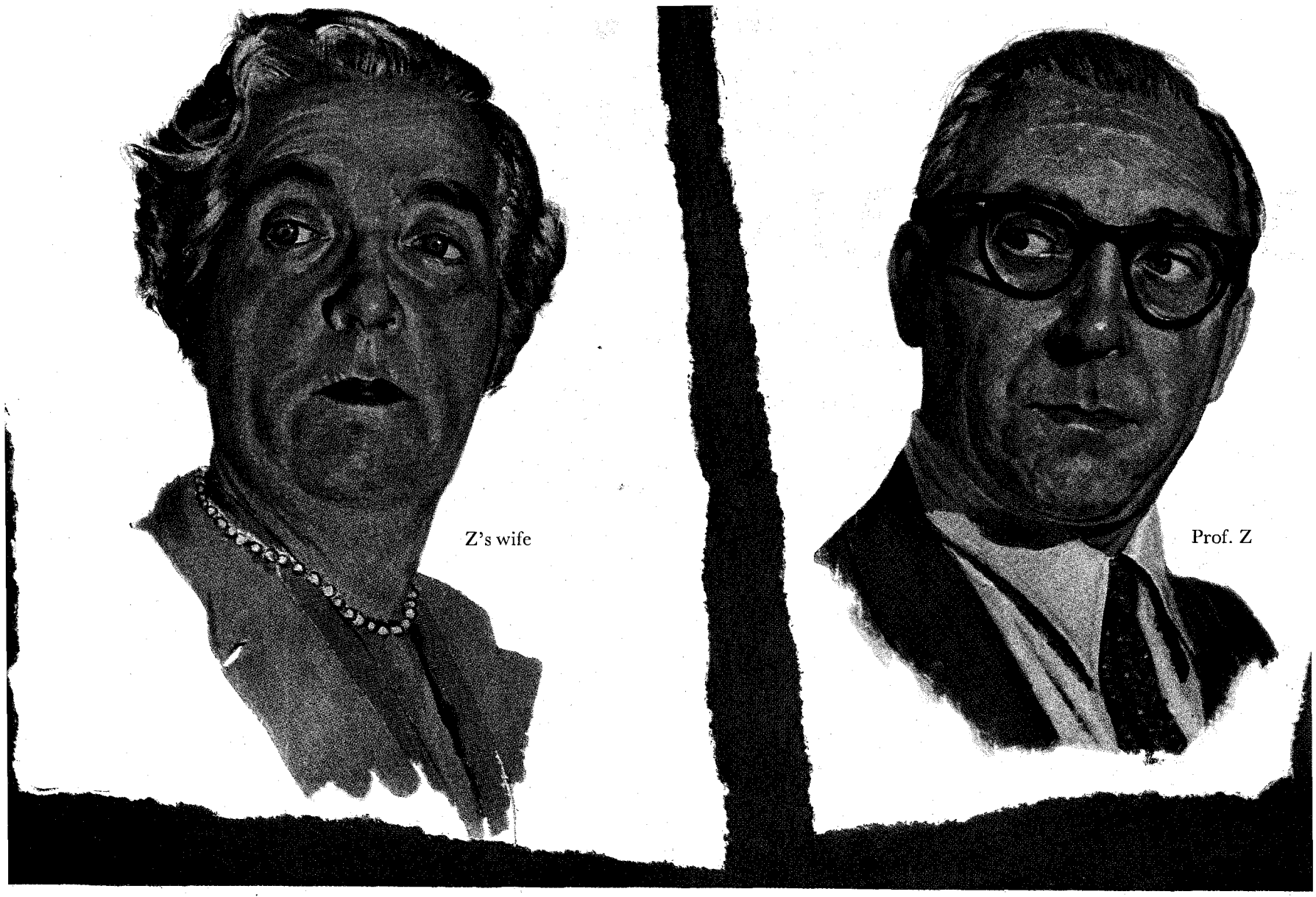

mate and competitor, on the other hand, would suffocate in that climate.

"All right," he said, "all right. I can't go into all the details right now, haven't time, but we're satisfied that all we need is proof, to nab Z as the most dangerous potential weak link in our whole chain of experimental-science activities for defense."

General Rumson looked keenly at General Lunkers and said, "Only need proof, eh? That's like only needing a million dollars to be a millionaire."

"You'll quit kidding," said General Lunkers, "when I tell you that we think he has already passed information to the communists overseas, and may do so again. We've got to catch him at it."

"Is he being watched?"

"Of course. What do you think we are?"

"Yes. Excuse me. Have you checked his current contacts?"

"He has none that show up outside his home and the lab, and only two there really."

"Who are those?"

"His wife, and a great friend of theirs on the administrative staff at Fort X."

"Who is this friend?"

"A civil-service man, a GS-14, a nonscientist. He's a good athlete—a ski expert. His name is K."

"I assume you've run a special check on him."

"Sure. Nothing shows."

"So this is all just a hunch, then, George?"

"No, there's something funny going on, but I can't get through to it."

"Oh? Go on, George."

Well, it seemed that Mr. K, of the Fort X administrative staff, and Professor and Mrs. Z had gone off some while ago for a weekend vacation at a remote point in the Southern Colorado Rockies. Agents were assigned to observe all movements of the three weekenders. The cabin where the vacationers stayed was in a wooded canyon on a small tributary of the Rio Grande. They arrived late on a Friday night, and they read, ate, dozed, talked, laughed, skipped pebbles into the creek, and never left the immediate vicinity all day Saturday and Sunday.

On Saturday they closed the shutters on the cabin windows, which was what any camper would have done, though it was very late when they blew out their lanterns. Late Sunday evening, Professor Z and his wife took an affectionate farewell of Mr. K, entered their car and drove back to Fort X, leaving him alone at the cabin.

"And from that day until three months later," said General Lunkers, "Mr. K remained there."

"Who came to see him?" asked General Rumson.

"Nobody. Nobody at all."

"Where'd he go when he left the cabin?"

"Up the creek, hunting, fishing, and then back. He took lots of exercise. Twice he drove into South Fork for supplies, just like any other camper. He always went right back without talking to anyone but the clerks."

"Did your people inspect his premises in his absence?"

"Yes. Nothing."

"Do you suppose he had a reason to be alone?"

"I cannot imagine one, given the conditions at the cabin in the canyon."

"And yet," mused General Rumson, "something is happening when a man spends three months absolutely alone. Why does he do it?"

"You tell me," said General Lunkers.

"Let's continue our thinking on this, George," said General Rumson, and slapped his desk to end the interview. But General Lunkers seemed unwilling to go. He got up and dawdled in front of the bookshelves, shaking his head humorously over them. At one point he stopped, and read out loud, with exaggerated illiteracy, the name on a book.

"Hee-rod Otis." It was a volume in a fine set of the Histories of Herodotus. "I knew a fellow named Otis once, but I don't b'lieve his first name was Hee-rod."

"General Lunkers," said his host to me, "is one of those inverted culture snobs. He's really no fool, but he wants you to think he is."

"All right, Rumson," said General Lunkers, "if you're so damn bright, have you got a theory on this Fort X situation?"

General Rumson grinned at him, and then, in a sudden strike of some new notion, his face changed. His jaw (Continued on Page 87)

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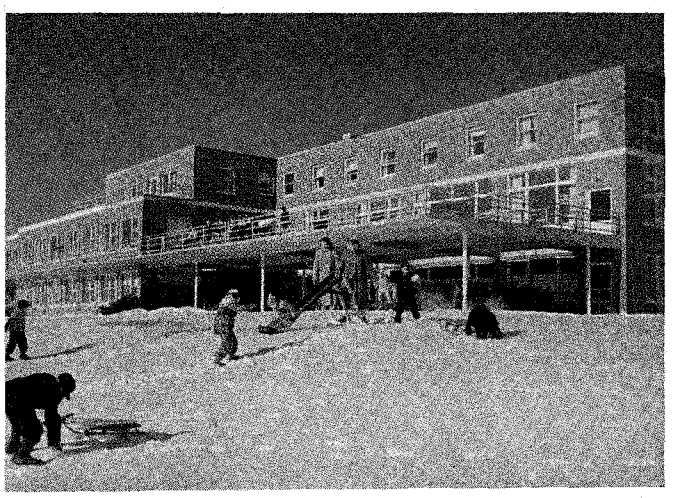
By STEVEN M. SPENCER

The Children of Medicine Mountain

This remote hospital high in the New Hampshire hills rehabilitates some of the most tragic of crippled children. Here, no case is called hopeless.

A New England banker and industrialist, Harry A. Gregg, has been doing things for crippled children for more than forty years. He is also a man who cherishes the beauty of his Southern New Hampshire countryside. It has long been his habit to climb to the shoulder of Crotched Mountain, rest his tall, lean frame on a convenient boulder and gaze upon the view, a wide yet intimate panorama of wooded hills, sparkling lakes and white church spires.

One day, while soaking up this scenery, he decided he'd like to put it to some large-scale beneficial use. Being a practical philanthropist as well as a bold dreamer, he bought the 650-acre hilltop. And upon it, with the help of scores of New England business firms, several foundations and thousands of other generous contributors, he placed a rambling three-story building, all glass on the side with the view.



Playtime at Crotched Mountain Rehabilitation Center. The youngsters above are deaf. Below is Harry Gregg, who donated the site, with cerebral-palsy victims. Gregg built his home on these grounds to be near his young friends.

Training in ADL (activities of daily living) is the specialty of nurse Marilyn Webster. Here she teaches four-year-old Bruce Andrews, who has cerebral palsy, how to brush his teeth.

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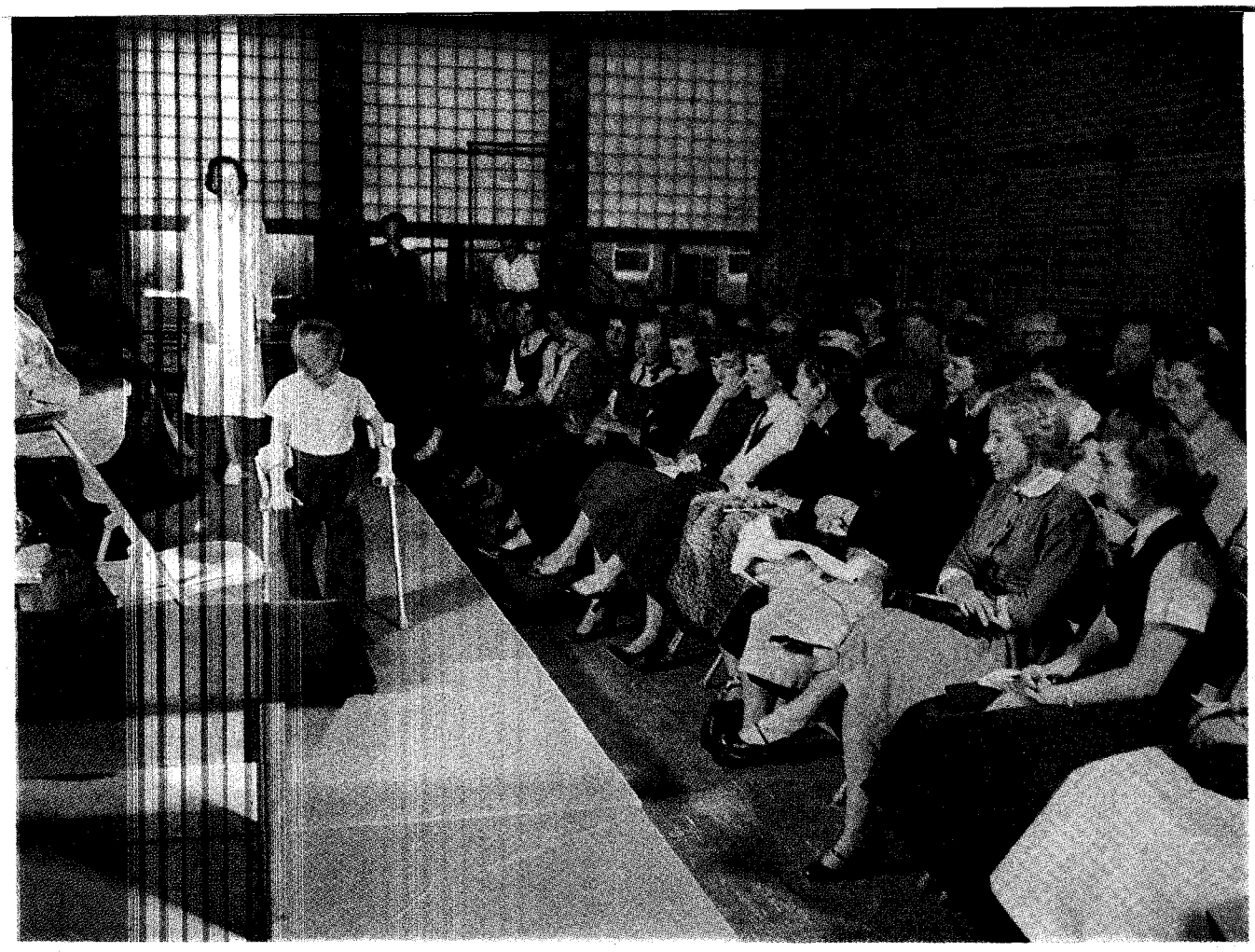


Photographs
by Frank Ross

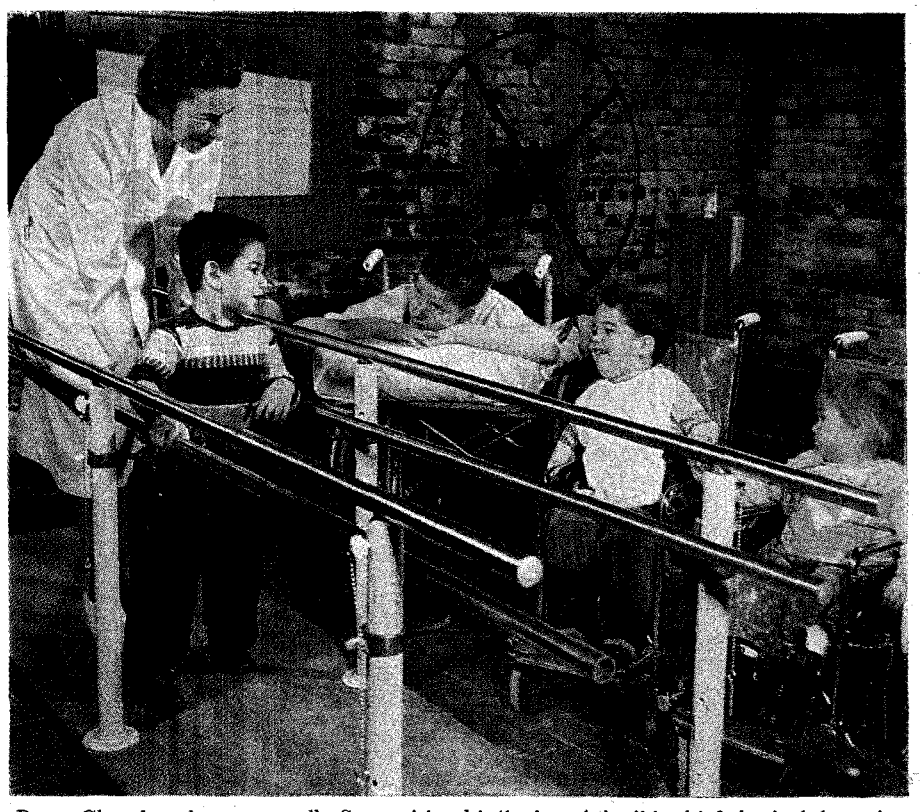
One of the most unusual and popular features of the Crotched Mountain program is the monthly demonstration staged for the public in the physical-therapy room. Here, Kevin Young performs manfully on his first set of crutches.

The Crotched Mountain Rehabilitation Center was not built in a day, of course, nor a year. That it was completed at all is due mainly to the perseverance of Mr. Gregg. For he refused to be diverted either by the skepticism of some of his friends or by the impact of two heart attacks. After the first attack, in 1946, doctors ordered him to cut his working day to four hours. He gave up direct management of his business interests and used all his rationed time on the rehabilitation project. (The millwork plant is now handled by a son, Hugh, former governor of New Hampshire and the ninth generation of Greggs to manage the lumber and lumber-products business established by Capt. James Gregg in 1719.)

Today Gregg's favorite view, seen from the windows and sundecks of the Crotched Mountain Center, is an important part of the therapy by which children from all over the Northeastern United States are conquering their handicaps and acquiring a brighter outlook on life itself. This is not to minimize the work of a skilled and devoted staff, which, of course, is the Center's most valuable asset. But the location, in rural New Hampshire, near the little town of Greenfield and far from metropolitan noise and traffic, is definitely regarded as an advantage.

Not everybody thought so when Gregg procured the land in 1944. Several associates counseled against the site—a high plateau a short distance below the twin peaks of Crotched Mountain—saying that doctors, nurses and therapists would not come that far from the cities. But Dr. George G. Deaver, eminent professor of physical medicine at New York University-Bellevue Medical Center and physician in chief of its big rehabilitation institute, was sold on the place from the moment he first set eyes on it in 1945.

"Why, this is a thousand times better than a city location," he remarked as we stood on the Crotched Mountain terrace recently. "It's all I can do to get across a New York street before the lights change. To a handicapped child the hazards of a big city are almost insurmountable. (Continued on Page 131)



Bruce Chambers learns to walk. Supervising his "gait training" is chief physical therapist Katherine Hinckley. On the side lines: Robert Tatro, Bruce Andrews and Glee Lyford.

Fledgling artists in the occupational-therapy shop. Nancy Woodman (left), a paraplegic, amazed the staff with her co-ordination on crutches.

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She'd intended to give him just a little kiss to show her appreciation.

It didn't make any difference to Molly that she had been warned about

The Overpowering Male

By STEVE McNEIL

Molly Hannegan thought it was a peculiar letter when Mr. Grady dictated it to her. A Mr. Kelly McMasters had endorsed a check for a Mr. Nicholas Ransom. The check had bounced like a golf ball on reinforced concrete. The Willamette Hotel, which cashed the check, had been unable to locate Mr. McMasters and had referred the matter to the credit office of Northwestern Hotels.

"You bum," the letter said, "make good the one-hundred-dollar check you endorsed for Nicholas Ransom or I'll have you thrown in jail and make you eat the key."

Now, typing the letter, Molly frowned. She had been secretary to Mr. Grady, credit manager, for three months, and up to now every letter had been more or less routine, involving checks, delinquent accounts, credit cards and related items. She finished the letter, picked it out of her typewriter and went into Mr. Grady's office.

"Mr. Grady," she said, "this letter to Mr. McMasters ——"

"What about it?"

"You want it to go out just as you dictated it?"

"Certainly. That big baboon is always endorsing rubber checks."

"I see." She did not see at all. If he was always endorsing rubber checks, why did Northwestern Hotels issue him a credit card?

"Should have his head examined," Mr. Grady growled.

"Yes, sir," Molly said.

"Sign the letters for me, Molly," he said. "I have a doctor's appointment."

Molly went back into her office, finished all the letters, signed them for Mr. Grady and put them in the mail. When she finished, she looked out the window. Spring was here, as sweet as the scent of honeysuckle. Below her, girls rode around in convertibles, paraded the streets in their swirling skirts, and men turned their heads appreciatively. On the river, ships got under way and, above, you could see the contrails of jets. It was all very bright and gay and beautiful, and Molly said, "Phooey!"

Maybe it was spring, maybe it was the letter she had received from her mother. "We're having the most beautiful spring weather here at the beach. The Gearhart Hotel built a new, glass-walled swimming pool and the young people are, according to them, 'having a ball.' Everyone asks about you, of course, but I just know you're loving the city with its plays and shops, and all the bustle and excitement of it ——"

(Continued on Page 55)

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THE BALLPLAYER AND THE LADY

Jack Harshman could hit the ball a mile, but his batting average was anemic. Then, aided by the uninhibited girl he married, he turned into a surprisingly crafty pitcher.

The Harshmans at home in San Diego. Dee is an airplane pilot, a registered nurse, and sometimes a supervisor of baseball managers. The little girl, LaVeen, is Dee's daughter by her first marriage.

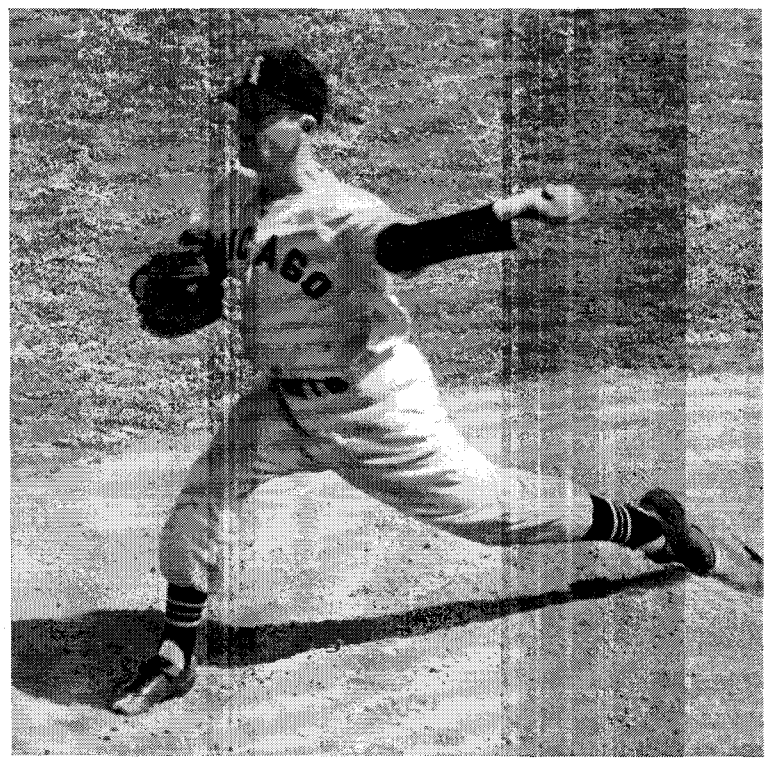
By Fred Russell and George Leonard

At a quick look, Jack Harshman is just another promising new pitcher, with a total of twenty-five victories in two seasons for the Chicago White Sox. Most people haven't bothered yet to take more than the quick look. They have been missing one of the better stories in baseball today.

To begin with, the left-handed Mr. Harshman was a slugging first baseman by trade. Now twenty-eight, he never pitched an inning until he was twenty-three. He didn't become a full-time pitcher until he was twenty-five. Since then he has been blossoming out at a pace which could carry him all the way to the top. Such a development would be rare, but not unprecedented. Bucky Walters, the former Cincinnati ace, and Bob Lemon, of the Cleveland Indians, are two outstanding recent examples of men who successfully changed over to pitching at about the same age as Jack Harshman.

There is another respect, though, in which the Harshman story may be unique. The code traditionally applied to ballplayers' wives is, "You tend to the cooking and I'll take care of the baseball." Harshman, however, listens to baseball advice from his wife—and even asks for it. In this and in other ways, Mrs. Harshman has taken a singularly active part in her husband's career.

Harshman already has established himself as one of the toughest pitchers in the league to hit. He has been averaging more strike-outs per game than most of the other hurlers, and allowing fewer hits. However, he also has been issuing more walks. This combination of factors generally signifies a pitcher who, like Bob (Continued on Page 109)



Harshman was a weak hitter for the Giants in 1950, but slammed 47 homers in the minors the next year. He came back as a pitcher for the White Sox in 1954 and now throws what catcher Sherm Lollar calls "the best screwball in the business."

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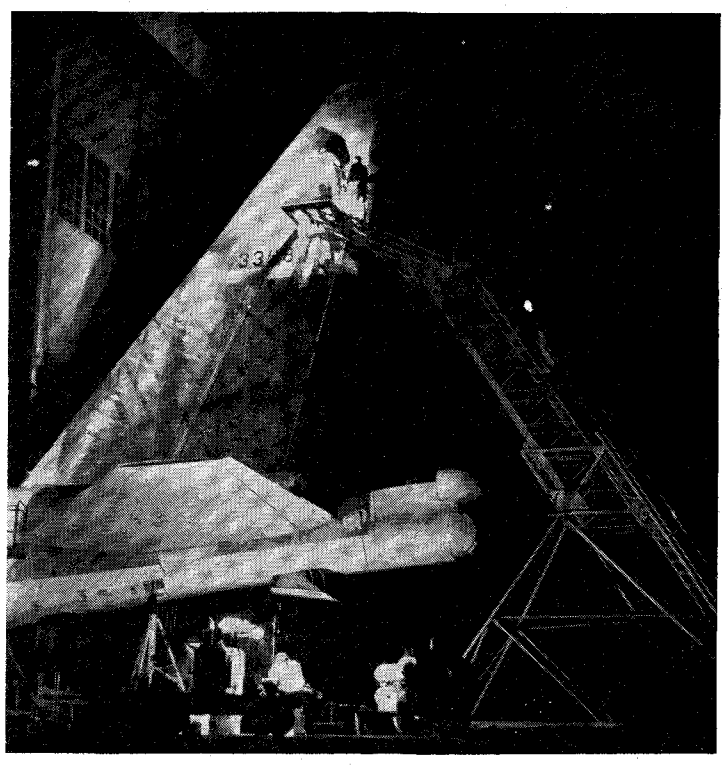
They Fly the H-Bombers

At Castle AFB, Calif., Major Ben Clements (back to camera) reads his orders to the crew of his B-52. At right is Capt. Theodore ("Old Doc") Weholt, flight surgeon for the 93rd Bomb Wing.



A ground crew inspects the tail of a Stratofort for surface cracks. The aircraft is 156 feet long, has a tail 48 feet high.

By FRANK HARVEY

This is what those "middle-aged" pilots of the mighty B-52 Stratoforts are really like when they stage a hair-raising test called "the closest thing to war."

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Flaming wreckage of a B-52 that exploded at 35,000 feet last month. The plane was the first of its type to crash.

It began raining at noon. The B-52 Stratoforts were lined up on the hardstand at Castle Air Force Base, in California, looking like mammoth boxcars with droopy wings. The rain slashed against them, sluicing down over the slick white enamel of the underbodies—put there to reflect H-bomb heat—and ground-crew men scuttled around through the sheets of standing water, pants legs soaked, water squishing in their shoes. Nobody complained. There wasn't time. Tonight these airplanes were going to take off on a mission about which I had heard one cryptic statement: "It's going to be the closest thing to actual warfare ever attempted by the Air Force in peacetime."

Now it was night. The briefing room was packed with pilots, observers, navigators and tail gunners. Rain still hosed against the windows, and outside under batteries of floodlights men still labored doggedly around the B-52 bomber. The B-52 is the deadliest airplane in the world today. This 175-ton monster carries six men, flies faster than 650 miles an hour and can climb above 50,000 feet. Its eight jet engines pack more power than thirty-eight diesel railway locomotives. Each one of them makes more noise than 1,500,000 people talking. If parked on a football field, the B-52's tail would rise above the level of the stadium and its wings would shade the cash customers on both sides of the gridiron.

Here is a piece of equipment which can rise from its base and travel 6000 miles without refueling. When refueled en route by tanker planes, the B-52 can deliver an H-bomb anywhere in the world and return to the United States without landing.

Now, in the front of the briefing room, a weather officer was passing on a last-minute report to the assembled combat crews. "A jet landed about ten minutes ago," he said. "The pilot reports it's plenty rough upstairs. The stuff is solid to forty thousand." The weather officer smiled. "Above forty thousand you've got it made. Bright moonlight and a big fat jet stream coming in on the target."

Dr. Theodore Weholt, flight surgeon for the 93rd Bomb Wing here at Castle—only combat-ready B-52 wing in the world—was sitting next to me—a big, red-faced, blue-eyed guy with glasses, whom everyone on the base referred to as "Old Doc." Old Doc had a bellow like a dyspeptic polar bear, a heart that definitely resembled a bowl of marshmallow whip, and he had—thank heaven—taken me under his wing. Until I met Doc Weholt I was smothering in The Big Picture: high-level objectives, long-range projects, graphs, charts, flowsheets, and, of course, the idealized picture which all Public Information Offices somehow feel impelled to peddle about their boys. A Strategic Air Command type, if you listen to PIO, is a sort of combination of an Eagle Scout, Davy Crockett and Saint George the Dragon Killer. Doc Weholt was very refreshing. He did not have a single flowsheet to his name and he kept referring to his brother SAC men as "*those men of doubtful parentage*"—the words were slightly different, actually—and it was obvious he loved the bums. He must. He'd flown 280 hours in jet bombers in the last fiscal year, which is approximately six times around the world.

Doc leaned across the aisle. "Wish you were going with us tonight, Harvey. Gonna be quite a show."

"I asked General LeMay himself when I passed through Offutt Field," I said. "I didn't actually get down on my knees and beg, but that was the general idea."

"What did the general say?"

"No."

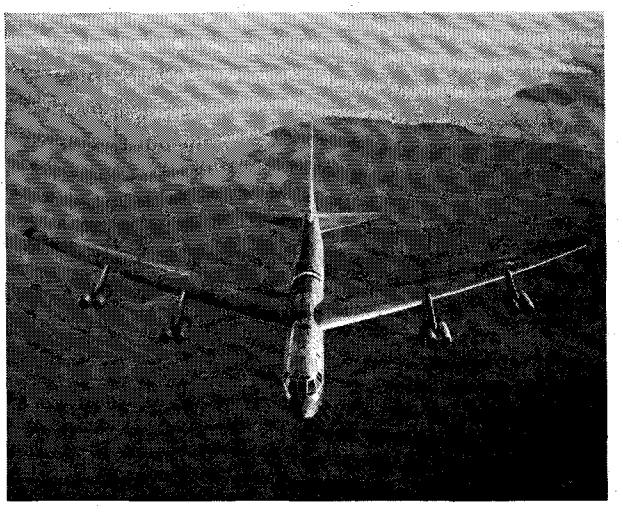
"You must have caught him in a talkative mood," Weholt said, grinning. "Usually he doesn't babble like that."

Doc was checking his "Handy Dandy 10-ton Survival Kit" as the men somewhat ruefully described the large hunk of very important gear they carried on long missions over a variety of land-and-seascape. With the Handy Dandy along a man could bail out over the Pacific Ocean, Greenland's icy mountains or the shifting whispering sands of the Sahara, and be—though not exactly comfy—alive and kicking. The kit contained a one-man life raft, a week's supply of pemmican bars, Dick Tracy wrist radio, canned sleeping bag, and the brand-new plastic-and-alloy rifle which would clobber a bull elk and weighed two pounds and one half ounce. I did not know where the mission was headed, but the fact they had the full survival kit along meant that it wasn't a local sortie over to Sacramento or some such place.

"All right, men!" somebody yelled at the front of the room. "Let's get the show on the road!"

It was really miserable outside. The wind was strong and water lay in sheets on the hardstand, just deep enough to top the soles of my shoes and seep in around the seams. When I stepped into the ring of floodlights that circled Doc Weholt's airplane, I was shivering and soaked.

(Continued on Page 113)



A B-52 costs $7,000,000. By the time a pilot can be trusted with one, he's no longer a rosy-cheeked youngster.

"The deadliest plane in the world today," the B-52 flies faster than 650 mph, and can climb above 50,000 feet. With a mid-air refueling, it can deliver an H-bomb anywhere in the world, and return to the United States without landing.

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He'd had plenty of experience with girls–
but none like Betty Lou.

This Time It's a Blonde

By RICHARD McKELVEY

Juan looked up from his hamburger special and saw the girl come through the kitchen doorway of the El Hambrah Eatery. She moved briskly, her hips swaying, her tray balanced aloft, her white cap perched in her blond hair, and her uniform yielding starchily here and there to the rounded pressures beneath. Her eyes were on his for the first time.

He swallowed. Pinned midway between ecstasy and despair, he recognized an old emotion. He had first felt this way ten years before, when Isabella had pushed the still bee-full honeycomb down his back during the height of the fiesta frolic. He had been a boy then; now he was a man. But man or boy, the emotion was the same. Urgent, painful, completely captivating.

He began to perspire. "This is it," he said to his hamburger special, and made himself sit very still, because he wanted to jump up from the table, fling this lovely blond girl's tray from her slender hand and say, "My name is Juan Rodrigues de Selina Volcrino. I am a student here. I love you. Let me take you away from all these. How's about you and me getting hitched?"

That was the direct approach the natives used when they felt the honeycomb pain, and it was the correct idiom, entirely, in this glorious Wheeler University, of the Middle West, U.S.A. Juan admired the approach very much, but he could not believe that it would work for him. "I must seek advice," he said.

He got up unsteadily, paid his bill and hurried along East Andrews Street to Mrs. MacDougal's rooming house, where he lived to improve his idiom. "So many idioms all for one home," he had told himself with exhausted pleasure on the first day, knowing from his introductory talk with Mrs. MacDougal that he had chosen wisely. "'One-block-from-campus . . . clean-reasonable-rates . . . always-hot-water . . . I-run-a-decent-house-here-boys-remember,'" he had repeated. "I will learn here!"

The house was indeed a marvelous example of cultural vitality, and he soon loved every inch of it, from the beaded portieres between the hallway and Mrs. MacDougal's parlor, where the knickknacks lived, to the mother-of-pearl rendering of the Capitol Building, Washington, D.C., 1903, which hung in a convex condition over the utility Mrs. MacDougal called "the machine" when she could not avoid naming it. He loved the machine's mechanicals and its great brass chain. He loved the spotless bathtub, nested like a hollowed white bird, each of its four legs grasping an iron egg in intricately wrought iron claws.

But more than the cultural elements, he loved the excellent inmates of the house: Mrs. MacDougal herself; and the boys, Pat, Casey, Peter. He smiled, thinking of them, as he hurried along.

He could not, of course, discuss the wonderful blond girl with Mrs. MacDougal, because it was not gentlemanly nor wise to talk about one lady when with another; particularly if the other was much older than the one. But the boys would be pleased to talk, and they would help him. They were very superior-type natives. They knew the scores. *Especially Casey*, Juan thought, *from playing at so many sports in the university. There are scores like with women and scores in sportings. Both of these Casey knows much about.*

But if Casey could not help, there was Pat, who, like himself, was neither sporting nor muscled, but had had many interesting experiences since childhood with the more intelligent native women. And if Pat failed, there was Peter, who had had a most impressive acquaintance of women in books of several tongues.

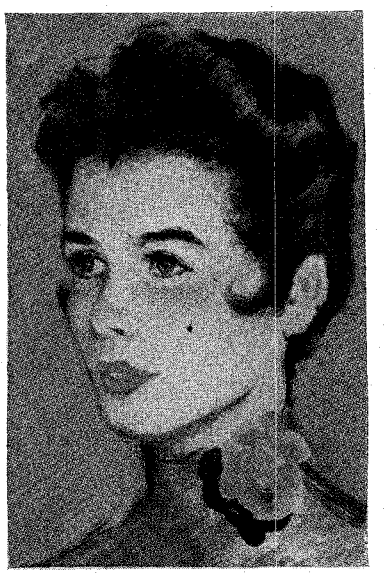
"I am fortunate," Juan said, going up the steps to his room.

He turned from the top of the stairs and walked along the hall, knocking on each of the yellow doors. (Continued on Page 98)

BUTCH

Illustrated by Thornton Utz

ALICE



ISABELLA

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"In Bolivia," he said, "we converse only when it is necessary."

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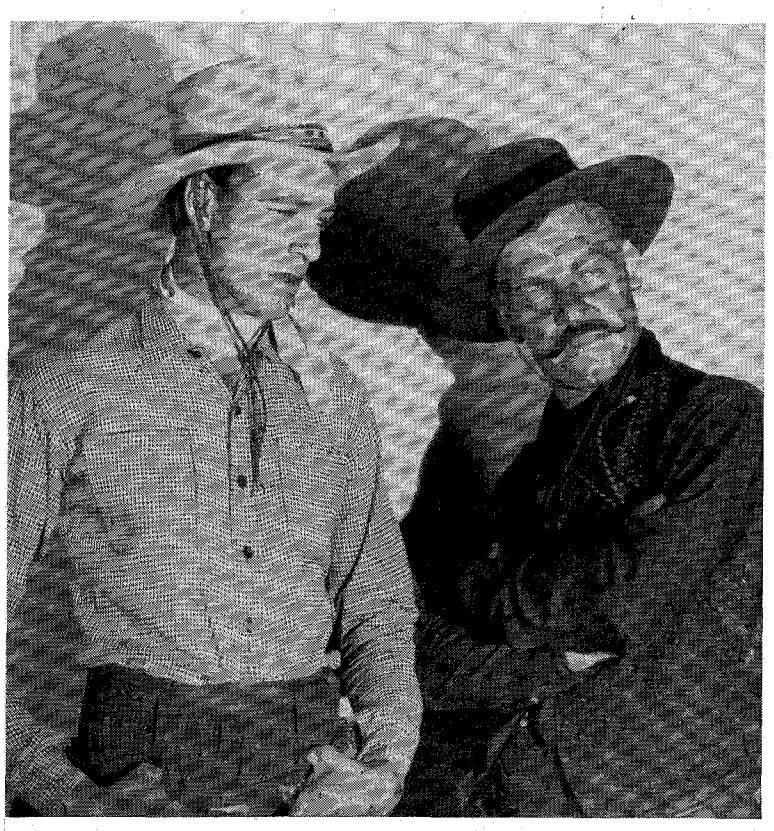

"When you call me that, smile!" Cooper with the late Walter Huston in the 1929 film of Owen Wister's novel, The Virginian.

Lupe Velez and Gary on the set of another 1929 movie, Wolf Song. "I guess I was in love with Miss Velez," Gary says. Years later, in 1944, the fiery Lupe committed suicide after another, less happy, romance.

Well, It Was This Way

By GARY COOPER, as told to George Scullin

Squiring such beauties as Clara Bow, Lupe Velez and the Countess di Frasso, this Hollywood Casanova named Cooper made headlines wherever he went—and he did a lot of traveling.

Copyright 1956 by Gary Cooper

PART SIX

My first experience with Hollywood's conception of suitable Jazz Age publicity came shortly after my return to the set of Children of Divorce. Clara Bow and Hedda Hopper had agreed between them that my shyness and inability to play love scenes were due to a country boy's natural uneasiness in the presence of high society. In their opinion, I needed some publicity to bolster my ego, and Miss Bow was just the girl to get it for me.

Ever since the release of It, Miss Bow had been known as "the It girl." Elinor Glyn wrote the novel and the screenplay, but even she couldn't define "it" exactly. To her way of thinking, anyone gifted with surplus quantities of personality, vivacity and sex appeal sure had something, whatever "it" was. Miss Bow had that something, all right. And Miss Hopper, though very much the actress, and with no thought then of becoming a columnist, knew how to plant a story.

Nothing subtle about it, either.

The first thing I knew, the public prints were calling me "the It boy." Ouch! Bill Powell and Ronald Colman would pass me and wave their handkerchiefs. Slim Talbot felt so disgraced he went to Mexico and joined a revolution as a pursuit pilot. But worse was yet to come. The next rumor was that "the It girl" had caught "the It boy." And what a romance that was!

When the gangling cowboy grew lonely in Italy, in 1930, the Countess di Frasso "took pity on me."

The romance idea caught the public fancy, for some reason, and the studio welcomed the publicity. In the (Continued on Page 139)

NEXT WEEK

International playboy Cooper tells how a girl called Rocky changed him into a home-loving husband and father.

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That Kennedy Boy

No one else could do anything with the kid. What made Chuck think he could straighten him out?

By RALPH WELLER

It started with a dinner Eddie Murno bought me at the police academy, and by the time we finished dessert I knew where we were headed. Murno is blessed with a deep and genuine interest in small fry around Los Angeles and you don't have to dig into the fine record he's built to know how he feels about kids; you can see it in his eyes when he talks about his boys. No force ever had a better juvenile officer than Eddie Murno.

"Chuck," he said, "I've got a youngster out your way. A lad named Kennedy and he's in a jam, y'see, with a couple of priors hanging over his head. He needs help. Your help."

Eddie raised questioning eyebrows and waited. There was no way I could refuse if he pressed me, but I wished mightily that he wouldn't. He's getting along now, a bit of gray working in through hair that used to be black, but he still gets around and manages to be where he's needed most. He's about the best thing that can happen to a boy in trouble, but I wasn't sure just how good Murno was going to be for the Chuck Wiggins School of Dance.

"Look, Eddie," I said earnestly, "I'd be glad to help, but I'm just launching my business, just making a start."

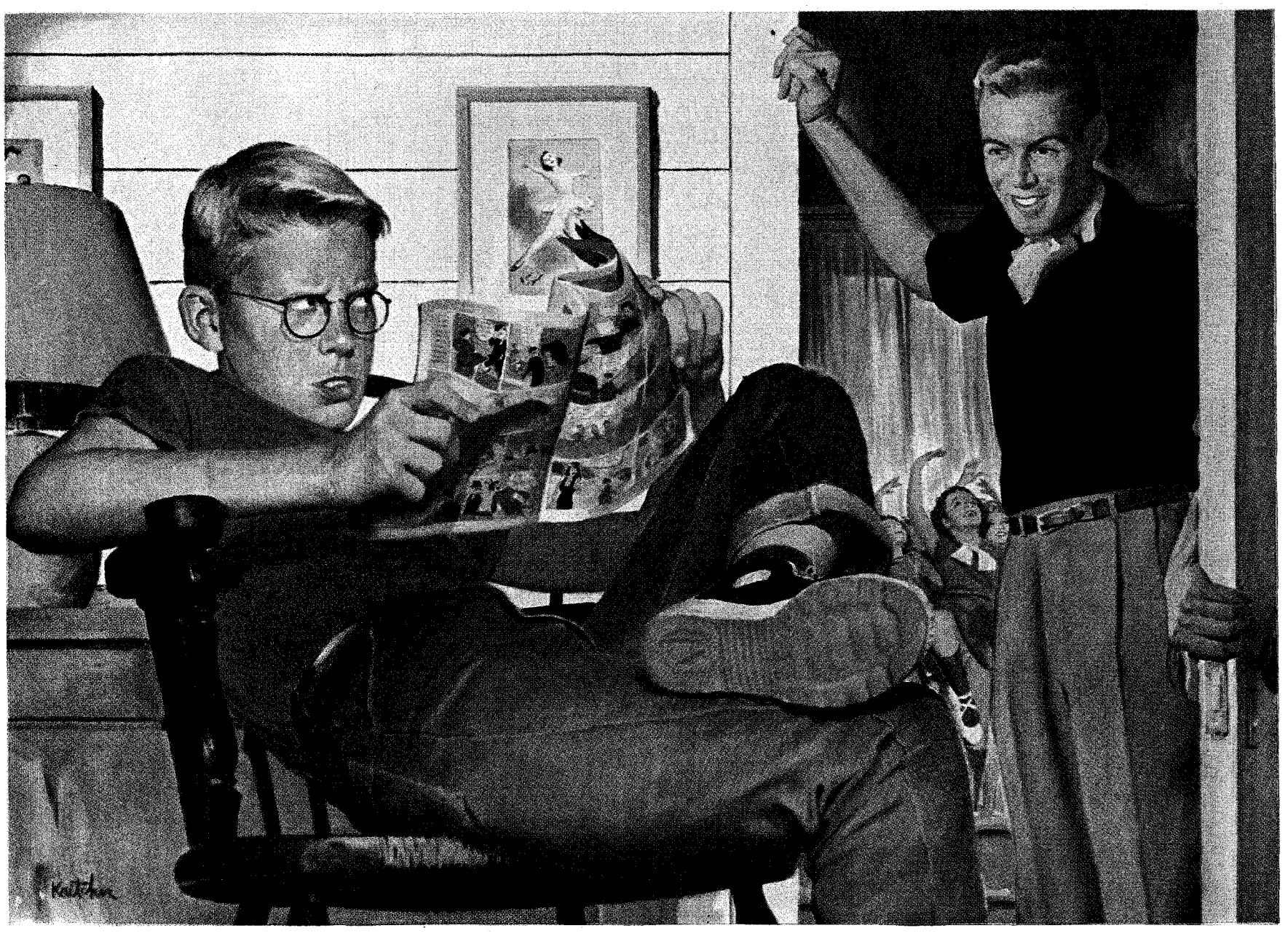
"I tried to weigh that, Chuck."

"Let's put it back on the scales for a quick check," I said softly. "I'm not trying to bring tears to your eyes, but you remember when I was a punk kid slaving over a pair of clattering tap shoes, and how I struggled to get a toe in the door. At eighteen I played the Orpheum and sent you tickets. Remember? And I was on my way up—until a war got in the way."

"I know, Chuck. A tough break."

"I'm not griping. Plenty of guys had it worse, and I realize that. I got rid of the limp, finally, but you don't make a living dancing on a game knee. Nine years it took me to see that, Eddie. Nine years of flea-trap bookings for coffee and cakes, until I put my GI loan into this dance-school venture. But if I start taking on your problems, make my place a hangout for ——"

(Continued on Page 126)



"They call me Spike," he said, still keeping his nose in the book.

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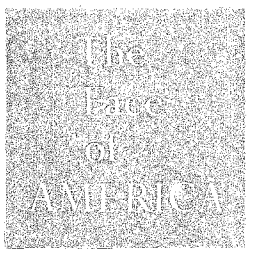

Lightship

The world's most famous floating lighthouse lies anchored eleven miles southeast of Coney Island. She carries the brightest of all lightship lights (more than 1,000,000 candlepower) and, in foggy weather, bellows in a monstrous voice that can be heard six miles away. Her name is Ambrose, after the channel she marks. From her, ships take their course into the port of New York, and their departure for ports of all the world. She is the first bit of America seen by countless visitors, and the last bit of America seen by unlucky voyagers who perish in the deeps. Great liners pass her close aboard, as near as 100 yards, to take a good look. Here the Queen of Bermuda, outbound on a pleasure cruise, salutes her spunky little sister. Today the sea is calm and bright. But through furious storms when all other ships run for cover, and through impenetrable fogs when homing vessels sometimes even ram her, Ambrose remains a prisoner of her chains. One of her anchors lost its grip recently in a hurricane. The seas rose to terrifying heights, but the other anchor held and the light burned on. Later the captain reported laconically on the storm. "The Ambrose Lightship remained on station," he said. ● Photograph by Maynard Clark

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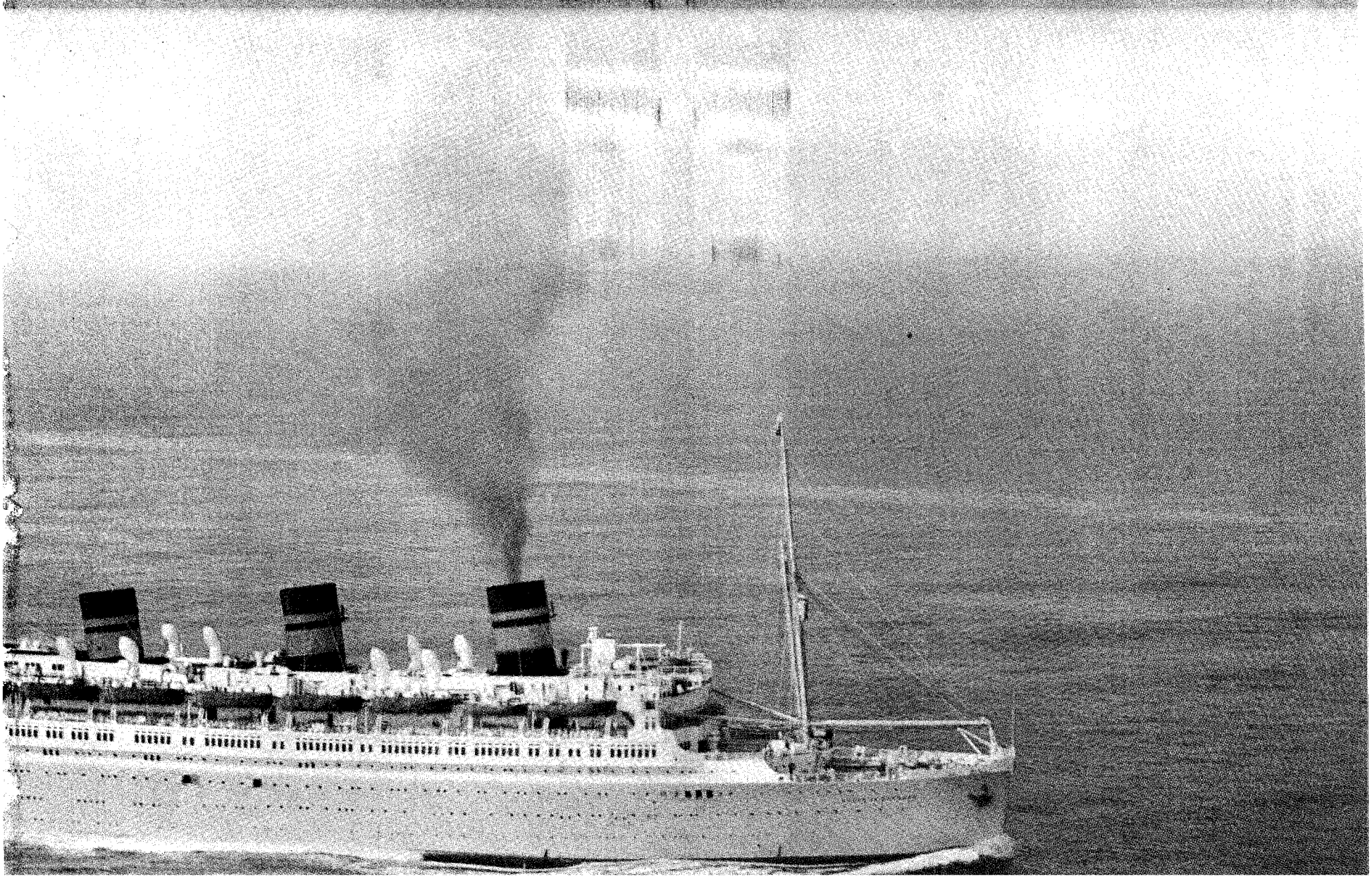

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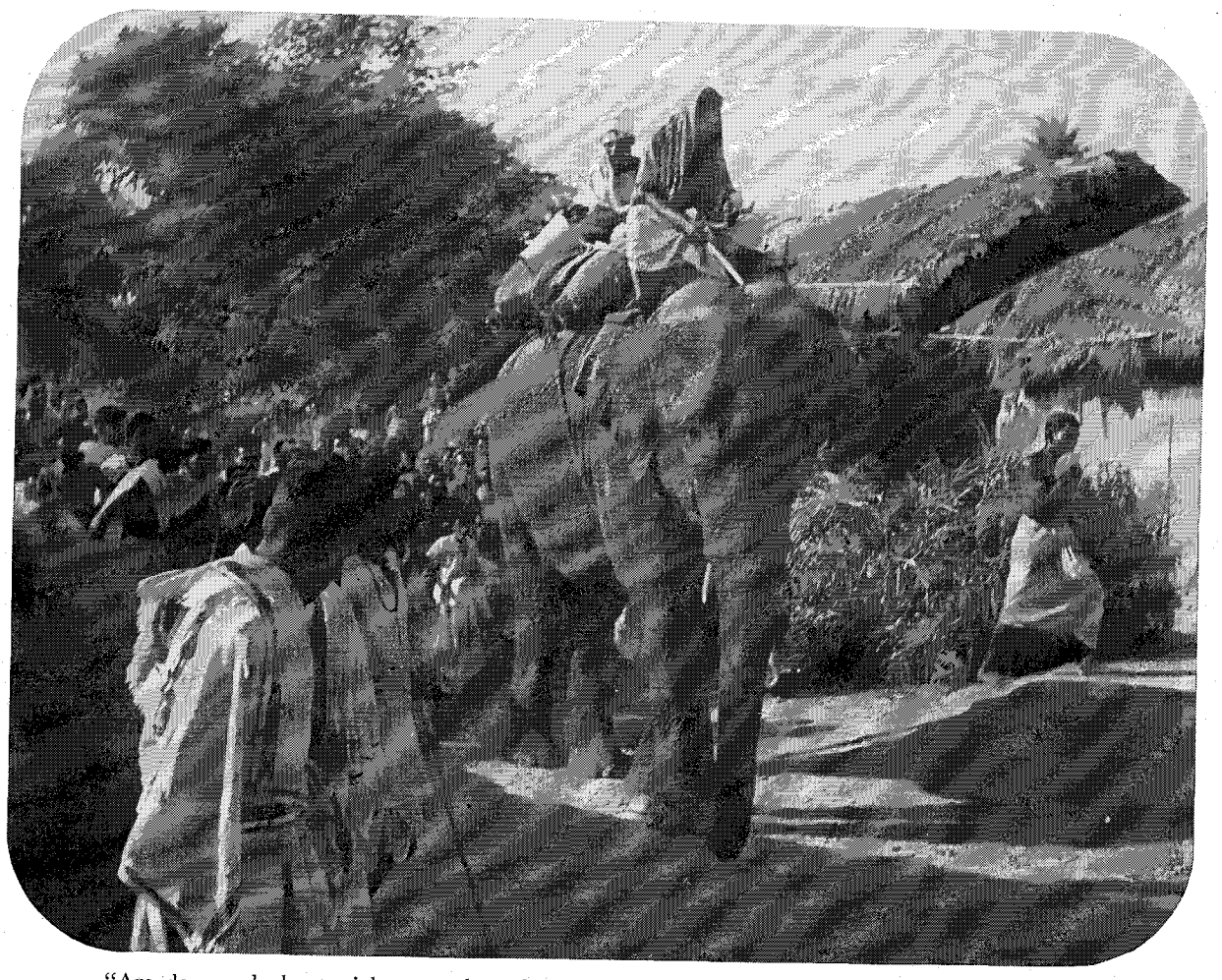


"Any day an elephant might come through our villages." The author worked for the American Friends Service Committee, in the Indian state of Orissa.

We Went Back 1000 Years

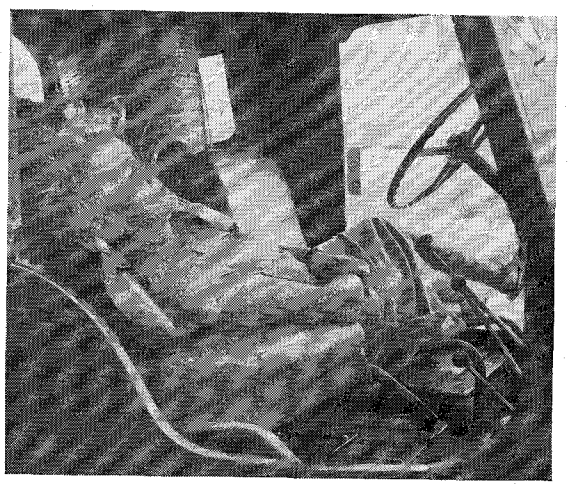
A report from an American farmer and his wife, who shared the primitive life of Indian villagers for three years to help introduce them to the 20th century.

By P. ALSTON WARING

A feeling of panic still comes back to me when I remember the blank eyes of the people of Barpali on the day that Beulah and I arrived there. It was the end of a long, hopeful journey for us. We had come halfway around the world from our green farm in Pennsylvania to this remote part of India to aid in a program of rural development. We had come in confidence that our purpose was worthy and the American farm science we offered was needed in this ancient land.

But now a hundred pairs of eyes, fixed in expressionless faces, stared at us. Whatever of the Oriya language we had learned in weeks of study promptly fled. We could only try to smile, and wait. We had driven from Cuttack through the torrential rains of the late monsoon, blessing the four-wheel-drive jeep which could usually ford the swollen streams. Our excitement had risen as we approached the village of Barpali, our future home in the state of Orissa. As we drove up to the edge of the sprawling village, surrounded by green paddy fields in the late afternoon of that first day, the moist air was acrid with the smoke of evening fires. Anand Chandra, my agricultural co-worker, promptly got out to inquire directions, leaving Beulah and me in utter loneliness as the men, women and children silently gathered around us, and I am sure that never before had we experienced such a sense of desperation.

Doubts struck us like a blow. For the first time we wondered if our experience and ability were equal to the task. How were we to reach these people across the gulf of custom, language and thought? We didn't realize it then, but we were surrounded by eyes of fear, masked by the passive blankness which for ages has been the peasant's only defense against strangers from beyond their hills and rivers. We didn't know that over the centuries strangers usually had come to conquer, exploit, tax or rob. Fantastic rumor had been racing through



Mrs. Waring takes a cat nap in a jeep, shaded from the 120° heat. Her first home in Orissa was a tent.

Quick trim for Waring in a portable barbershop. "It became obvious that we were no lordly Sahibs."

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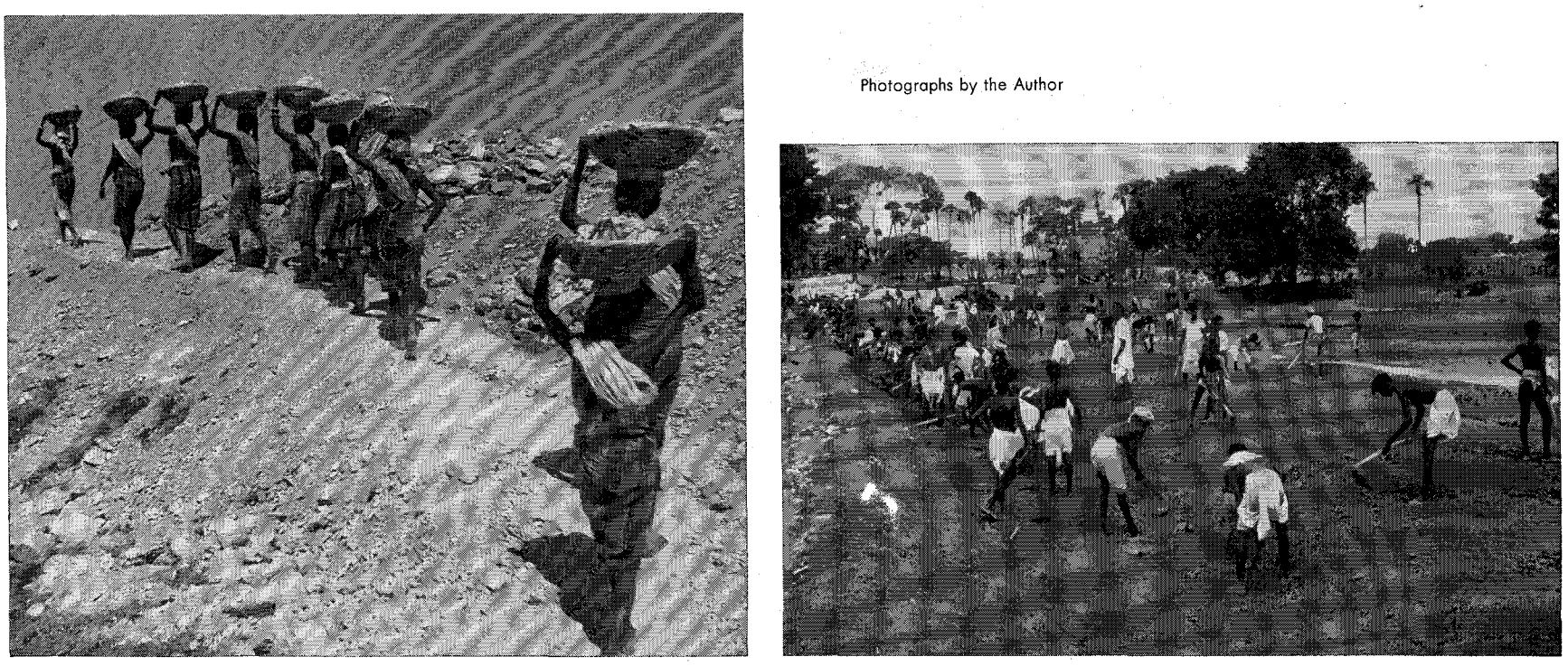
Photographs by the Author



Earth-moving jobs are carried out "in the same way that the Pharaohs built the Pyramids." Women at left move earth for a canal. At right: villagers build a road.

Dr. Vivien Abbott operated a clinic with her doctor-husband. Their work seemed miraculous to the natives.

the community: The British were gone and now the Americans were come to govern them. . . . We would take away their land and make them hired workers in their own paddy fields. . . . In one village there had been a robbery by dacoits, and it was whispered the affair had been instigated by our project personnel.

It was just as well that we could not look very clearly into the minds of the people of Barpali on that day in early 1952. We were here, for better or worse. We were members of a small team of seven Westerners recruited by the American Friends Service Committee, backed by technical-assistance funds from the United States Government. Our group had been invited by the government of India and the state of Orissa to undertake a program in health, agriculture, education and cottage industry in the villages of the township of Barpali. Despite the less-than-enthusiastic welcome given us, we determined to go ahead with our project, hoping that in time we could wear down the wall of suspicion between these people and ourselves.

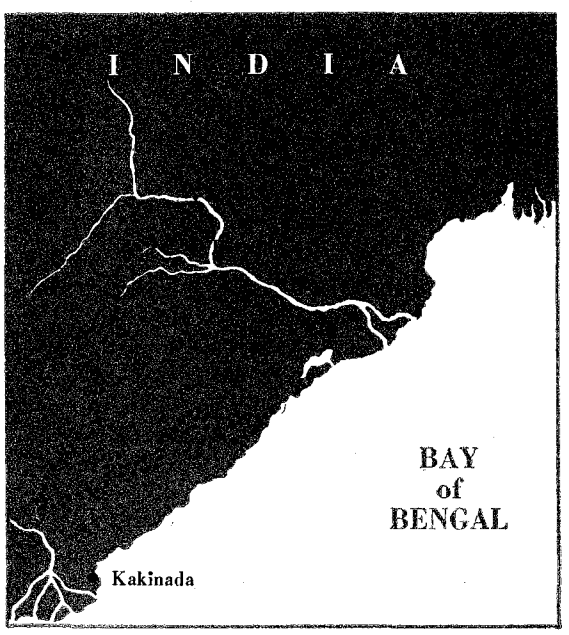
We proceeded cautiously over the next few months, trying to cast aside all preconceived notions and to let ourselves be taught by circumstances. And this, of course, is what saved us. Beulah and I were to be thankful many times for our years on the farm, close to nature, which had taught us that all patterns of life have reason for being and are not to be uprooted casually. For we were exploring new territory; not a new part of India, but a new process by which communities improve themselves, with people like us helping in the undertaking. It is a new kind of pioneering—a vital kind. The war had changed the face of Asia. There were vast stirrings here at the very time the world responsibilities of the United States had grown by leaps and bounds. We wanted to be a part of this, to share in our small way in laying practical foundations of understanding and friendship.

Perhaps it was a blessing in disguise that our living conditions in Barpali were extremely primitive at first—and never did we have "pukka" quarters, with a swarm of servants and a chokidar on guard, as had some former officials and overlords. The project's original center consisted of two rooms, a small outhouse and a couple of sheds. Beulah and I lived in a tent. We had a well at which we bathed and got our water, and we dug slit trenches, screened by bamboo, for toilets. Our team members, Indian and Western, all ate together, sitting on mats in a large circle on the veranda floor, and our diet was what Haimanti, who had charge of the table, was able to supply from the village bazaars plus some canned goods from Calcutta.

It became obvious to the villagers that we were no lordly Sahibs. We did not ask the people to come to us; we went to them. We rode bicycles or our jeep to distant villages. We swam swollen rivers, if need be. Beulah made many a friend for us; she always had time to admire a plump and beautiful baby or to puzzle with a mother over an ailing one. We visited our village workers—eighteen men whom we selected and trained. Through them we learned—slowly, to be sure—to know the people, to make friends, to get ahead with our work.

And having edged a bit into the people's confidence, we began to make some progress in demonstrating our wares of modern farm techniques, medicine and democratic methods. But I must confess that, on balance, we received as many lessons as we gave in the principles of rural development. Some were disappointing, some inspiring, all were useful. It is mainly about the lessons gained that I am writing because they seem to me the key to the success or failure of the vast programs of technical assistance which the United States and the United Nations are encouraging in many parts of the world. I sincerely believe that a better understanding of the humble people of Orissa—and their like throughout the world—is one of the essential ingredients of a lasting peace.

A better-poultry project was the instrument of one of our most painful lessons. The native Indian village hen is a small, wiry bird and lays only a few (Continued on Page 79)



The Warings lived in remote Barpali village in the northeastern part of India, about 300 miles from Calcutta.

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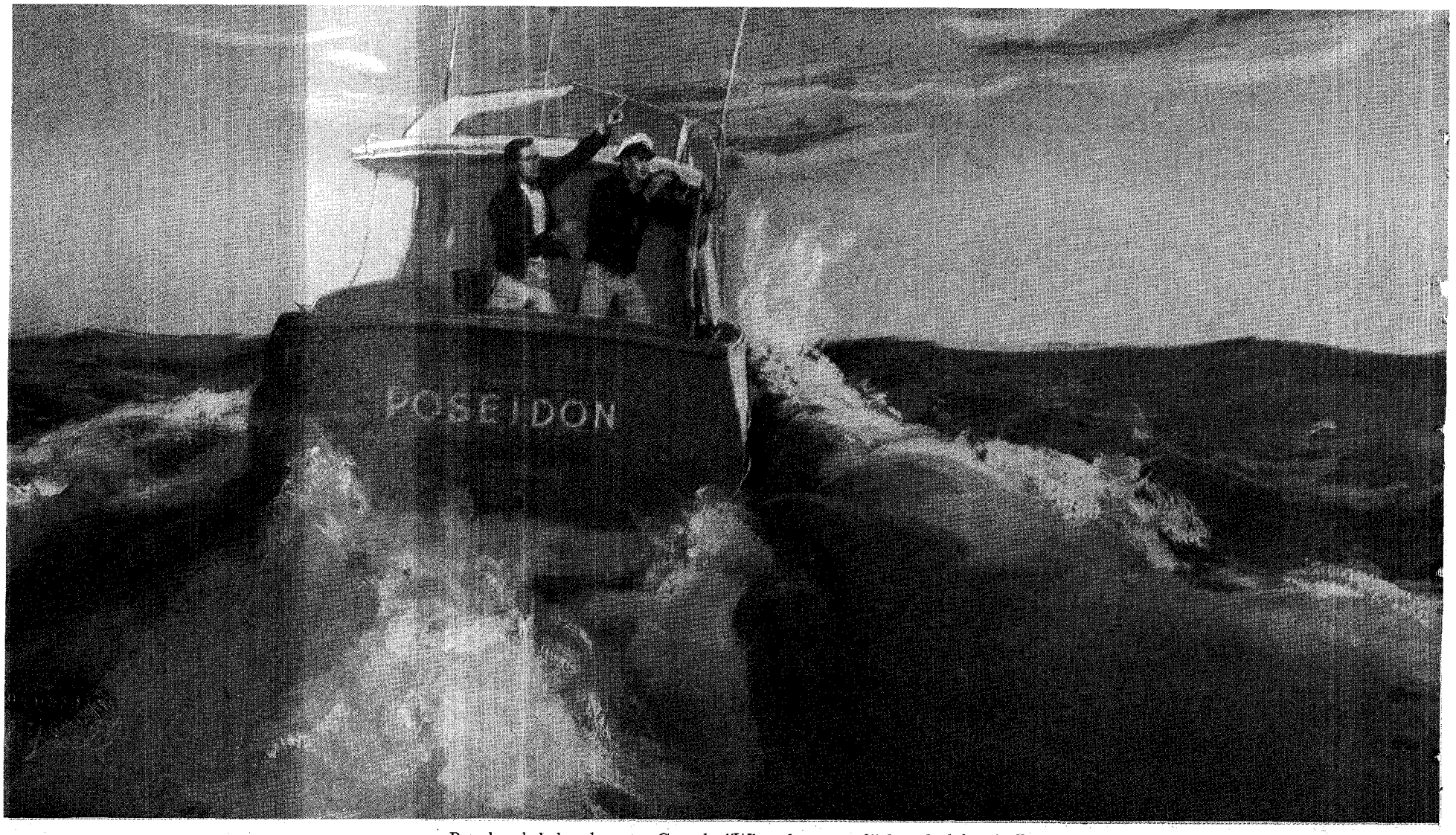

Pete handed the glasses to Crunch. "What do you see?" he asked frantically.

Treasure at Tandem Key

By PHILIP WYLIE

He had a chance to find a fortune and marry the girl he loved. Why did the Texan run away?

Crunch Adams shrugged off his diving gear and stood, panting lightly, on the deck of the Poseidon. "You saw that shark and came on it with a knife!" he exclaimed to Pete Shade. "Brother, have you got what it takes!"

Shade, a rich young Texan, was vacationing on Tandem Key when he learned about the lost Endibbie treasure. Pete thought he had discovered a clue to the location of the treasure. He chartered Crunch's fishing cruiser to search for the pirate cache.

Earlier Crunch and his mate, Des, rescued Pete from some thugs who got wind of his discovery and tried to kidnap him and make him talk. Pete returned the favor by risking his life to drive off a killer shark that had trapped Crunch.

Pete had proved his courage, but he confessed to Crunch that he was actually a sissy. "I'm a moral coward," he said. "Otherwise no one man and no one woman could have driven me here."

He explained that he came to Tandem Key only to get away from his domineering brother and the overbearing mother of the girl he'd wanted to marry.

For two weeks the three men hunted futilely for the underwater tunnel in which Pete expected to find the treasure. An alert audience, led by Crunch's old enemy, Alcott Drammel, watched the searchers' every move, anxious to cut in if they found the loot.

At the end of the fortnight, Crunch, Des and Pete docked at Tandem Key to overhaul the Poseidon and take on supplies. Ashore, Crunch and Des encountered two elegantly dressed women who had just arrived at the island. The ladies were arguing loudly.

The younger woman had apparently been tricked into coming to the island. "Mother!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean that Peter Shade ——"

"—— is right on this island!" came the triumphant answer. "I had to hire detectives to trace him! Come, Wonder!"

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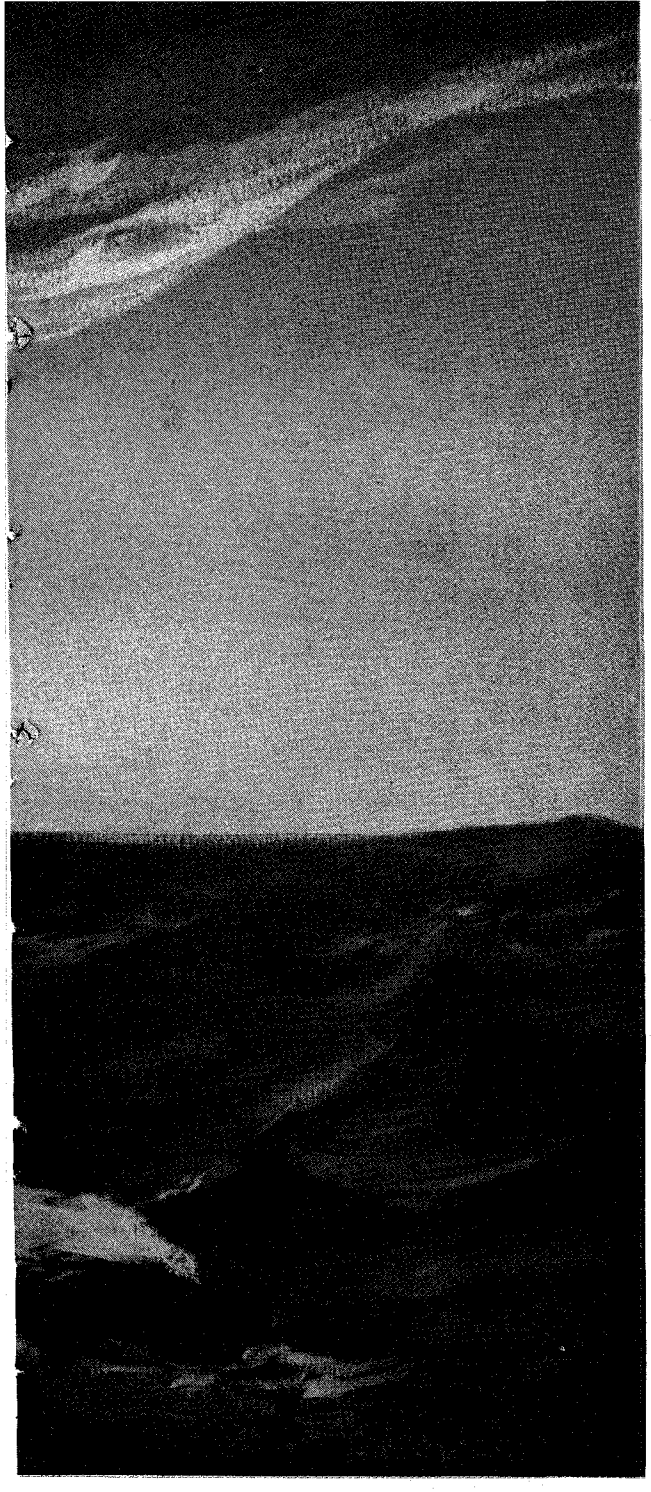


She dismissed him and turned to her daughter. "Peter Shade is staying here at a sort of hotel. You blamed me—possibly with some justice—for separating you two. So I have brought you back together, nearly."

"Oh, mother!" Wonder wailed.

"I believe in doing things directly! It always works best, in the end. You've mooned for weeks! You refused to phone him, to write. I was sure you'd refuse the simple, practical idea of meeting him face to face to patch it up. Fools—young people!"

"But, mother!"

"So I figured a way. I've been to great trouble and some expense. I detest"—she waved her free hand—"these hot little islands!" The fact that it was chilly, verging on cold, seemed not to impress Mrs. West. "Insect warrens! But you'll find your beloved Peter just up ahead a ways at"—she snorted with distaste—"something called Ye Izaak Walton Inne!"

"Mother!" Wonder finally got on with what she'd been trying to say, "Peter doesn't want to see me! Ever!"

"Of course, he does! That's exactly why he's here!"

That statement reduced Wonder to silence. It was, of course, in a sense correct. From the standpoint of the girl, however, it bordered on madness.

Crunch had by then taken careful note of the two women. He agreed with the sentiments Pete had briefly conveyed: Wonder was among the world's loveliest women. She also looked human, sensitive, probably good-humored—under better circumstances—and very intelligent.

He doubted very much if Wonder could be ordered to continue on to the Inne. It occurred to him that it would be unfortunate if Wonder went back to the yacht and persuaded her mother to proceed to Nassau. He noticed that Des was looking at him with raised brows and round, inquiring eyes. He read the expression and gestured in the direction of the Inne with his head. Des unobtrusively but swiftly left the scene.

Mrs. West, having frowned at the silent girl, turned rather haughtily to Crunch. "As I said, thank you for—detaining my daughter."

Crunch eyed her directly, but inscrutably. "You're welcome."

"But this is, if I may say so, a somewhat private matter between my daughter and me."

Crunch said, "Ah."

Mrs. West took in breath sharply. "What I mean is, please go."

Crunch didn't go. He still looked at the large woman, thoughtfully, measuringly. He had seen, in the course of years of guiding a great many important people, a great many wealthy people, and quite a good many dowagers not unlike Mrs. West. He understood—and in a way respected—her habit of command. But if it were only that, he thought, she wouldn't be much—just an egotistical, spoiled person. He sensed somewhere behind the apparent indomitability of her now-irritated gaze, a great anxiety, even a fear, carefully screened.

"Go!" Mrs. West repeated sharply.

"I'm sorry," Crunch answered with seeming indifference. "We were walking just behind you. We couldn't avoid overhearing ——"

Mrs. West's large eyes narrowed. "You're an American, aren't you?"

"I am." Crunch glanced up the island road. There was, as yet, no one in view. He cleared his throat. "I was born in Newark, New Jersey, on the ——"

"Most Americans have execrable manners!"

Crunch looked her straight in the eye. "How right!"

Mrs. West faintly annoyed him. She also greatly interested him. She acted, as Pete had said, as if she had the soul of an admiral. But Pete had not (Continued on Page 115)

With that, Wonder West whirled and ran—right into Crunch's arms.

III

The girl from Manhattan ran into Crunch's arms for a simple reason: they had collided. If the skipper had not caught Wonder, she would have fallen.

She pulled away at once, exclaimed, "Well!" added, "Sorry!" and made ready, apparently, to run again.

"Hold her, young man!" Mrs. West shouted.

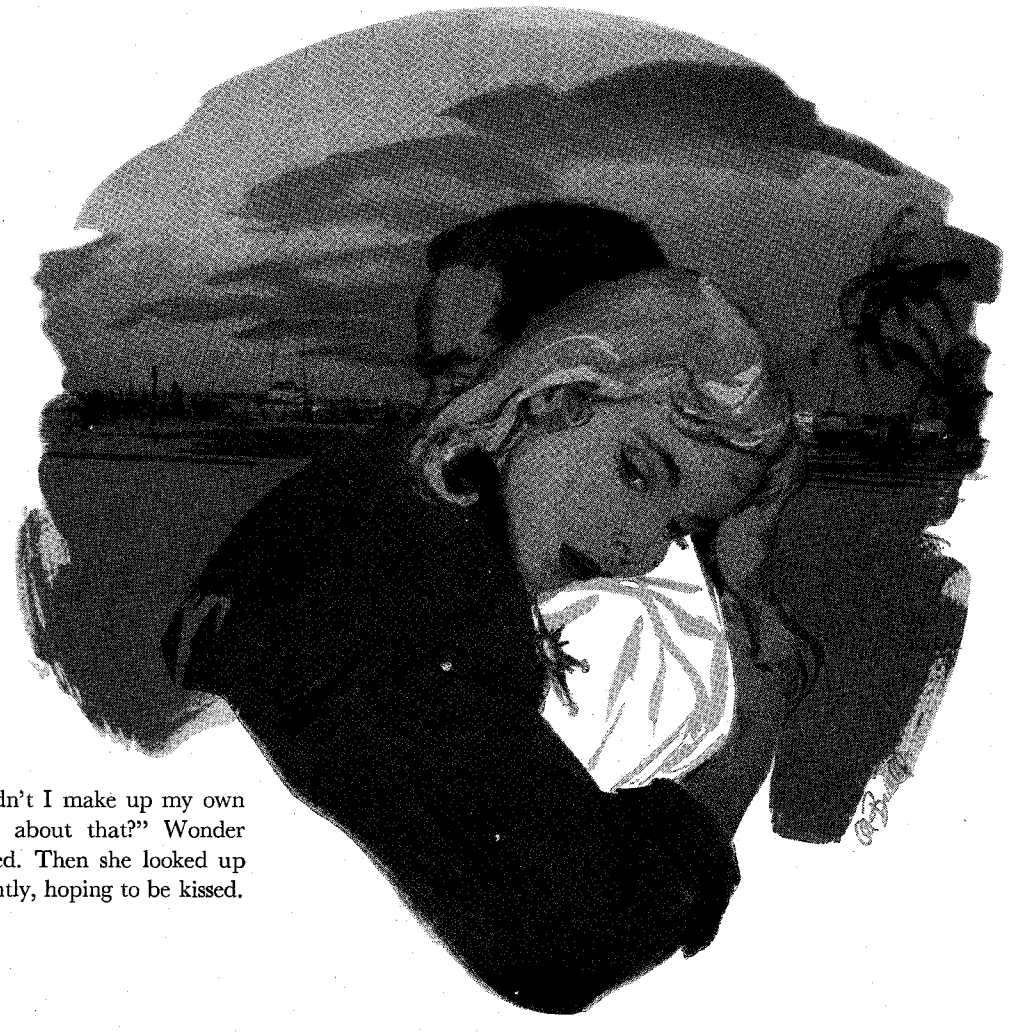
Crunch still was holding her. The apology and the shout had come together, before Wonder had recovered her balance. Furthermore, there was a note so assured and commanding in Mrs. West's voice that Crunch clung to the young woman's arm an extra instant.

"Let me go!" cried the girl in near-frenzy.

"Just where," Mrs. West bellowed, hurrying up, "would you go to, Wonder? The yacht? It wouldn't sail without me!"

Crunch thought that under the circumstances the girl had a right to go anywhere she pleased. He let her go. Curiously enough, Wonder did not resume running. She stepped back; her spirit seemed to sag.

"Thanks for stopping her! She's—emotionally unstable!" Mrs. West looked at Crunch as if through a lorgnette.



"Couldn't I make up my own mind about that?" Wonder replied. Then she looked up urgently, hoping to be kissed.

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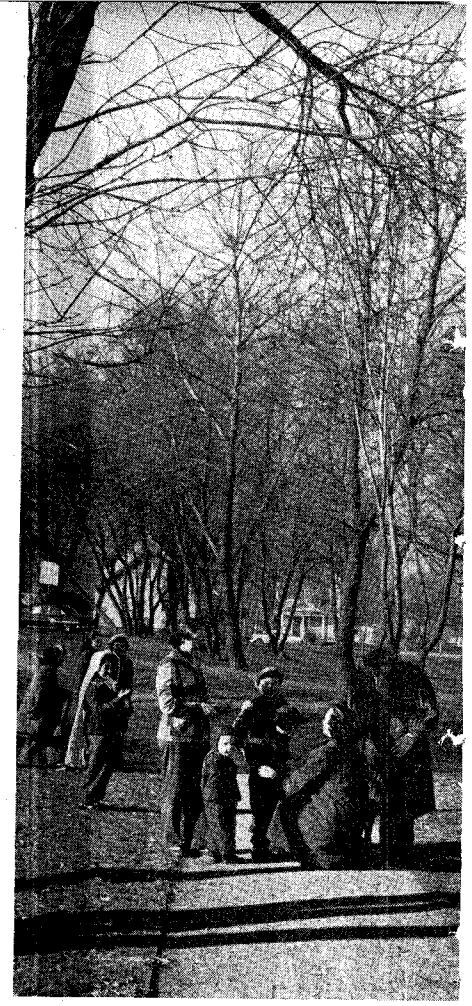
REVOLT OF THE HOMEOWNERS



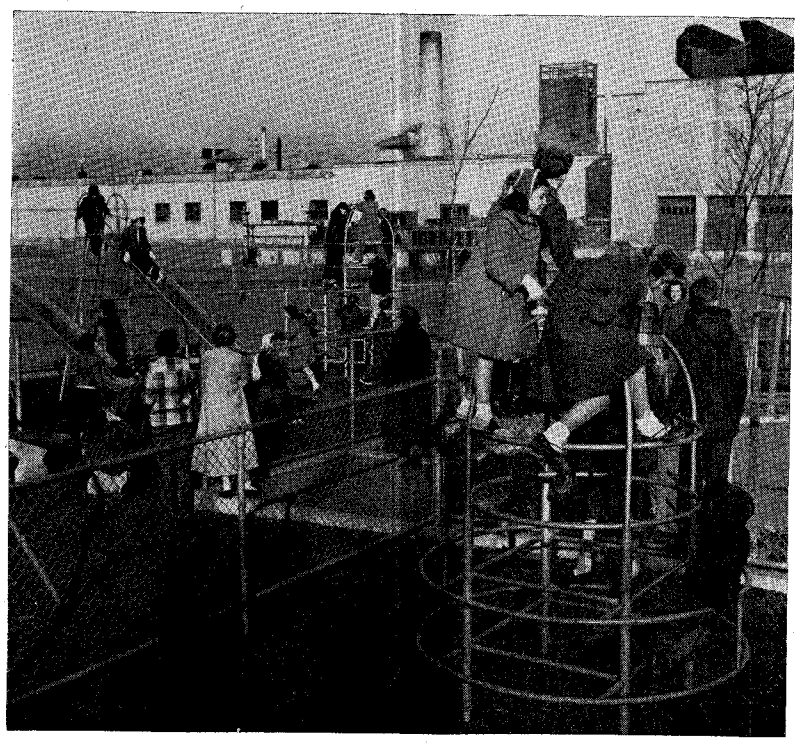
Are your streets endangered by commercial intrusion and mounting traffic? Here's how some citizens of Grand Rapids, Mich., rose up and saved their neighborhood.

By ROBERT M. YODER

The Dickinson neighborhood, in Grand Rapids, Michigan, wasn't a fashionable address and the houses weren't new, but it had long been a good comfortable place to live. If you were selecting a "typical American neighborhood," this would do nicely. Single-family homes, chiefly frame, on pleasant, tree-lined streets. Now there was insecurity, exasperation and worry over an impending loss which seemed like robbery, since it was no fault of the residents. A real blow, too: the homes, it was predicted, stood to lose about $2000 to $3000 in value.

What put the neighborhood in jeopardy was a combination of two kinds of trouble, one special, the other all too common. The special problem lay in the threatening presence of an expanding industrial section to the north, across a no man's land zoned residential, but no good for residential purposes.

The other trouble is shared by communities from coast to coast. As surely as lawns turn brown in a drought, the area was losing its character as a "quiet residential section." Chiefly this was a matter of traffic. Previously, traffic had stuck to the main-traveled streets which border the neighborhood. Now, to avoid congestion there, drivers were using the residential streets.



Playground in the buffer park. The Doehler-Jarvis National Lead Company (background) was strong for the plan and contributed to its cost.

Dickinson Improvement Association meeting. Their achievement: "Every child is safer, every home will maintain its value longer."

Dickinson and Griggs streets in particular "were becoming raceways," people were saying. Your own street may be winning this same aggravating popularity. It's the No. 1 complaint heard these days by city traffic engineers.

One of the factories had planned an addition which would cross that no man's land to within seven feet of a home on Paris Avenue. The expansion had been forestalled by indignation meetings and the intercession of a congressman. Invasion of another annoying sort had not been halted. Factory workers were leaving their parked cars on residential streets because company lots were crowded. Forty-three of these cars, one morning, on Dickinson (Continued on Page 83)

Photographs by Gus Pasquarella

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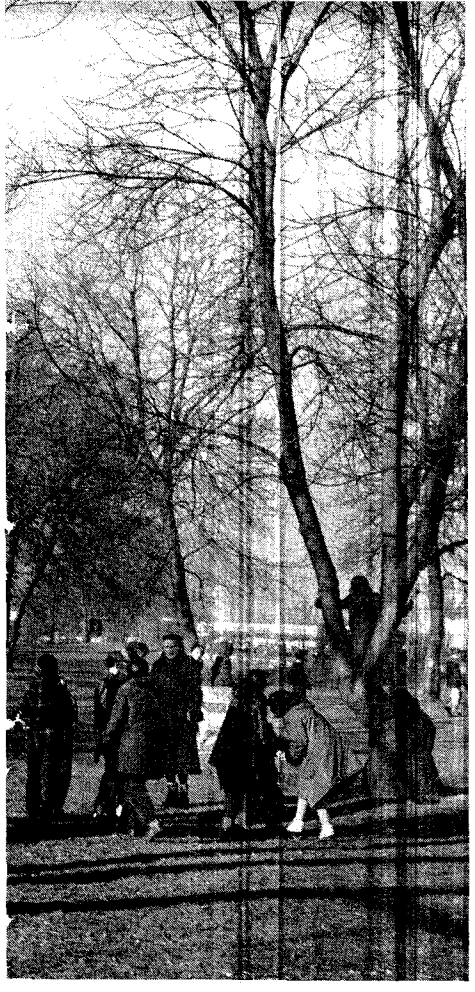
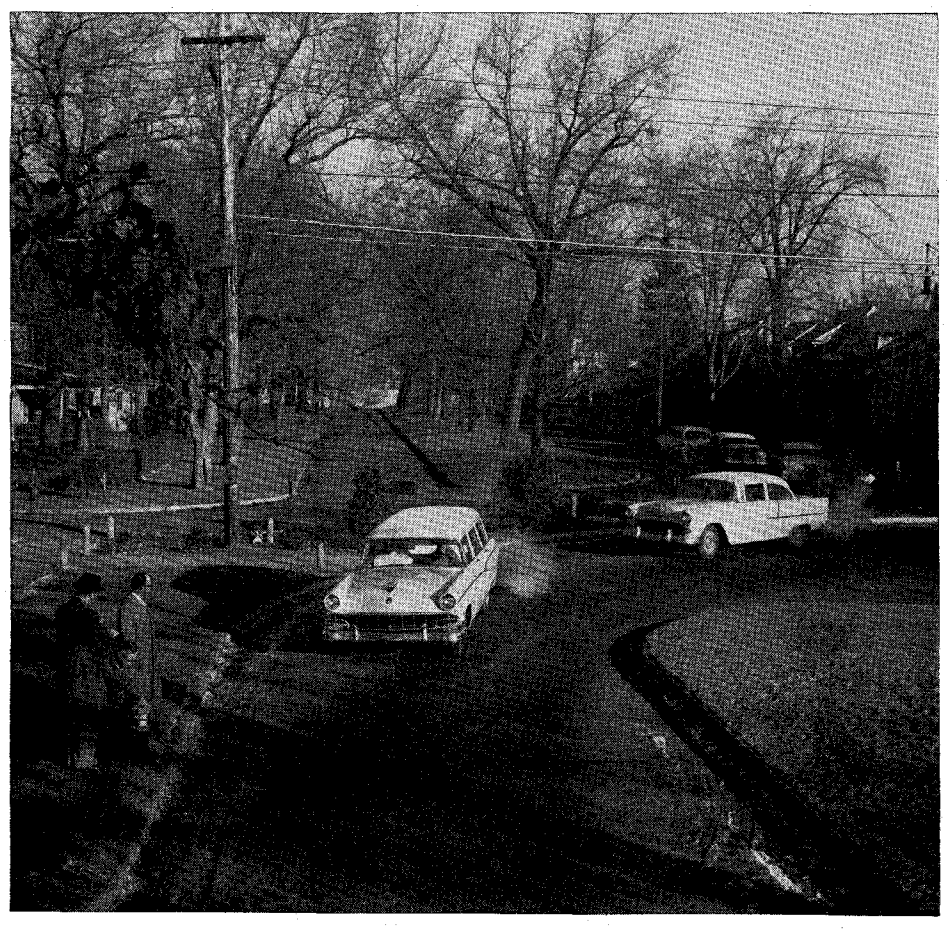
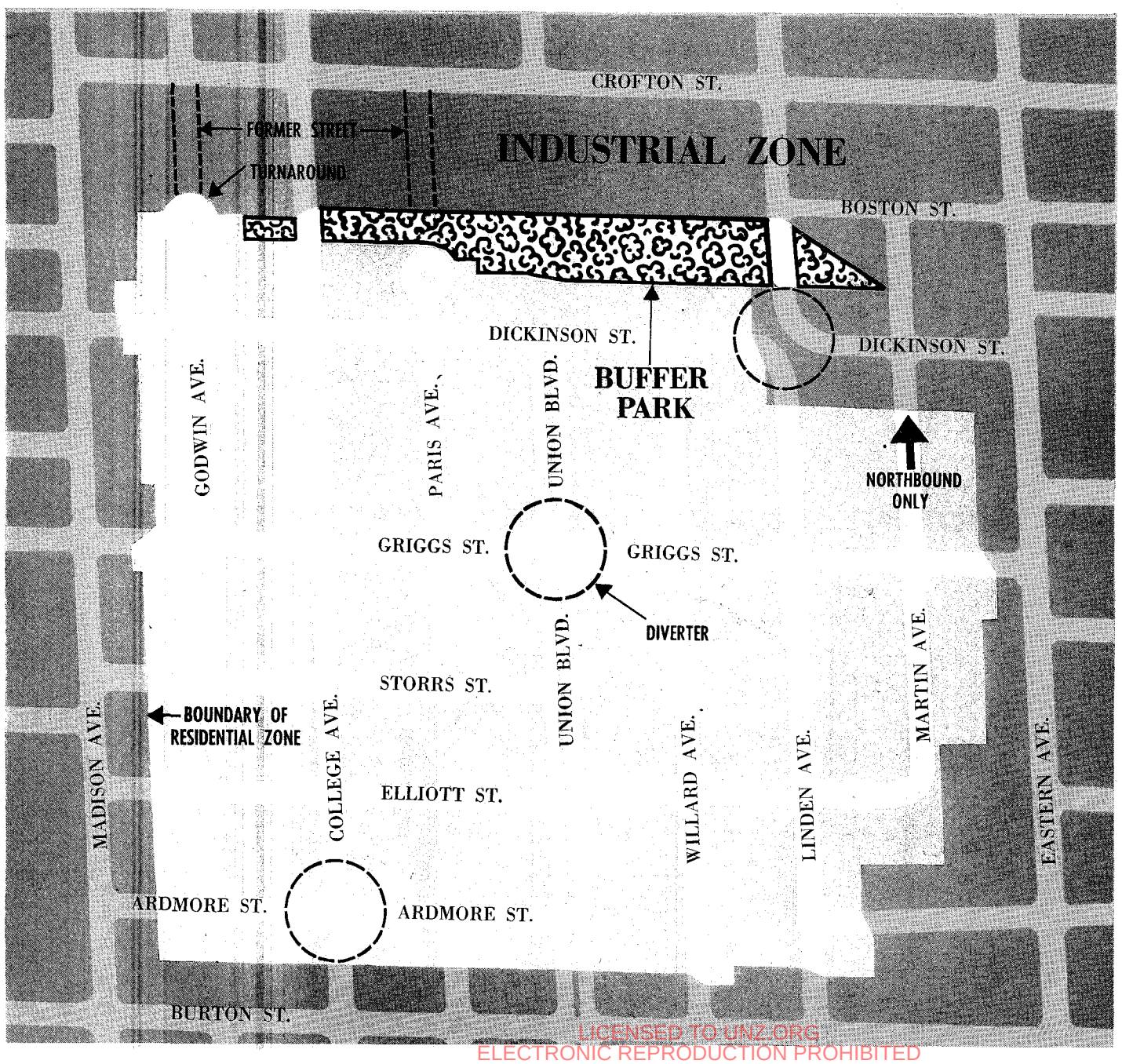


The buffer park separates a factory area from the Dickinson neighborhood. It stands on a former "no man's land" which was zoned residential, but nobody wanted to build a residence there. Houses adjacent to it are worth more money now.



Traffic volume check on Union Blvd. at Griggs St. (also see map, below). The "diverter" forces traffic to turn and discourages short-cut speeders who used to make raceways of the streets.



It took the Dickinson neighborhood five years of planning and work to complete its program of beautification and traffic control. Homeowners were assessed $18 to $100 for the improvements. As a result of the program, property values have increased as much as $1500.

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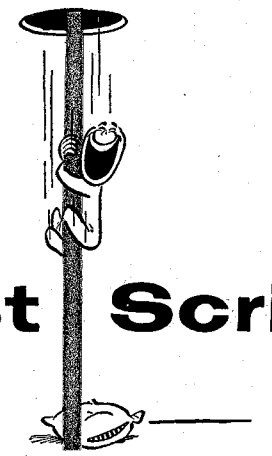


Post Scripts

The Good Old Days

I hear my elders talk about
The "good old days" a lot;
And former times held joys, no doubt,
That now we haven't got.
But though the present gets no praise,
I like it anyhow.
I view it as the good old days
Of fifty years from now.

RICHARD WHEELER

Inside Report on Waiting Rooms

A painstaking survey just completed reveals the following vital statistics about maternity waiting rooms in hospitals throughout this vast country. It shows that the thousands of complaints by irate husbands are utterly groundless.

The average waiting room is light and spacious, being at least four feet wide and six feet long. It has one window set well above eye level, so that the waiting husband will not be disturbed by the view. This window is hermetically sealed to prevent drafts.

The walls and ceiling of the room are of some soothing shade, usually underground gray or soil brown. These walls were prefabricated during the administration of John Quincy Adams and have been aged for generations in the tobacco-curing rooms at Raleigh, North Carolina. They were installed in the hospital only when fully ripe.

The furniture of the room is not only adequate but artistic. It consists of several cleverly wrought bamboo chairs with vertical backs to provide maximum support. The one short leg on each chair gives a pleasantly unexpected rockerlike action. There is also a love seat upon which the weary husband can sleep, simply by lying on his back, wrapping his arms around his legs and locking the knees under the chin. The natural springiness of bamboo eliminates the need for cushions.

The waiting room is well stocked with reading material. For the many students of patronymics there is a copy of last year's telephone directory with its many fascinating name derivations. For more frivolous minds, there are three copies of the Steam Fitters and Pipe Welders Quarterly, all for the period of Jan-Mar, 1953. There is also a worn edition of Common Diseases of Childhood.

A constant supply of warm water is found at the drinking fountain a scant hundred yards down the hall. Rest-room facilities are available at the service station across the street. The key may be had, upon request, from the attendant.

Consultation with the Association of Hospital Architects has indicated complete satisfaction with waiting-room planning. The association reports that it is definitely NOT considering the installation of reclining leather chairs or pinball machines in future structures, and that the radical who made these suggestions has been stripped of his rank and set to designing telephone booths.

KEN KOLB

Worm's-Eye View of a Classic Theme

Whatever the troubles of poor little rich girls,
Whatever woes they may suffer,
I'm still convinced that poor little poor girls
Have it a whole lot tougher!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Definitions That May be Right or May Not

(A Guide for Office Workers)

EMPLOYEE: The opposite of an employer.

TYPEWRITER ERASER: An eraser that erases typewriters.

SWITCHBOARD: A place to hang extra hair during the day.

BOOKKEEPER: A girl who still has the last book you lent her.

SPELL: Gazing fixedly at the wall for more than five minutes.

COMPANY FILE: A place to keep your galoshes.

FILING STOOL: Someone who tells the boss you're not filing things.

FOLDER: Anybody who folds up at about three o'clock.

SPONGE: To eat other people's candy every day.

RIBBON: A gay decoration for a typewriter.

RECREATION: Leaning back in your chair.

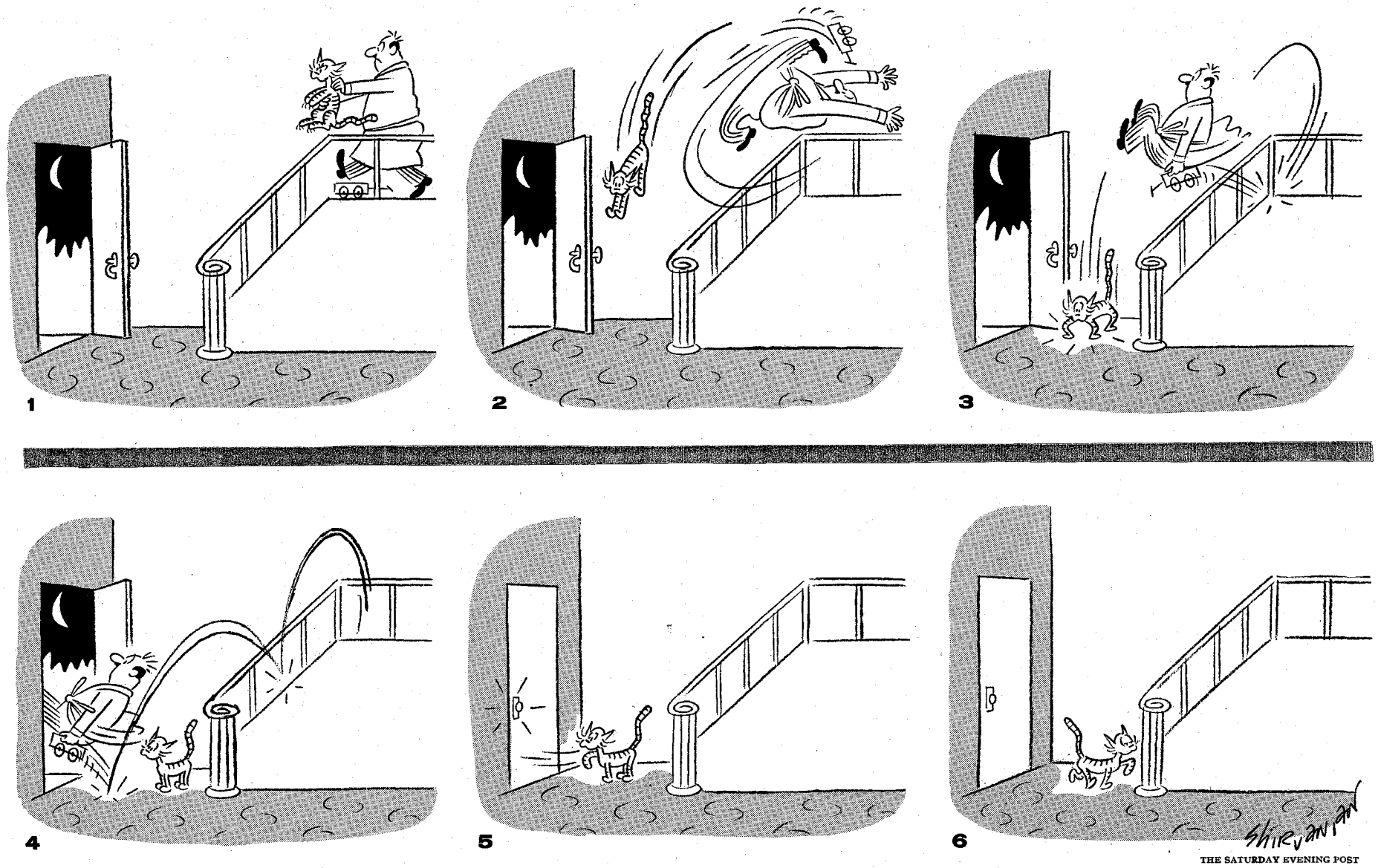
CALCULATOR: A person who is trying to think how to get your job.

PAYROLL CARD: A guy who yaks it up when he hands you your salary.

SALARY: Enough money to cover transportation and lunches for a week.

PUNCH OUT: To fight your way off the elevator.

JOHN BAILEY



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Campbell's Chicken Gumbo
NOW BETTER THAN EVER

Delicious Chicken 'n Vegetables

People who like *chicken* with their vegetables—and *vegetables* with their chicken — have always had a very special fondness for Campbell's Chicken Gumbo Soup.

But today this long-loved soup is *even better than ever!*

All of the carefully selected vegetables seem to have new brightness. Wait till you taste the tomatoes, the celery and the okra.

And the rice that adds so much to this soup seems to pick up the flavor of the chicken and vegetable broth in a way that will delight you.

Have it often! There are proteins, vitamins and minerals in every bowl. And when you make Chicken Gumbo with milk, you add milk's extra nourishment. What a delicious way to get more of the vegetables, meat and milk everyone needs.

Hope you'll have some Chicken Gumbo soon! This chicken vegetable soup is *better than ever!*

SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS

VITAMINS, MINERALS and LIQUIDS
—for general well-being
PROTEINS—for upkeep and growth
CARBOHYDRATES—for energy

Once a day . . . every day . . . SOUP!

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What you can learn about cars from firemen!

Here's the "Two-Ten" 4-Door Sedan . . . one of 19 new Chevrolets—all with Body by Fisher.

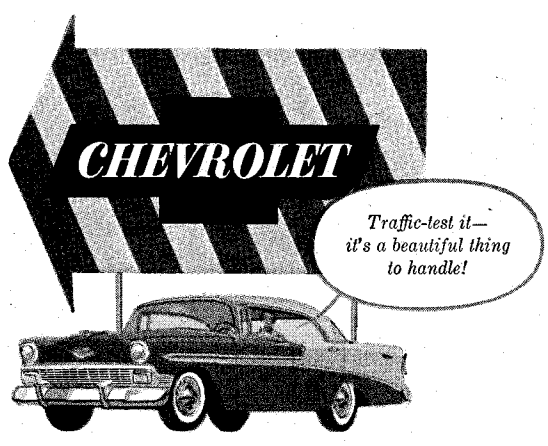
Firemen know that you can get where you're going sooner and safer in a car that's quick, agile, easy-handling—and a tiger for acceleration. That's the '56 Chevrolet all over!

When you put your foot down for passing, this beauty means business! Horsepower that ranges clear up to 225 explodes into action to zoom you out ahead with extra seconds of safety.

Yet this tigerish power is as tame to your touch as a purring kitten (and almost as quiet, thanks to hydraulic-hushed valve lifters now in *all* "Blue-Flame" and "Turbo-Fire" engines). For Chevy brings you a sureness of control and a solid way of going that mark it as one of the few truly great road cars built today. It clings to curves like part of the pavement . . . travels true on the straightaway—and it's a honey to handle in traffic.

These built-in Chevrolet qualities make for safer, happier driving. Let your Chevrolet dealer show you what firemen already know. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

THE HOT ONE'S EVEN HOTTER



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Mrs. Palena Glasser (left), a graduate of Greenwich House, applies for a job as secretary to Mrs. Marshall Simpson, at national Girl Scout headquarters in New York. (She got the job.)

At New York's Greenwich House, stenography students brush up on old skills, in hopes of becoming working girls again.

While screaming for competent help, many employers continue to refuse to hire older women, and they're missing a bet. Case histories prove

Older Women Make Better Workers

By STANLEY FRANK

Mrs. Ida Berman, 42, a Brooklyn housewife, registers with Mrs. Caroline Burnham at a New York State Employment Service office. Her reward was a part-time office job, which supplements her family's income.

A flattering mistake would have been made by anyone asked to identify the fifty well-groomed, middle-aged women who met at a settlement house last fall in a seedy section of New York. Their poise and appearance gave them the look of prosperous, civic-minded ladies launching a fund-raising campaign for the institution. Actually, this was a reunion of working gals, the beneficiaries rather than the benefactresses of a free program for women past forty sponsored by Greenwich House.

Financial pressures forced the women to return to office work recently after lapses of more than twenty years of managing households and rearing children. Old skills were rusted by years of domesticity, but recapturing facility in typing, stenography and bookkeeping was the least of the difficulties troubling these women in their fifties and sixties. Before enrolling in eight-week refresher courses that would prepare them for jobs they needed urgently, they had to overcome some imposing psychological problems.

They were acutely self-conscious of their matronly figures and gray hair and dreaded competing with pert, pretty girls fresh out of colleges and business schools. They were apprehensive of the streamlined efficiency of business after the free-and-easy routine of housework. They were fully aware of the discrimination against older workers that would expose them to disappointment and perhaps humiliation when they looked for jobs.

These fears have been dispelled in 900 women who have taken the refresher course at Greenwich House in the last three years. Limited facilities restrict the program to 410 students a year with previous training in office work. Other projects, involving the teaching of special skills to inexperienced older women, have been similarly successful. The high level of performance by these older women has convinced experts that two important purposes can be served by providing more job opportunities for this neglected source of labor. The shortage of competent personnel, a mounting headache to the nation's economy, can be relieved. More pertinently, employment can help solve many of the perennial emotional problems of aging women in all income brackets.

Both points were confirmed by a poll taken at Greenwich House on October 15, 1955. After working less than a year, the women were averaging sixty-three dollars a week for full-time employment and more than $1.70 an hour on part-time jobs. Those who encountered prejudice against their age had overcome it whenever they were given a chance to prove their qualifications. Most of the women had found jobs within three days, and none was idle more than a week. All but four still held their original positions and the four left to accept better offers.

Money still is a vital consideration to the women, but in an informal round-table discussion they were unanimous in agreeing they have derived other equally important advantages from going (Continued on Page 104)

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NEW LANE—*Soft collar with stays*

PAR—*Soft collar with stays*

DART—*Famous non-wilt collar*

DALE—*Premium broadcloth with non-wilt collar*

Five smart reasons for making your next shirt an Arrow

The fifth and unpictured reason is that every Arrow shirt fits any man perfectly. This Easter, Arrow offers many different collar styles to give you an occasional change. Shown here are three of America's most popular white shirts and an especially handsome newcomer—the Arrow Lane.

All Mitoga® tailored in superb, "Sanforized" broadcloth in the impeccable Arrow manner. The Dart, Par, and New Lane are $3.95. The Dale (in premium broadcloth) is $5.00. The all-silk Arrow ties shown are $2.50 each.

P.S. Arrow makes boys' wear, too.

ARROW — first in fashion

by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

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By NANCY RUTLEDGE

MURDER IN DISGUISE

She had willed him her fortune. Now he was going to kill her.

"Well," said Mynnelu, "I don't see how they could prove anything if Miss Amelia fell. A good shove at the top of the stairs. Or you might ——" Her voice went on as she sat down beside Raphael.

It was ironic, thought Raphael, that Mynnelu should be happily planning Miss Amelia's murder while he was planning hers.

Raphael and Mynnelu had been partners in a third-rate vaudeville act. Then Raphael met Benjy Neils. Neils bragged to Raphael about his plan to swindle Mrs. Amelia Dooley, a wealthy, childless widow, by posing as her long-missing nephew. Raphael had killed Benjy and taken over his role as fake heir.

Miss Amelia readily accepted Raphael as her nephew. Ichabod Carr, the widow's lawyer, investigated Raphael's story, and, since Raphael really was an orphan, it checked. As "proof" of his identity, Raphael also had a ring that belonged to Miss Amelia's sister.

Faced with this evidence, Miss Amelia discounted the insistence of Father Tim, to whom Miss Amelia's sister had given her child, that Raphael was a fraud. Miss Amelia even drew up a new will leaving all her estate to Raphael.

Fearful he would soon be exposed, Raphael tried to kill Miss Amelia with an overdose of her medicine. Wes Olson, an ex-doctor who was Miss Amelia's farm manager, saved her life.

Mynnelu, who had obtained a job as Miss Amelia's maid, also stood in Raphael's way. Mynnelu expected to marry Raphael and share his fortune. She threatened to expose Raphael if he didn't marry her. However, Raphael wanted to marry Miss Amelia's secretary, Kathi. Kathi reminded him of Lynne, his former partner in a trapeze act, who had been killed in a fall.

To end this threat, Raphael murdered Mynnelu and buried her body. The police suspected Kathi of the murder; they had found out she had forged her recommendations when she came to work for Miss Amelia.

CONCLUSION

Miss Amelia looked smaller and frailer than ever, sitting up in her big double bed, her white hair loose around her blue bed jacket. But she said firmly, "I'm perfectly all right. I've never stayed in bed a whole day in my life and I'm not going to start now. Nurses! Of course, I sent the nurse away. An hour ago. Nurses are for sick people. I want to get up!"

Raphael moved away from the window where he had been watching Kathi. He said, tenderly, "Now, Aunt Amelia."

"Up," said Miss Amelia firmly. "I'm going to get up."

It was very discouraging, Raphael thought crossly, after all his efforts. At this time yesterday afternoon Miss Amelia was as good as dead. Would have been, if it hadn't been for the unfortunate coincidence of Wes Olson's turning out to be a doctor. If only Wes had been someone else.

Now, instead of being a wealthy man today, Raphael was still only a penniless nephew, lovingly helping his aunt move out of bed and sit in her chair by the window, her back straight, her spirit undaunted and her body getting stronger by the minute.

"No overdose of medicine is going to kill me," said Miss Amelia brightly. "I told dear Ichabod I'll probably live to be ninety, like dear mamma." There was color in her cheeks and her brown eyes were bright and happy. She smiled at him and patted his hand. "Dear Raphael."

Raphael bent over her, smelling the lily of the valley, touching the soft whiteness of her hair. *Why couldn't you have died when you were meant to, damn you? I could have gone away from here. I could have lived as I liked, with whom I liked, spending money without worrying about it.*

He tucked the blanket about her. He smiled at her. He got her knitting. He listened for a few minutes to her cheerful chatter about Mr. Dooley's feat in building the dam. But his responses were perfunctory and once he saw her glance at him inquiringly, when he had apparently said the wrong thing.

How am I going to kill her now? They'll be double-checking any sort of an accident and there's only one suspect. Me. But every day's waiting increases my danger. I can't avoid going into town forever. I'm beginning

(Continued on Page 62)

"It won't do you any good," she said clearly. "You'll never get the money."

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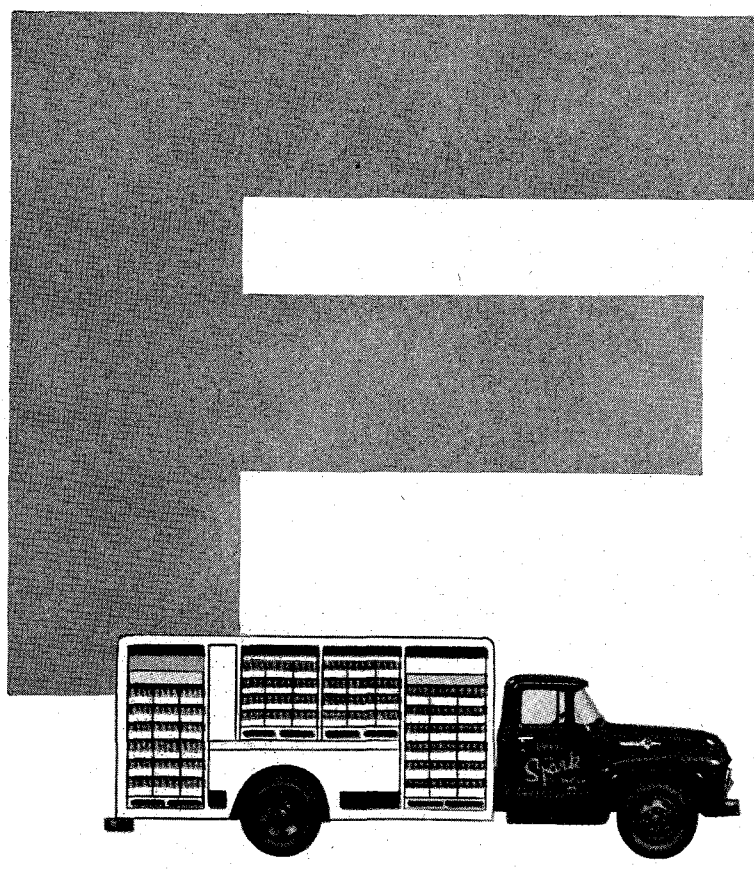
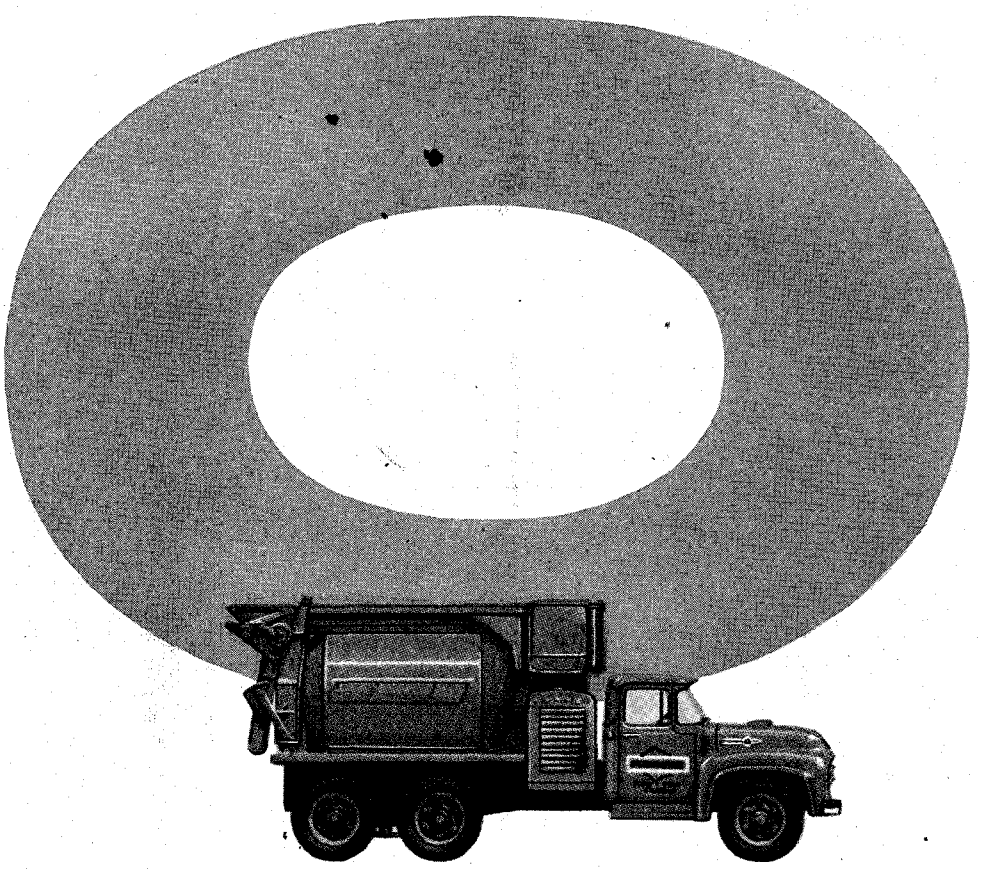


Power House of the "2-ton" field. Ford Series F-600 now rated for 18,000 lbs. G.V.W. Choice of a Short Stroke Six or three Short Stroke V-8's. New HD V-8 engines offer many long-life features including sodium-cooled exhaust valves.



Factory-Built tandem axle Series T-800 rated for 42,000 lbs. G.V.W., 65,000 lbs. G.C.W. Choice of 190-h.p. or 200-h.p. Short Stroke V-8's. Also available: T-750, 36,000 lbs. G.V.W.; T-700, 28,000 lbs. G.V.W.

Now! More horsepower per dollar than any other full truck line ranging from Pickups to 65,000-lb. G.C.W. BIG JOBS*.

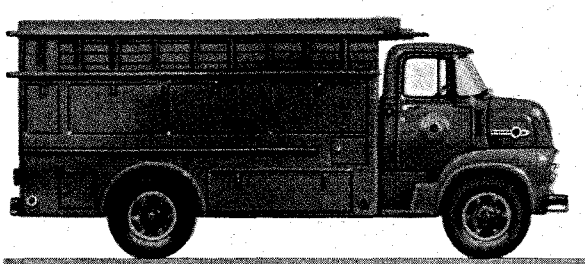
For '56, only Ford gives you Short Stroke power in *every* truck, in *every* engine, V-8 or Six.

No other truck gives you the extra safety of Ford's new Lifeguard steering wheel and door latches, the comfort of a new *Driverized* Cab.

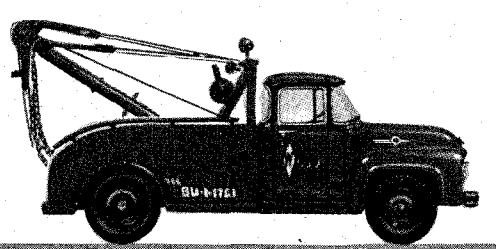
Ford sells more medium and heavy-duty trucks than any other manufacturer.

And no other line of trucks, rated for such big loads, is priced so low.

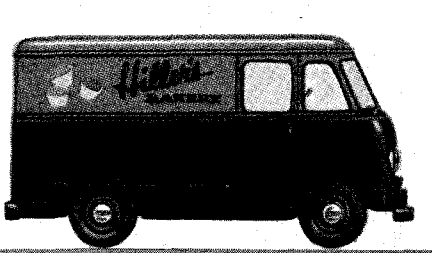
*Based on a comparison of net horsepower and suggested list prices.



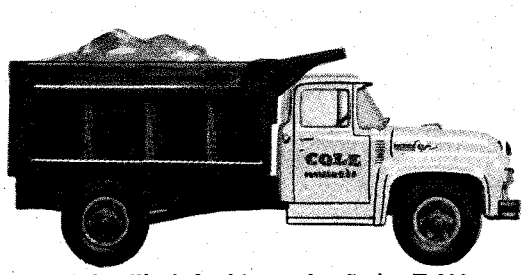
Easy Handling Cab Forward Series C-750 offers 116″, 132″ and 156″ wheelbase for 8′ to 16½′ van type bodies. G.V.W. 21,000 lbs. 175-h.p. or 186-h.p. Short Stroke V-8's.



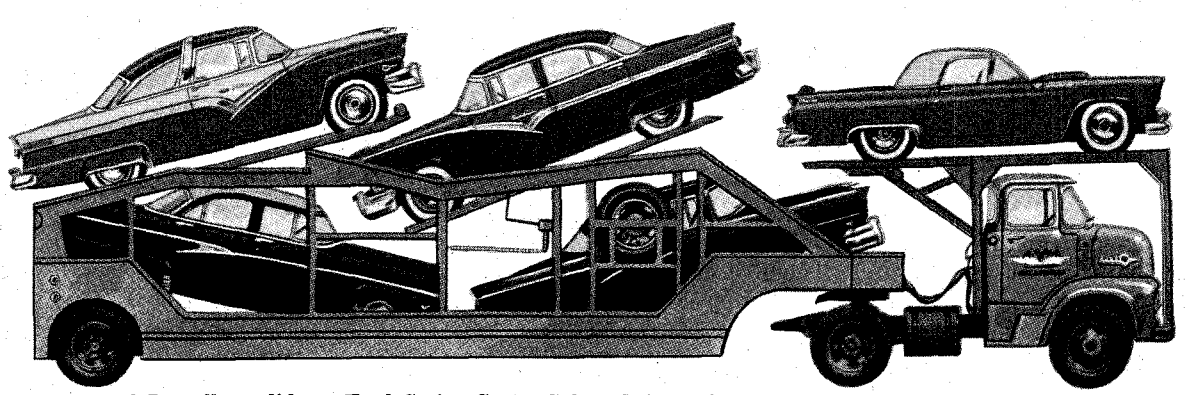
Big Pay Loader at light-duty cost. Series F-350. G.V.W. 9,800 lbs. with dual tires, 8,000 lbs. with singles. Short Stroke 133-h.p. Six or 167-h.p. V-8 engine.



Multi-Stop specialist. Series P-350 Parcel Delivery. Can accommodate bodies up to 450 cu. ft. *Fordomatic* drive and power brakes are available.



"Big Wheel" of the big trucks. Series F-800 now rated for 24,000 lbs. G.V.W. Up to 200 horsepower. Power Steering and full air brakes available.



"Haul of Fame" candidate, Ford Series C-600 Cab Forward, now rated for 18,000 lbs. G.V.W., 32,000 lbs. G.C.W. Choice of three Short Stroke V-8 engines.

Wide selection of Synchro-Silent transmissions; 4-speed standard, two 5-speeds available at extra cost. *Electric-shift* 2-speed rear axle also available.

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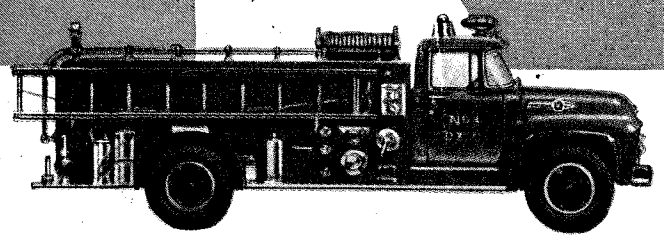
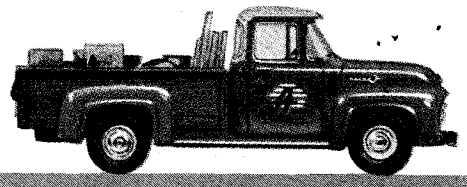
RD

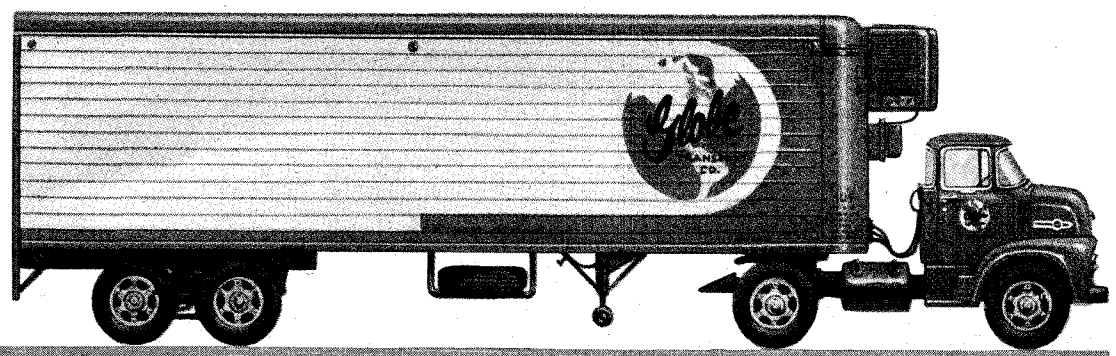


Power Plus! Series F-750 rated for 21,000 lbs. G.V.W. offers a choice of 175-h.p. or 186-h.p. Short Stroke V-8's. Four-barrel carburetor and dual exhausts on 186-h.p. Tachometer standard. Power Steering available.

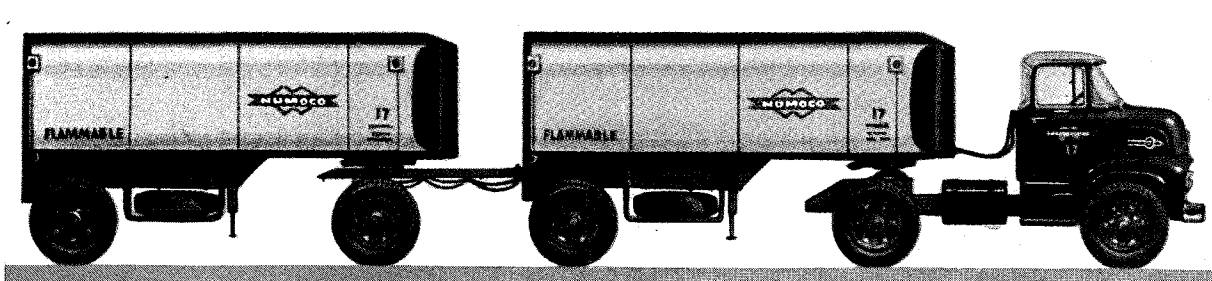
School Bus *Safety* Chassis. Series B-600 for bodies up to 55-passenger capacity. Series B-500, B-700 and B-750 also available for passenger capacities from 36 to 66. All meet or exceed N.E.A. standards.



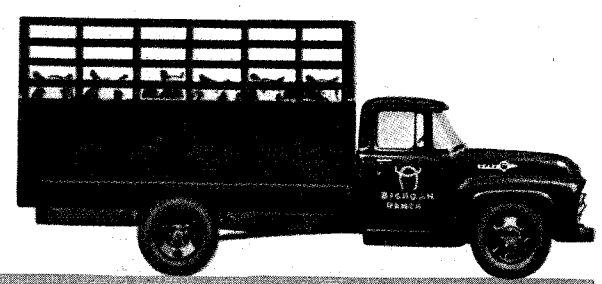
Biggest capacity Pickup in half-ton field. New 8′ box on 118″ wb. available at low extra cost. 6½′ box on 110″ wb. standard. *Fordomatic* drive, power brakes available.



Space-Saving Ford Cab Forward Series C-800 accommodates 35-ft. trailers within overall length limits in all states. 50,000 lbs. G.C.W. Choice of two Short Stroke V-8's—up to 200 h.p. *Driverized* Cab has same roominess as cabs for conventional chassis.

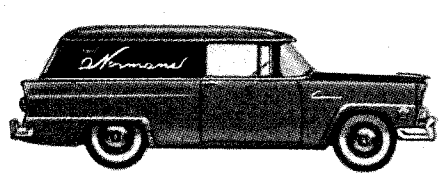


Ford Series C-900 puts real "pay" into payloads. Handles up to *one ton more payload* than any other Cab Forward tractor rated for 60,000 lbs. G.C.W. Choice of two Short Stroke V-8's developing 190 h.p. and 200 h.p. Both heavy-duty-engineered throughout including sodium-cooled exhaust valves. Full air brakes and Power Steering available.

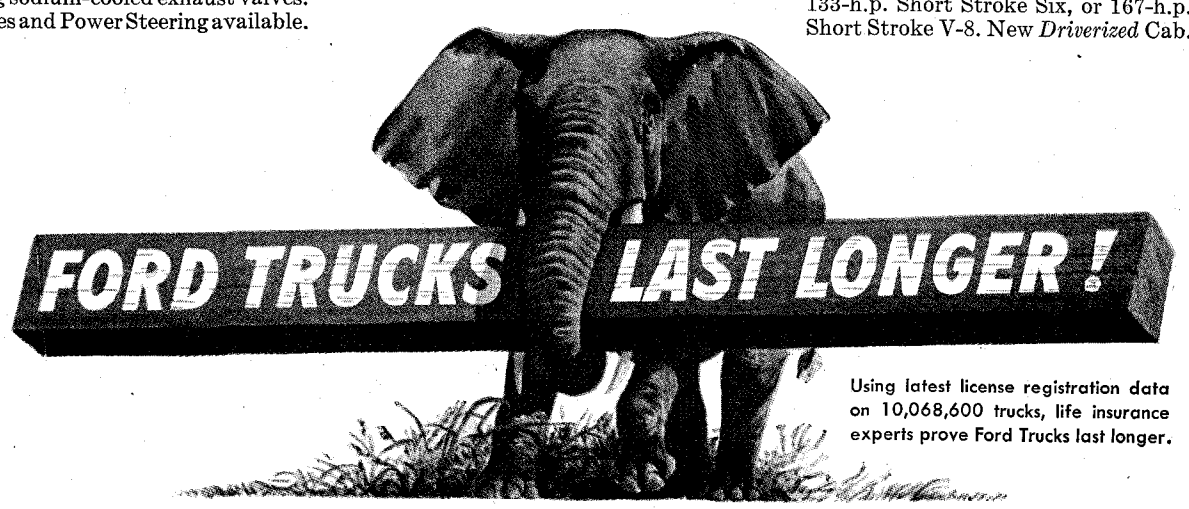


Far-Famed Ford Series F-500 "1½-tonner." Rated for 15,000 lbs. G.V.W. 133-h.p. Short Stroke Six, or 167-h.p. Short Stroke V-8. New *Driverized* Cab.

Chassis equipment listed as "available" is offered at worth-while extra cost. Special equipment shown, such as trailers, special-purpose bodies, etc., is typical of the full range of equipment built by body and equipment manufacturers for use on Ford Trucks.



Courier Custom Delivery. Styled like the '56 Ford car. Choice of V-8 or I-block Six engines. *Fordomatic* drive or Overdrive available.



Using latest license registration data on 10,068,600 trucks, life insurance experts prove Ford Trucks last longer.

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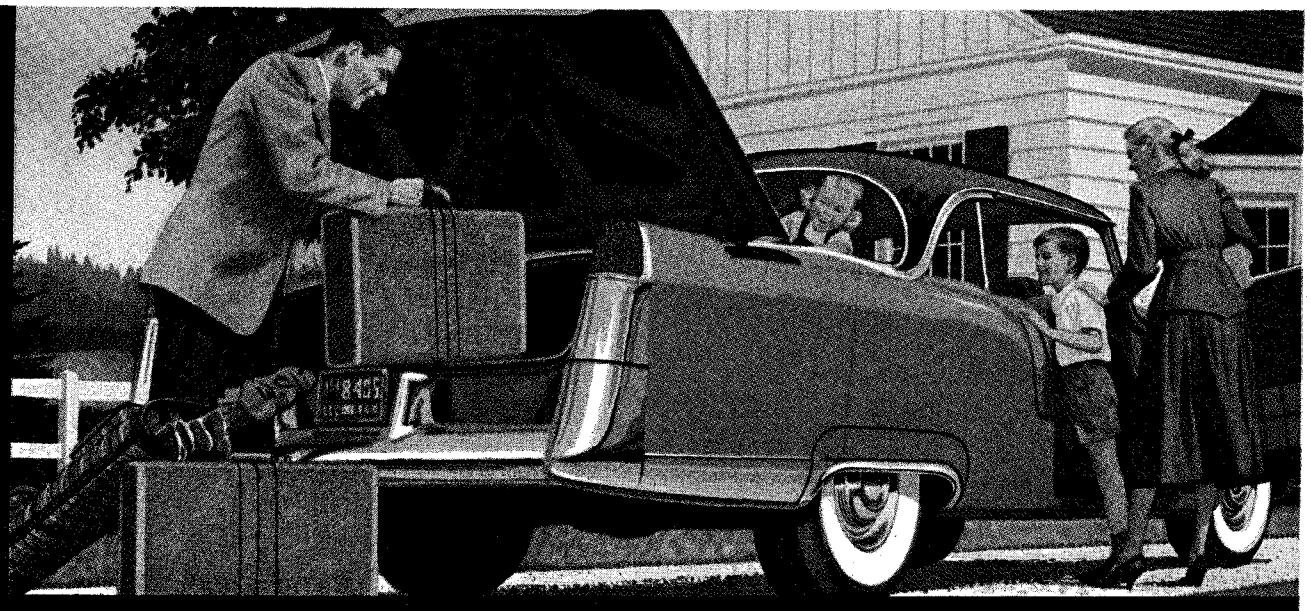
KELLY Springfield for the Ultimate in Worry-free Driving!

MORE SAFETY

than you're ever likely to need...

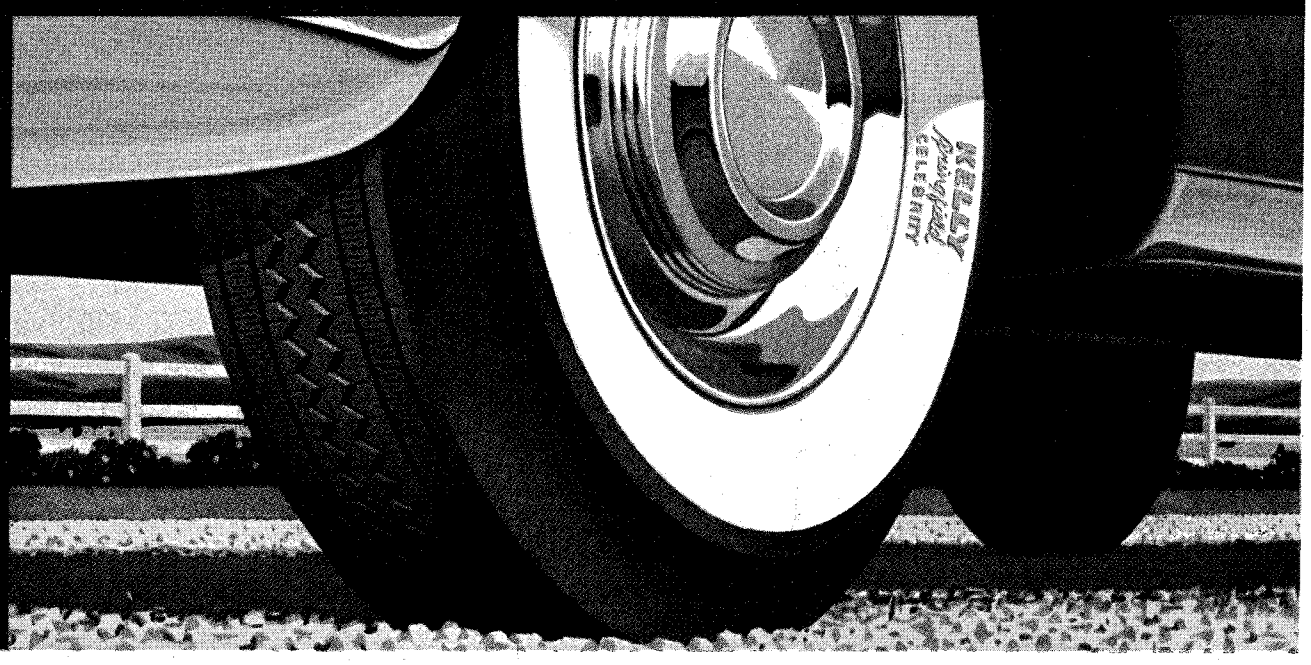


MORE COMFORT

than you ever expected to get...

MORE SERVICE

—more value than you ever thought possible...



THE KELLY *Celebrity*

NYLON CORD TUBELESS

The Kelly Celebrity was built to provide car owners with the safest, most Worry-free Driving made possible by modern science. No other tire combines the unique beauty of the Celebrity with all these features: nylon cord blowout safety . . . most advanced tubeless construction . . . Kelly's exclusive Power-Stop Tread. See your Kelly Dealer for a trade that will interest you.

KELLY Springfield TIRES

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

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The Overpowering Male (Continued from Page 30)

"Loving the city," Molly said aloud. "Ha!" Bustle and excitement indeed. An apartment at the Vista Arms not much larger than a telephone booth; leave it at eight-thirty, return at five-thirty, and wonder what to do with yourself until the next morning. Molly was an elfish creature with green eyes and hair as black as a roll of tar paper, and back home the young men had drooled all over the place. Here in the city they were all married, engaged or so busy making money that they had no time for making love. She began to wish with more than casual fervor that she had not taken a secretarial course, that she had not come to the city, and particularly that she had not become rooted in such a dull place as a credit office.

The next day there was another communiqué from the Willamette Hotel. Mr. McMasters had endorsed a check for Mr. Michael McGuire. It was for two hundred dollars and was only slightly better than the one written by Mr. Ransom. Mr. McGuire at least had an account in the bank, even if there was no money in the account.

Mr. Grady dictated another letter to Mr. McMasters. "See here, McMasters," the letter said; "if you haven't any better sense than to endorse a two-hundred-dollar check which could stretch from here to Alaska, at least send us the money or I'll get the sheriff after you."

"Shall I read it back?" Molly said.

"No. Why?"

"It seems a little strong."

"Strong!" Mr. Grady said. "Why, if you weren't a nice little girl it'd be a darned sight stronger than that."

"Mr. Grady, you're pale," Molly said. "Aren't you feeling well?"

She had developed considerable affection for Mr. George Grady, a tall, gaunt man with thinning hair and three children. Other than the obviously nice things—the sound of his voice when he talked to his wife on the telephone, the little smile when he read a letter from his daughter—there was the matter of the Korean orphan whom his oldest son had "adopted" after the boy had led him out of a paddy and through communist lines. It had taken over a year and had cost Mr. Grady considerable money before they were able to get the boy to the United States.

"I'm all right," he said. "Got a little pain. Think I'll go home early. Get those letters out, Molly."

Several days later they heard from Mr. McMasters. "You're a bum yourself, Grady," the letter said, "but you scared me with that sheriff pitch. Nick Ransom is a happy scoundrel, and as for McGuire, he just wanted to get back in that poker game, but I never could cure him of drawing to inside straights. Here's my check."

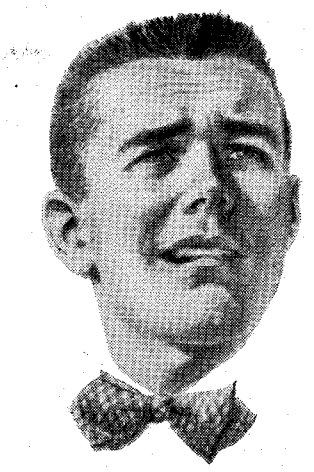
Molly looked over the letter and the check, decided not to raise Mr. Grady's blood pressure, sent in the check and filed the correspondence.

Two days later Mr. McMaster's check bounced. In addition, several Northwestern Hotels sent in statements for Mr. McMasters. They totaled six hundred and fifty-two dollars, and were far overdue. The last most of them had heard, he was in Alaska.

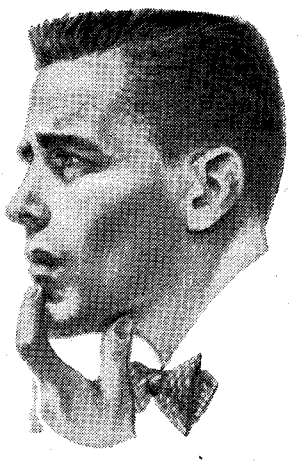
More than a little bit curious about Mr. McMasters, Molly looked up his record. He was listed as owning the McMasters Construction Company, had offices in the Winthrop Building, several banks were listed as references, and his credit card had been approved by Mr. Grady. Molly guessed that the McMasters Construction Company was just about on the rocks. She called the matter to Mr. Grady's attention.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

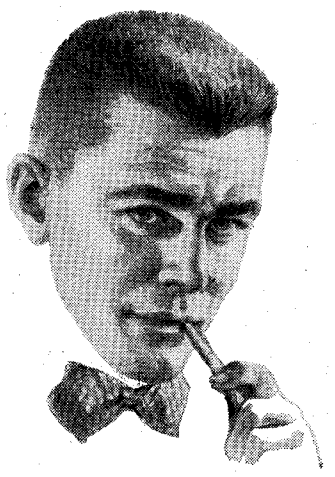
". . . The entire contents of my house to . . ."



"June's a long way off..."



"Sure miss the folks"



"Wonder how everything is at home?"

"I'm just fine, Dad. Great of you to call!"

When he's away from home a telephone call makes all the difference

There's something about a family get-together by telephone that seems to brighten the day at *both* ends of the line.

News, encouragement, reassurance—all are part of the satisfaction of "talking it over" by telephone.

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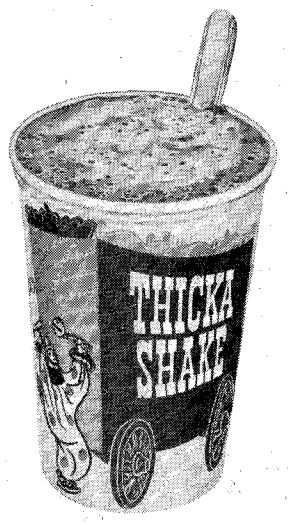

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Mr. Grady smiled evilly. "Take a letter," he said. Molly whipped out her pad. "Listen, you tramp," he dictated; "we have you nailed now. Your check came back 'no account,' and if you don't show up around here within twelve hours, we'll throw the book at you. Matter of fact, we might throw it at you anyway."

"Mr. Grady," Molly said, "are you sure you want to send out this letter?"

"No, I'm not. I should write one myself in longhand, and in language he'd understand, but I haven't time."

"It isn't very diplomatic," Molly said.

"McMasters doesn't understand diplomacy," Mr. Grady said.

Molly transcribed the letters and took them in for Mr. Grady's signature. He was leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed. She felt his forehead and then picked up the phone and called the house physician.

Half an hour later, Mr. Grady was in the hospital, and not long afterward was resting, more or less comfortably, in a hospital bed, minus his appendix, which had been hotter than a runaway engine. Molly, the next morning, signed all his correspondence, and then was called into Eddie Bartlett's office.

Eddie Bartlett was executive vice-president of Northwestern Hotels. He was short, dark, young, and as full of energy as a pound of uranium.

"Miss Hannegan, I don't think I'll get anyone in to take over while Grady is laid up. You can handle it, can't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Bartlett," Molly said.

"One thing we want from the credit office is tact and diplomacy. People don't like nasty letters from a credit office."

"Yes, sir." She thought of Mr. Grady's letters to Mr. McMasters and winced. Nasty letters were precisely what had been transmitted to Mr. McMasters in the matter of the rubber checks.

"Anything wrong?" Mr. Bartlett said.

"Oh, no, sir."

"All right. If you have any trouble, see Mr. Hammer."

The only trouble in store was that the next day Molly was informed that a Mr. Kelly McMasters was in the outer office. She cleared her desk for action, rehearsed several speeches and had the man sent in.

He ambled into the office. He was about six feet three, blue-eyed, with a butch haircut. He was wearing an old pair of gray flannels and an old tweed jacket with leather patches at the elbows.

He peered at Molly. "You don't look a bit like George Grady."

Molly said, coldly, that she was Miss Hannegan, and that Mr. Grady was in the hospital with an appendix missing.

"Serves him right," Mr. McMasters said. "Wonder it wasn't an ulcer." He grinned at her. His teeth were very white against the bronze of his face. "Here I thought I was going to see old sourpuss, and here you are, pretty as a field of daffodils."

Molly took a deep breath, disenchanted with a man callous enough to dismiss an appendicitis operation so casually. "Mr. McMasters, no doubt you have some ridiculous explanation for your actions, but this office is not amused by a succession of worthless checks from you and your friends."

"Well, for pity's sake," he said. "You married?"

"No, but that is beside ——"

"Care to have dinner with me tonight?"

"Certainly not. Mr. McMasters, these checks ——"

"Girl as pretty as you, sitting behind a big old desk, worrying about a few bum checks. Seems a waste, sort of."

"Mr. McMasters," Molly said, a bit confused, "you wrote a rubber check in payment for two other rubber ——"

"I used to have money in that bank. I just forgot."

"You forgot!"

"Uh-huh. I've been in Alaska. You happen to have a check on the Citizens' Bank?"

Wordlessly, Molly handed him a folder of checks. "There is also," she said, "the matter of six hundred and fifty-two dollars for hotel bills."

"That so?" He filled out a check. "There you go. Now let's get back to talking about dinner, shall we?"

Molly picked up the phone. She was connected with the Citizens' Bank and Trust Company. "Kelly McMasters?" the man said. "Nine hundred and fifty-two? Certainly, Miss Hannegan, that's all right."

She hung up the phone. "I would suggest that in the future you manage to be a little less vague about such things as bank accounts."

"You know, that's what Grady keeps telling me."

"And does he also tell you to be careful about endorsing checks for people?"

"McGuire will get well some night in a poker game and pay up. As for Nick Ransom, just seeing the bum again is worth a hundred bucks. Now about dinner ——"

"Sorry," she said.

"When you're an old maid, sitting and staring at a bunch of old credit cards, you'll be sorry."

"I do not intend ——"

"I know you don't, but you know what is paved with good intentions. One of these years you'll look in the mirror, see a wrinkle, and grab the first man who comes along. Now me, I'm single, thirty, got all my own hair and teeth, and I'm hungry. Over a good steak I could tell you more."

"I'm sure you could," Molly said. "Thank you for the check, Mr. McMasters."

He peered at her. "By golly, maybe old Grady was wrong."

"About what?"

"Told me he had a secretary who was as pretty as a hundred-dollar bill, smart, and maybe a little bit lonesome."

Molly was more than a little bit lonesome, but she wasn't going to admit it to this oaf. "If Mr. Grady said that, he couldn't be more wrong." She picked some correspondence out of an "in" basket and bent her head. Kelly McMasters ambled out of her office.

That evening she went up to St. Luke's Hospital to see Mr. Grady. He was propped up in bed, smoking a cigar and reading the evening paper. "Well," he said, "you're the best-looking thing I've seen all day, not counting this cigar, which is the first one I've had. What's new?"

Molly said that nothing was new, except that Mr. McMasters had paid up and had been in the office that day.

"Ask you out to dinner?" Mr. Grady said.

"Yes."

"But you wouldn't go?"

"I should say not."

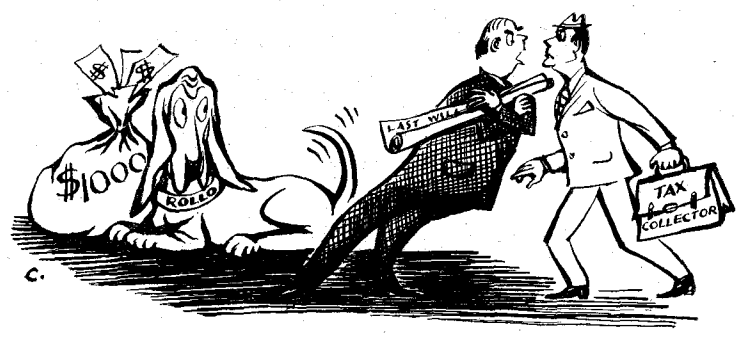
"Why not?"

"First of all, he called you an old sourpuss; secondly, he was surprised that you didn't have an ulcer instead of appendicitis; and last of all, he's too fresh."

"Sounds like Kelly McMasters, all right," Mr. Grady said. He shifted his cigar. "You have any steady boy friend, Molly?"

Molly did not want to admit that she did not have any boy friend at all, steady or otherwise. "Mr. Grady, I'd better be going."

"Trouble with McMasters," Mr. Grady said, "is that he's been out in the brush so long he has all the finesse of a bear with a broken (*Continued on Page 58*)



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

When Henry left $1000 in his will to his pet poodle, Rollo, his dog-loving heirs nodded approval. But the inheritance-tax collector insisted upon his bite. He sued for it in court.

"The law taxes gifts to corporations, institutions and persons, but not to dogs," the executor of Henry's estate argued. "This claim is absurd."

"The legislature meant to tax all death gifts, and used 'person' as a word to cover everything but corporations and institutions," the tax collector replied. "Moreover, as Rollo isn't a relative, he's not entitled to the low family rate."

If you were the judge, would you tax Rollo's $1000?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Rollo went tax-free, proving that there is a favorable side to leading a "dog's life." The court said that the term "person" could not be stretched to apply to any form of life other than human beings. *Based upon a 1950 Ohio case.*

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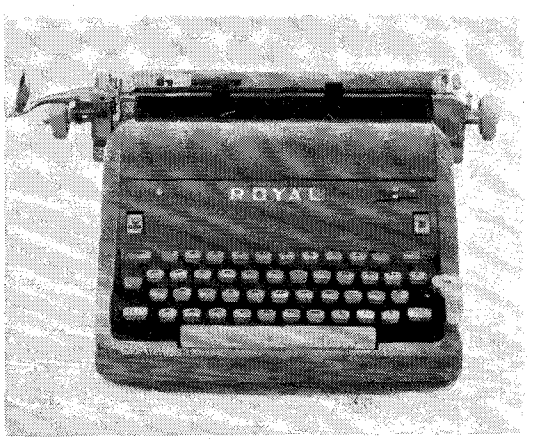

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(*Continued from Page 56*) leg. You're right not to go out with him. I'm surprised he asked you. He almost has to use a club to drive the women off, for some unknown reason."

"Is that so?" Molly said.

Mr. Grady shifted his cigar again. "Yep. But he won't even give 'em the time of day. Says they're nothing but a shovelful of trouble. Terrible character. Don't have anything to do with him."

"He doesn't look that bad."

"Stay away from him; he's poison," Mr. Grady said.

The next day, around four-thirty, Kelly McMasters came back into Molly's office. "Got your letter," he said, "so I came right in."

"Letter?" Molly said. "What letter?" She looked closely at the man for signs of the reprehensible character which, according to Mr. Grady, this man was. She did not think that he looked particularly sinister.

"Got it right here. Says if I don't show up in twelve hours, you're going to throw the book at me. Grady's name, but not his signature, so it must be yours."

Molly looked at the letter. Now that the man had cleared up the matter of nine hundred and fifty-two dollars, the letter sounded even stronger than when Mr. Grady had dictated it.

"Mr. McMasters, this letter ——"

"Why not call me Kelly?" he said. "Everyone does."

"—— was written before you came in yesterday, and now ——"

"Figured that," he said, "but it was a good excuse to come back and talk to you again about dinner."

"Why don't you take one of the women you're always beating off with a club?"

"Huh?"

"Don't be coy. Mr. Grady told me all about you."

"Why, that old buzzard! He ——"

The intercom spoke, "Miss Hannegan?"

"Yes, Mr. Bartlett."

"Good, you're still there. I'll be in. Want to speak to you a moment."

Molly did not want Kelly McMasters to be there when Mr. Bartlett came in. He might say something about the letters he had received, which might lead Mr. Bartlett to want copies of the correspondence. "Well, you'll have to excuse me, Mr. McMasters. I ——"

"I heard. I can wait. Unless you'd want to make a firm date for dinner."

"Wait for me downstairs," Molly said. "This isn't some sneaky trick to get rid of me, so you can get out the back way?"

"No, honestly. I'll be there."

"So will I." He left the office.

Eddie Bartlett came in as Kelly left. He merely wanted to know whether Mr. Grady could have visitors.

When Molly finished, she went downstairs. Kelly McMasters was pacing the lobby. They walked across the street to the garage, and when Kelly's car was brought down, Molly stared. It was a six-thousand-dollar convertible.

"Is this your car?"

"Unh-uh. Borrowed it from a fellow when I got in from Alaska," he said.

You might have known, Hannegan, she told herself. Rubber checks, unpaid hotel bills, even if they were finally straightened out, did not go along with a car like this.

"Well, got any ideas about dinner?" Kelly said.

Molly had definite ideas. She looked at this car and she thought of the beach, slightly over an hour away. She could almost hear the surf, see the gulls wheeling and crying, and feel the clean breeze on her face. "If you don't think it's too far, we could drive down to the beach."

"The beach it is," Kelly said.

He pointed the car west, Molly relaxed against the cushions. In an hour and a half he pulled up in front of the Gearhart Hotel. They went downstairs to the Bikini Room, a lounge overlooking a swimming pool which was framed in glass, allowing you to watch the cold ocean while you swam in the warm pool. Molly thought of phoning her mother, decided against it, since she'd have to go over and tell her parents about Kelly McMasters. There wasn't much to tell. He wrote rubber checks, and Mr. Grady had said that he was poison, but you could hardly tell that to your mother.

There was no one in the pool and the water looked green and inviting.

"What do you say?" Kelly said.

"Uh-huh," Molly said.

She went into the dressing room, was outfitted with a suit, climbed into it and went out to the pool. Kelly was standing at the edge in a pair of trunks. You had to say this for construction men, Molly thought, as she looked at him; they were all man. When she looked at his face, she could see signs of wear and tear. His nose had been broken and there was a scar over one eye. The rest of him was suntanned bone and muscle. He looked big enough to go bear hunting with a switch. He also looked like a man who had just been hit in the head by a fast ball. His eyes seemed glazed and his mouth dropped open.

"Something wrong?" Molly said.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Circling Low

By Cora Wilcox Dreyer

I circled low, and I saw him standing
Peering up as he waved his cane.
I tried to tell him after landing
Just how his farm looked from the plane.
It made a square and honest showing,
I said, his patch in God's big yard;
The furrows clean, and green things growing
As bright and clear as a picture card.
Grandpa thought before replying.
It seemed, he said, from his back door,
As I went by, that I was flying
Higher than any man should soar
With all his earthly ties to bind him.
If ever he should take to wings,
He'd cast no lingering looks behind him
At barns and a lot of growing things.
Maybe grandpa has his pinions
Now, and they have set him free
From thoughts of earth and its dominions.
But here on the farm he left to me,
I search the sky as the plow turns under
The soil for planting once again.
Does he ever change his mind, I wonder,
And circle low, as I did then?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"Miss Hannegan," he croaked, "will you marry me?"

"Now don't get carried away," she said. "I'd be nothing but a shovelful of trouble, to quote Mr. Grady." She dived into the pool.

He hit the water right after her and, when she came up, said, "Don't listen to that old goat. I have sterling virtues I haven't even used yet."

"No, thanks," she said. She climbed out of the pool and sat on the edge, splashing her feet in the water.

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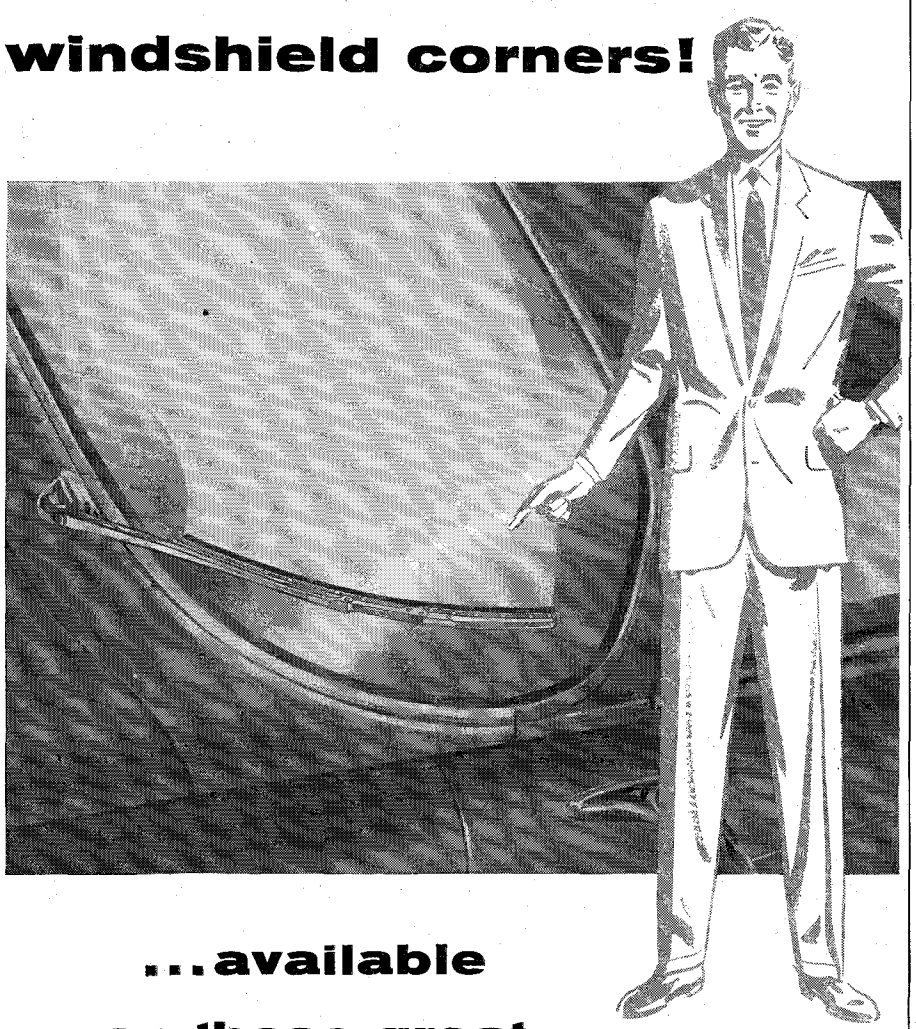

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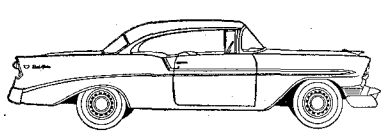

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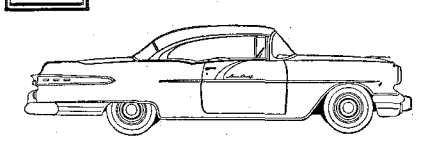

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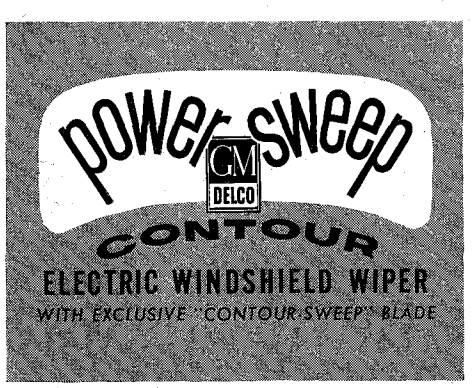

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"Those credit cards will be small comfort to you in your old age," he said. "Do you prefer the typewriter to the baby carriage, the balance sheet to the grocery list? Would you rather curl up at night with Dun and Bradstreet or ——"

"Mr. McMasters!"

"—— or with a good book in front of the fireplace, waiting for me to come home from Alaska?"

"I'm not ready to get married," Molly said, "and when I am ——"

"No woman," Kelly said, climbing out of the pool, "and no man is ever ready. That's what my sister said. She was waiting around for some tall, dark, handsome, cash-and-carry character she'd been dreaming about since she was twelve, and one day had a flat tire. Billy Cullen stopped his truck to help her fix it. Right there the egg hit the fan. Got two kids now."

"Huh," Molly said. "So you think——"

He grinned at her. "Same thing happened the day I walked into your office. We could have a long engagement to get acquainted. Say, three days."

"I already know enough about you," Molly said.

He squinted at her. "What else did that Grady tell you?"

"He said you were poison and to stay away."

"Why, that double-crossing——" Kelly yelped.

Molly patted his arm. "Don't break yourself up. I understand. Mr. Grady gave me the word that when a man's been out in the brush as long as you have, he nearly goes berserk when he sees a girl."

"I'll kill him!" Kelly shouted. "I'll run a bulldozer over him! I'll ——"

"The truth is painful, isn't it?"

Molly dived into the pool, swam to the other side, slithered out and went into the dressing room. Kelly was still waving his arms when she disappeared. Molly got dressed, touched up her lipstick and looked at herself in the mirror. She smiled, and realized that, although the man was mad, it was flattering to get a proposal after seeing him only twice, and it was kind of fun to make him squirm. But the fun was over. *Be polite, Hannegan; be reserved; and treat any discussion of marriage with the silent contempt it deserves.*

They had dinner upstairs in the Copper Room. Outside of muttering a few threats about Mr. Grady, Kelly had little to say, concentrating on his steak. He was silent on the drive back to town, and Molly began to worry a bit about the things she had said. She had no intention of really hurting his feelings, and he wasn't at all as bad as Mr. Grady had led her to believe.

Kelly pulled up in front of her apartment and turned off the ignition.

"Kelly," she said, "I really had a nice time."

"Yeah," he said gloomily, "great."

"The ride, the swim, the dinner. It was fun, honestly."

He looked at her morosely. "Thanks. A big clown like me ——"

"You aren't a big clown, Kelly. You're ——"

Afterward, she remembered that she had intended just to give him a little kiss to show her appreciation. A peck on the cheek. She touched his cheek with her hand and bent forward. There seemed to be a small explosion in the vicinity of her breastbone and after a while she took her lips away from his and her arms from around his neck. She stared, wide-eyed. "Jeepers!"

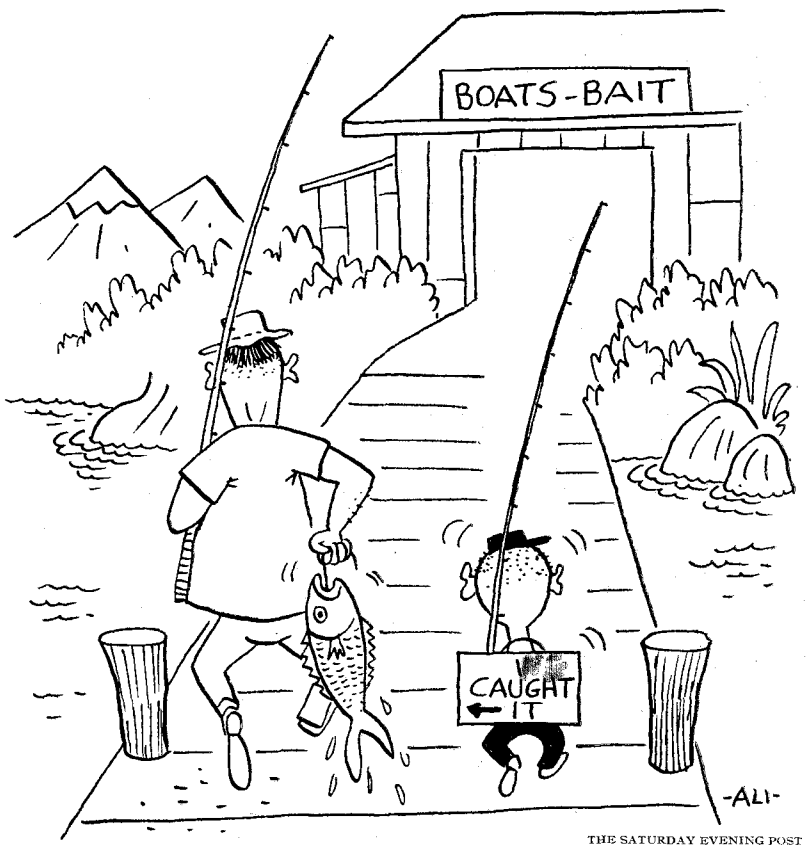
Kelly seemed incapable of speech, and while he was recovering, she hit the door handle and was out of the car. She ran to the doorway and then looked back. He was still sitting behind the wheel, as inert as Haystack Rock. Once in her apartment, she leaned against the door and took a deep breath. *Oh, no, Hannegan! Not Kelly McMasters. What you had in mind was some nice fellow like Bobby Benson, at the beach, or Pete Jacobsen, whose pin you wore in college. Not this big oaf. He couldn't do this to you. Or could he?* She kicked the coffee table, hurt her toe, and the phone rang. She hopped over, picked it up and said hello.

"It took me some time to recover," Kelly said, "but when I did, I remembered that I'm nuts about you."

"Look, a kiss is just a kiss. It didn't ——"

"The egg hit the fan again. You know it and I know it."

"I don't intend getting carried away by any egg (*Continued on Page 61*)



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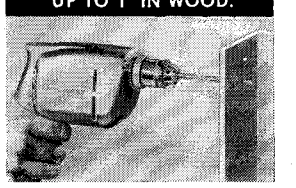

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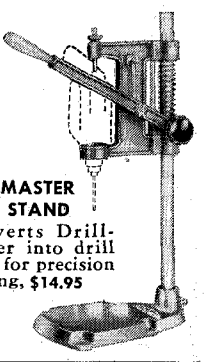

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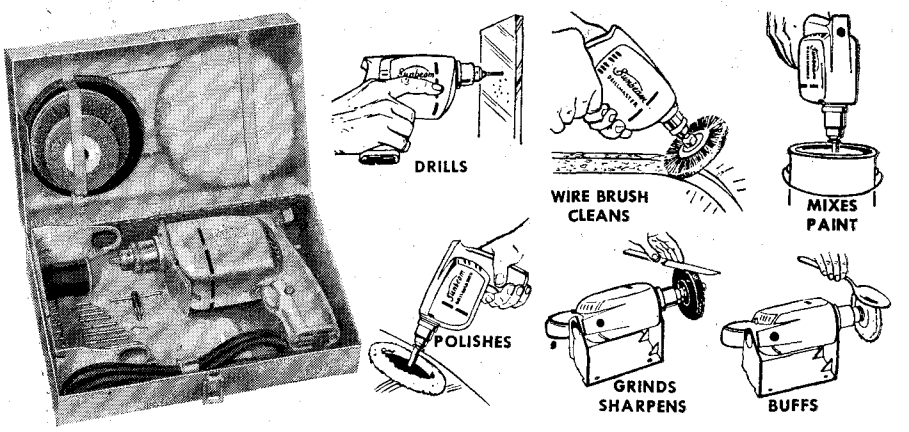

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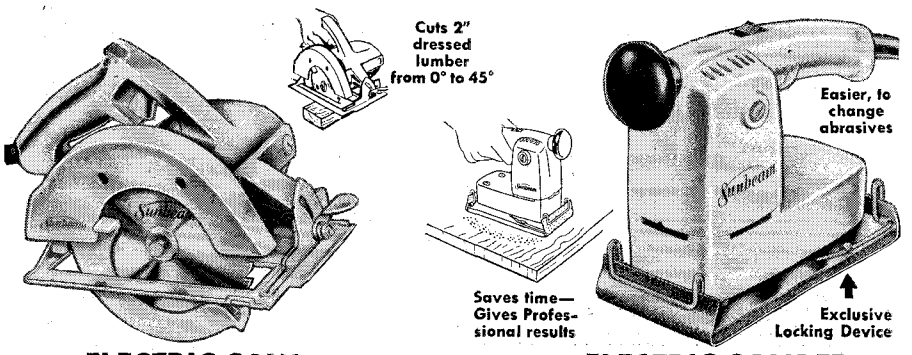
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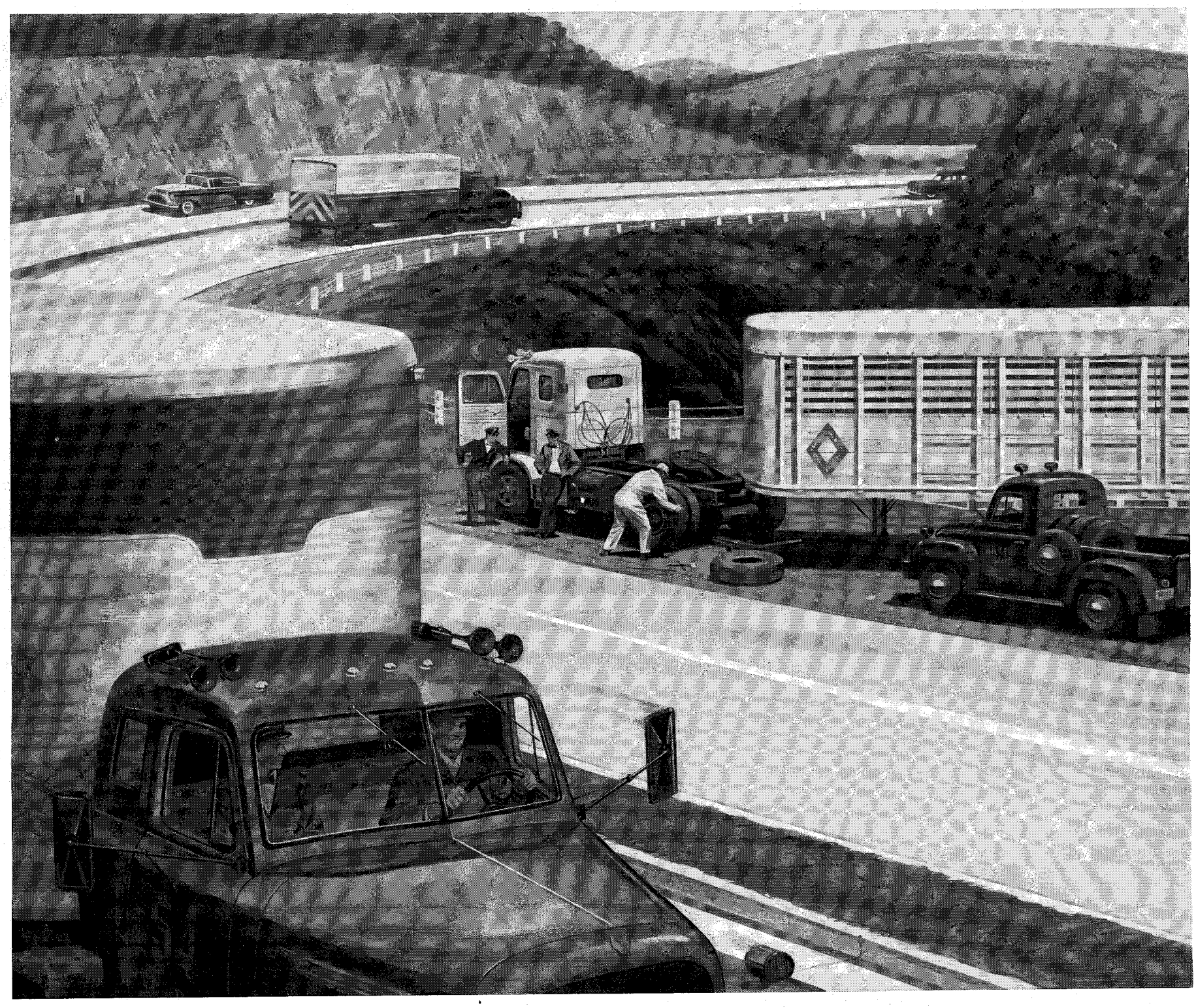

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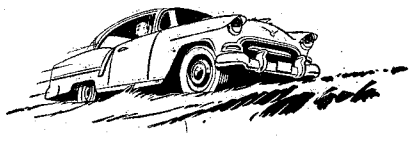

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(*Continued from Page 59*) hitting any fan," Molly said. "What would it get me? Cooking, cleaning, window washing, floor scrubbing, diapers, sewing, ironing, washing, while you're in Alaska writing rubber checks. No, thanks." She hung up the phone.

It rang again and again, but she let it ring and got ready for bed. After she climbed in and turned off the lights, she stared at the ceiling, owl-eyed, while the lights of the city sent beams dancing into the room. An airliner droned overhead on its way to San Francisco, and after a while she heard the thrum-thrum-thrum of a B-36 high above her.

Once she said aloud into the darkness, "The egg hit the fan. Ha! How goofy can you get?"

She awakened with the feeling that something good had happened, the way she used to do on the morning after a birthday, and then she remembered. Well, the startling reaction she had when she kissed Kelly McMasters was gone, and would never come again. *Remember what Mr. Grady said; remember the rubber checks; remember that you've only seen him twice.*

He tried to phone her several times that day at the office, but she told the switchboard girl to say that she was out. That evening she stiffened herself for battle when she left the office, but he was not around. Well, he certainly gave up easily, she decided, and had a mental picture of dozens of women throwing themselves at him, as Mr. Grady had said.

He didn't phone the next day, or the next. On the third day, Eddie Bartlett called her into his office.

"Sit down, Miss Hannegan," he said.

Molly sat down.

"You remember the other day when I suggested that tact and diplomacy be used in the credit office?"

"Yes, Mr. Bartlett?" Molly said.

"I have a complaint from one of our best customers," Mr. Bartlett said, "and I looked over the correspondence." He picked up several letters and trembled, like a steam boiler about to explode. "Do you find these letters tactful and diplomatic? You signed them, not Mr. Grady, so I presume that you wrote them."

Molly took the letters and looked at them. *Let me drop through the floor, quickly and quietly,* she thought. *I didn't write them, but I can't say that Mr. Grady did, lying up there in the hospital, at those prices.*

"Miss Hannegan," Eddie said, "we do not like our customers referred to as 'you bum.'"

"No, sir."

"We do not like references to sheriffs."

"No, sir."

"And we do not like the credit office to say 'you tramp.'" He seemed calm enough for a man who felt like tipping over the desk. "Do you know that McMasters Construction Company spends around eighteen thousand dollars a year with Northwestern Hotels?"

"Then why does he write rubber checks?" Molly said.

"When a man is running three jobs in Alaska, building a dam in Oregon, a few bridges and buildings here and there, he's liable to be a little forgetful about such minor matters as a check or two, Miss Hannegan."

"Oh," Molly said weakly.

"Mr. McMasters gave us an ultimatum, Miss Hannegan. Either you go or he goes."

"You mean I'm fired?"

"What would you do?"

"Me?" Molly said. "Why, I'd push the big baboon in front of a bulldozer." She stood up and walked out, gathered up her purse, put on her coat and left.

He was waiting for her at the entrance. He grinned at her. "Get fired?"

"Don't speak to me," she said. She marched down to the corner and looked up the street for her bus.

"Thought you'd take the rap for Grady," he said. "Well, now that you're out of work, I have an opening. Cooking, cleaning, going on a honeymoon ——"

"I wouldn't marry you if they threw in a license to use a shotgun on you," she said, seething. "Trying to get Mr. Grady fired. It's a darned good thing I signed those letters. That poor old man, lying up in that hospital, and you ——" She stamped her foot. Remembering Mr. Grady, she decided she'd better get up to the hospital and tell him about the letters before he let something slip. She didn't want the job anyway, and she had saved his. "I'm going to the hospital and tell him ——"

He grinned. "Thought maybe I could get Grady fired too."

She stared at him. "Why, that's the most unspeakable thing I ever ——" She saw her bus coming, stepped out into the street and climbed on. He stood on the curb and waved at her.

She sat quite still until her blood pressure came back down, and then turned around. He wasn't in sight. The big stiff could at least have got on the bus with her so she could insult him some more. After a few blocks she turned around again. No car or taxicab followed her. Suddenly she envisioned him calling a cab, going to the airport and getting on an airplane for Alaska, or somewhere, and never coming back.

She stiffened and the awful truth hit her like a ton of salt spray. *Oh, Hannegan! You don't suppose, in spite of everything, that you're in love with that big ape?*

The bus stopped at the hospital. Molly went in, found Mr. Grady's room and knocked. Mr. Grady told her to come in. She pushed open the door. Mr. Grady was sitting up in bed, another cigar in his mouth. Kelly McMasters sat in a chair by the window.

"What are you doing here?" she said.

"Waiting for you," Kelly said.

Molly turned to Mr. Grady. She pointed at Kelly. "Do you know what he did?"

"Sure do," Mr. Grady said. "It was my idea."

"Your idea!" Molly yelped. "He tried to get you fired."

"Uh-huh," Mr. Grady said. "Has for five years. Wants me to come to work for him, running his office. Won't do it. Deprive me of the fun of writing nasty letters to him."

Molly stared at her former boss. "But you said he was poison, you said he was a terrible character, you said to have nothing to do with him. You said ——"

"Wife's idea," he said. "Women like a scoundrel, she said. Tell some girl about what a nice guy someone is and they lose interest before they ever meet him. Knew you didn't have a boy friend. Had Kelly in mind for some time. May go to work for him sometime at that. Now get out of here. I want to read the evening paper."

Molly walked out into the corridor, confused. Kelly came up behind her.

"Don't touch me!" she said. She turned around and he put his arms around her.

A nurse came by and tapped Kelly on the shoulder.

He turned around. "She just lost her job."

"Oh," the nurse said, "too bad."

"I had her fired," Kelly explained.

"No kidding!" the nurse said.

"Isn't he wonderful?" Molly said.

The nurse turned around and walked away, shaking her head. She didn't even remind them that it was against the rules to be hugging and kissing in the corridor.

THE END

The Perfect Squelch

Bright-but-lazy Tommy was being kept after school for the second time in a week, when his mother stamped into the schoolroom. She demanded why her smart son was kept in, while poorer scholars were out playing. When the teacher pointed out that Tommy hadn't done his classroom work, the mother simply grew more irritated.

She launched into a criticism of schools in general and teachers in particular, using about every other sentence to emphasize the mounting cost of schools to the taxpayer.

"It's ridiculous," she said finally. "Why, I am paying more than a hundred and fifty dollars a year in school taxes!"

"And I," the teacher interrupted firmly, "am trying to give you your money's worth."

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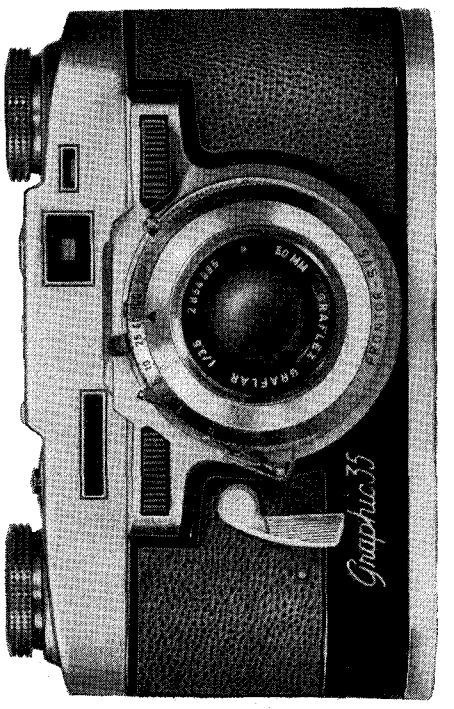

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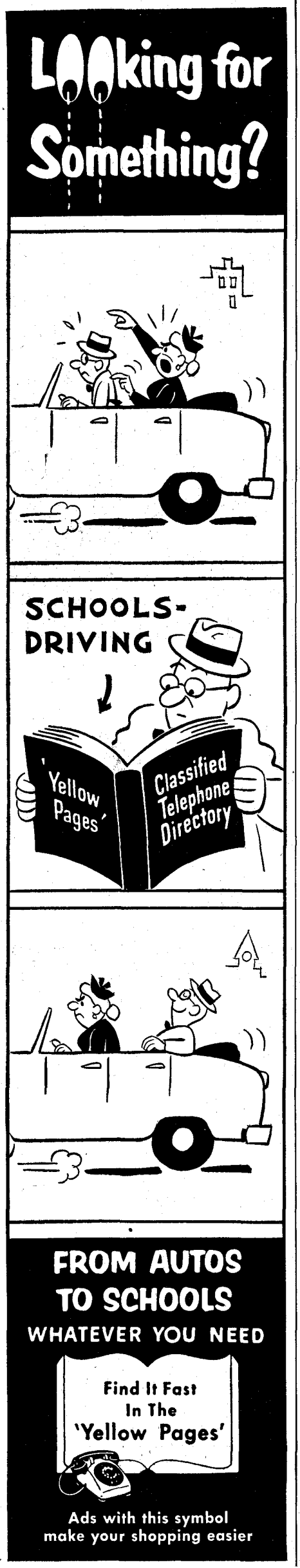


Murder in Disguise (Continued from Page 51)

to need a haircut badly. If anyone there recognizes me as the man who pushed Benjy off the train —— They wouldn't have to go very far into Mynnelu's past to get a publicity picture of her with me. Maybe Lieutenant Verek won't go into her past. Why should he? They don't know she's dead. They couldn't. A maid quit. That's all Lieutenant Verek could possibly know.

There was a quick light tap at the door. Kathi came in gaily. She had changed into a yellow dress, tight-fitting at the top, with a flaring skirt over full petticoats below.

She smiled directly at him. It was a smile that he felt. He told himself not to be a fool. He couldn't lose his head about this girl now. About any girl. After he had the money, but not now. One slip now and he would hang. Never mind a girl's smile. But it was one thing to tell yourself not to mind a girl's smile, and another not to mind it. For an instant Raphael found himself wishing that he was back on the train where all this had started. That he had turned the other way from the platform which had led to Benjy Neils and Eagle's Point. If he could only have turned the other way and met Kathi then!

With eighteen dollars in his pocket and Mynnelu on his neck? Kathi wouldn't have looked at him then. For that matter, she hadn't looked at him much lately anyhow. Why was she being so sweet now?

Kathi had been speaking to Miss Amelia about some letters in her clear pleasant voice. Now Kathi looked at Raphael, "I think Miss Amelia should rest a little. Don't you?"

And somehow, in spite of Raphael's every intention of staying, he found that they had both kissed Miss Amelia, said good-by, and were on the stairs going down. Raphael remembered his first time on these stairs, the feeling he had had then, of wanting this house to be his. But now he could not wait to leave Eagle's Point, to close it up or sell it. Anything to get away from it.

At the foot of the stairs, they ran squarely into Lieutenant Verek, who was just leaving. When he spoke to them, Ichabod Carr came out of the library, unexpectedly, to join them.

The lieutenant's eyes surveyed Ichabod impersonally. Then they swept from Kathi to Raphael, and back.

Ichabod's look was frankly unhappy. He pushed his thick hair back. He nodded to them without speaking.

Raphael said, "How are you coming, lieutenant?"

Lieutenant Verek's answer was a noncommittal mumble.

Kathi's head was high, and her voice bright. Too bright. "Have you talked to all of us, lieutenant? Have you decided whom you are going to arrest? And for what?"

Ichabod Carr said sharply, "That's enough, Kathi!"

Kathi opened her mouth again, then closed it. Her lips were trembling, and there were sudden tears in her eyes. She turned toward the front door. Raphael went after her.

"Mr.—Jordan," said Lieutenant Verek.

Raphael stopped. Lieutenant Verek watched him, saying nothing.

Raphael wet his lips. "You wanted to ask me something?"

Lieutenant Verek waited. Finally he said, "Not now."

Raphael's hands were shaking as he went on to join Kathi. He thrust them angrily into his pockets. What did Verek mean, "Not now"? Why had he hesitated over the name "Jordan"? He certainly knew it. Working on Raphael's nerves.

With a determined effort, Raphael put Lieutenant Verek into the background of his thoughts. He smiled at Kathi. She smiled back. She tucked her arm in his. She said, "Let's take a little ride, shall we? The leaves are still lovely in the park."

"Not the park!" he said sharply.

"I thought you liked the park."

"I hate it!"

He saw her looking at him wonderingly. He knew his tone had been too sharp, his response too instant. He said, "Let's not drive. Let's walk."

"Down by the river?" said Kathi.

Really, for such an attractive girl, Kathi did have the most annoying way of saying the wrong thing. He did not want to go down to the river either. Just as the park would remind him of last night, and Mynnelu, so the river would remind him of Smiley, toppling forward in the boathouse, dead. Not think about that.

Kathi said brightly, "Did Lieutenant Verek ask you about the missing spade?"

"What spade?"

"The one that disappeared from the tool case last night."

"How could they know if a spade disappeared? There were a lot of spades. At least, there must be, in a place this size."

"This one happened to be the gardener's favorite. Who do you suppose would want to steal a spade? And for what?"

He should just have cleaned the spade and put it back, Raphael thought. But he had read somewhere that nothing could be cleaned so that traces wouldn't show under a microscope. And he had thought if they could find any of the soil of the park, then they might find Mynnelu. Stupid. Why should they have been looking at that spade? The gardener would have used it this morning and that would have been that. Raphael had called attention to the very thing he didn't want to. Lieutenant Verek looking for Mynnelu and associating her disappearance with the missing spade.

Not only Raphael's hands were shaking now. He was shaking all over. *Stop it. Stop it, now.* So he had made a mistake about the spade. But not a fatal one. Nothing to connect him with the spade. He would be more careful. Much more careful.

Kathi said, "Do you feel all right, Raphael? Did I say something to upset you?"

"Why should it upset me?"

"I don't know," Kathi said evenly.

They walked on, down the lawn, toward the river. Raphael tried to steer Kathi away from the boathouse. Finally they came to a clump of lilac bushes and Kathi sat down in their shade. Raphael stood for a moment looking down at her. He was thinking how nice it would be to put his arm around her small waist, to pull her against him, to kiss her and forget everything else. He sat down on the grass beside her. He put his hand over hers. He leaned toward her.

Kathi's clear brown eyes met his. She said, "What did you do with Benjy Neils, Raphael?"

The words hit him full in the face, stunning him. He stuttered, "B-Benjy Neils?"

"Benjy Neils," said Kathi firmly.

He leaned back, fighting for time. Time to get his voice steady, his wits collected. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"I think you do."

How could she know I was connected with Benjy Neils?

Raphael said, "I saw that name in the paper when I first came. The police got it from a hotel register as matching the description of a man they were looking for."

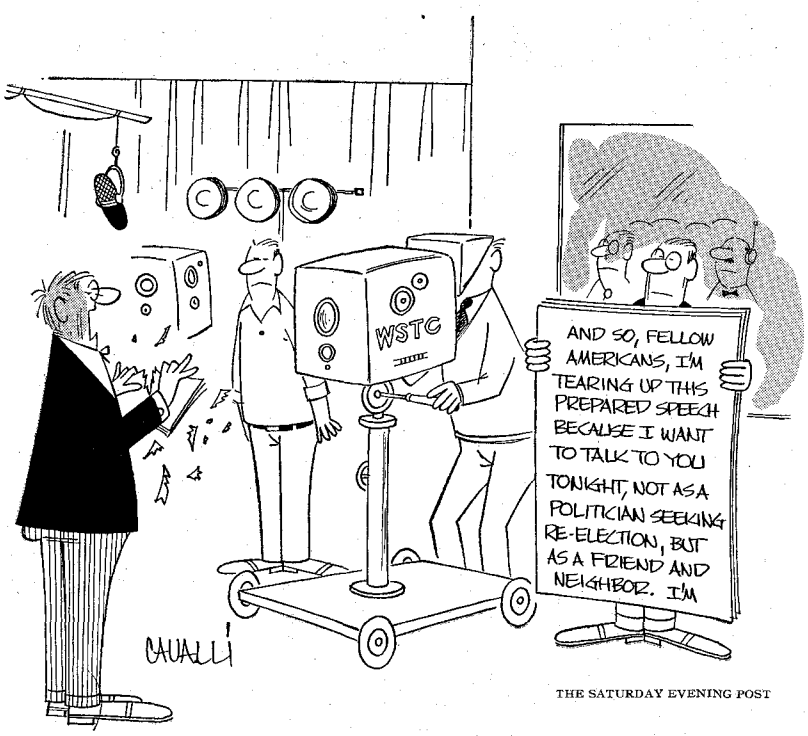
"For murder," said Kathi. "And you got a note written to Benjy Neils when you first arrived. A note warning you to leave at once or be shown up as a fraud."

"You did write that note I found in my room when I came out of the shower that first day."

"I wrote it. To Benjy Neils. Because Benjy Neils wrote those letters to Miss Amelia. Oh, I know, you practiced copying his handwriting enough so that your writing passed for his. But just the same, Benjy wrote those letters. So, of course, that was who I thought had come as the fake nephew."

"Fake!"

"Fake!" Kathi's eyes snapped anger. "At first I thought you weren't connected with Benjy, that you had been tricked some way by him. You seemed so nice. I didn't believe it. I kept waiting for Benjy Neils to show (*Continued on Page 64*)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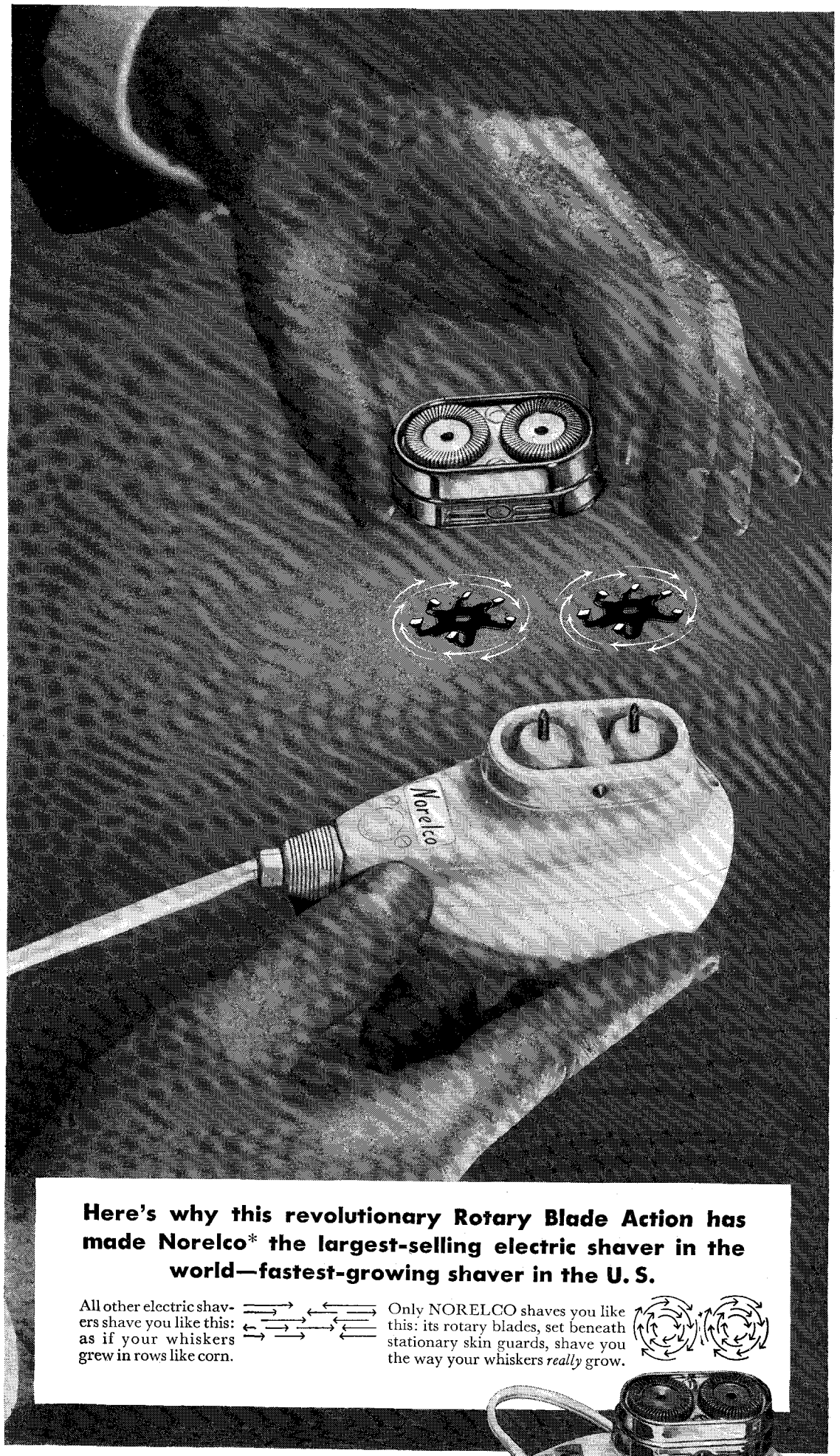

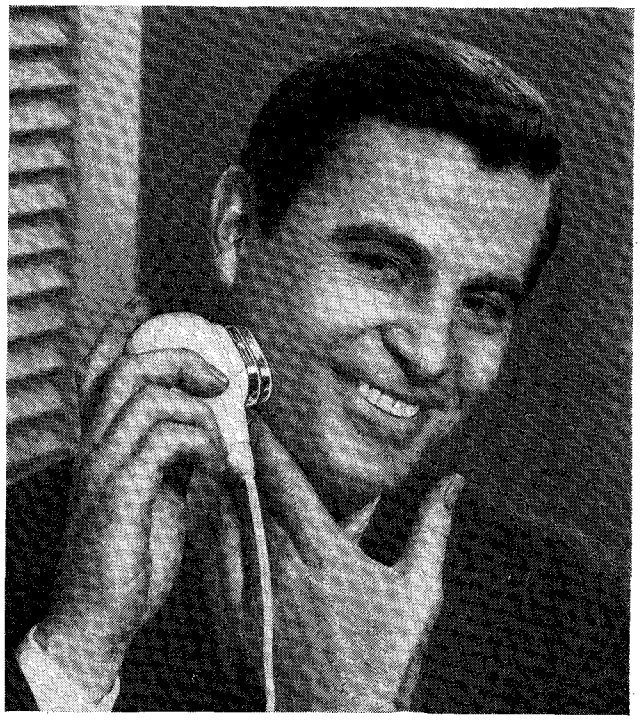

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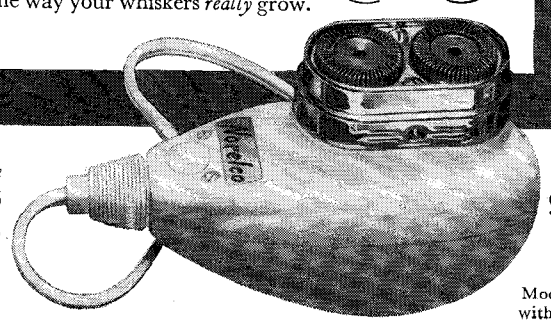

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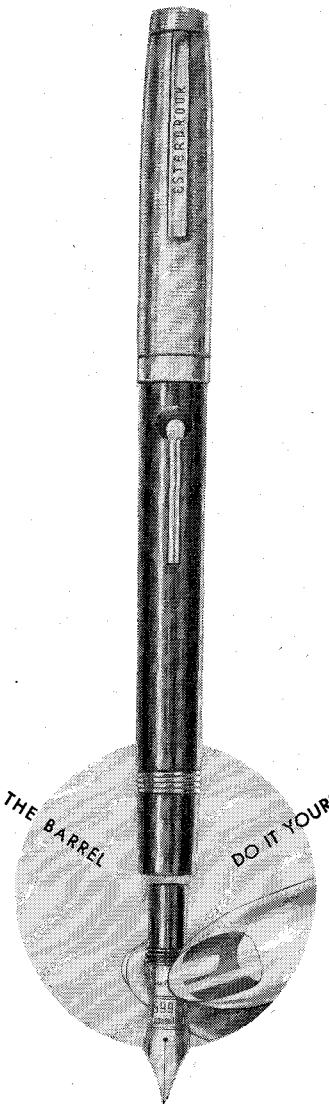

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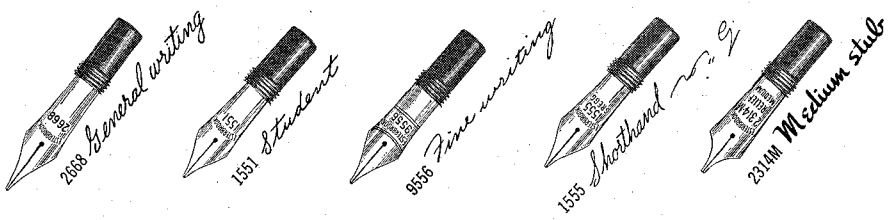

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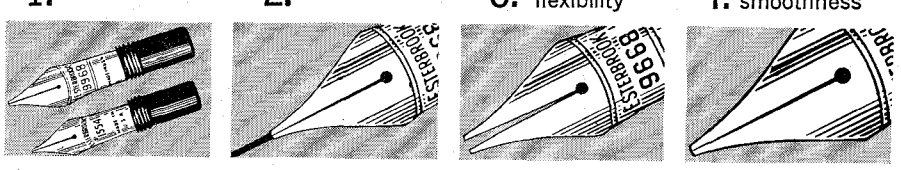

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(*Continued from Page 62*) up. And he hasn't shown. Where is he?"

"I don't know any Benjy Neils."

Kathi said, "I thought maybe he was the man who was shot in the boathouse. I went down to the morgue to see." She shuddered. "But he wasn't. Then I decided to wait. Wait for you to make a slip, wait for Benjy Neils to come. Only after yesterday—if anything had happened to Miss Amelia, it would have been my fault." Kathi's voice broke, "I've got to know, Raphael. I haven't told anyone else yet. I wanted to give you a chance to explain first. If there is an explanation."

He said, "I still don't see what this Benjy Neils has to do with me."

"All right. I'll tell you. A friend of mine was raised in Minneapolis on the same street I was. This friend never knew about having been adopted, until suddenly both my friend's parents were killed in an accident. And then my friend found out about the adoption and found the ring—Miss Amelia's sister's ring and the letter she wrote her unborn baby. It was wartime and my friend was just about to go into the Navy. So my friend took the letter and the ring to a private detective. Only my friend was very young and very trusting and didn't know enough to get a reliable private detective. The man my friend went to was Benjy Neils. My friend never heard from him again, and after the war his agency had completely disappeared. And then my friend read about Miss Amelia's sister's lost child, and knew that Benjy Neils would read it, too, and come here with the ring and the letter, and make a fraudulent claim."

"A likely story," said Raphael. "If it were true, where is your friend? Why didn't he simply tell the truth to Ichabod?"

"With—what was it?—six hundred and nine other claimants and no proof at all? My friend didn't want the money. Just to protect Miss Amelia. So my friend sent me here to wait for Benjy to show up."

"And he didn't."

"But you did," said Kathi.

Now Raphael knew where Benjy had got the ring and the letter. He didn't have to worry further about that. If this real nephew had a chance of being believed, he would have shown up long before this.

Raphael leaned back. He smiled. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Kathi said, "I wanted to give you the chance. I didn't want to believe that you could know what you were mixed up in." She brushed angrily at her eyes. "All right. I may not be able to prove you're lying about that, but at least I can about the other. Anyhow, you can explain it to the police."

"Explain what?"

"What you were doing throwing a spade into the river at three o'clock this morning. A spade you denied knowing anything about."

"But you couldn't have seen ——"

"I couldn't sleep," said Kathi. "I got up and was standing at my window. There was enough light. I saw you."

Raphael was not smiling now. A witness to connect him with the missing spade, the assumption of the murder of Mynnelu, an investigation into Mynnelu's past, one of their publicity photographs found, and Raphael was as good as dead. Kathi could not be allowed to tell the story of the spade.

Not Kathi, he thought. Not Kathi. Red-gold hair and white skin and brown eyes, pleasant voice and soft, inviting warmth. Not Kathi. Since Lynne, there had been no one but Kathi, in all his loneliness.

But it's Kathi or you; if she tells the story about the spade, you'll hang. Either way, you can't have Kathi. He sighed. It was her own fault. If she was such a fool as to prefer a one-armed ex-doctor, to have scruples about a person like Benjy Neils, no one could blame Raphael.

He had only one course of action. Think quickly, act quickly. Not in broad daylight, where someone might see. He said humbly, "Would you wait just long enough to talk to Benjy?"

"Why should I?"

"No reason. Except that perhaps if you heard the whole story, you might understand a little. You see, Benjy told me I really was the nephew. I believed him. I didn't know about your friend. It would only take a few minutes. Benjy's coming to the boathouse at four. Just about fifteen minutes."

Kathi shook her head instantly. "Not the boathouse. No."

"You're not afraid of Benjy Neils?"

"I want to see Benjy Neils. But I'm not stupid. A man was killed in the boathouse."

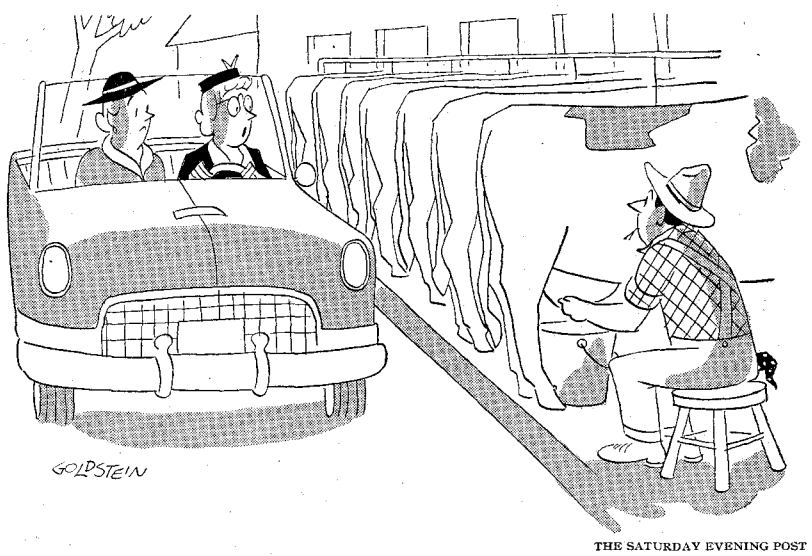
Raphael put his hand into his pocket. "You can watch me go up toward the house. You'll know where I am. And you can take my gun, in case you are afraid."

"Where did you get a gun?"

"Ichabod gave it to me after that man was killed in the boathouse. He thought it might be safer to have one in the house."

Kathi took the gun quite calmly. She said, "I was in the WAVES, you know. I can shoot." She checked the loading. "All right. But don't think for a minute that I can't use this. Or that I won't."

He walked slowly toward the house, knowing that she was watching him. She stayed where she was, waiting for it to be four o'clock. Fifteen minutes. That would give him time enough. It had to. For now it was his life (*Continued on Page 66*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What happened to U.S. 32?"

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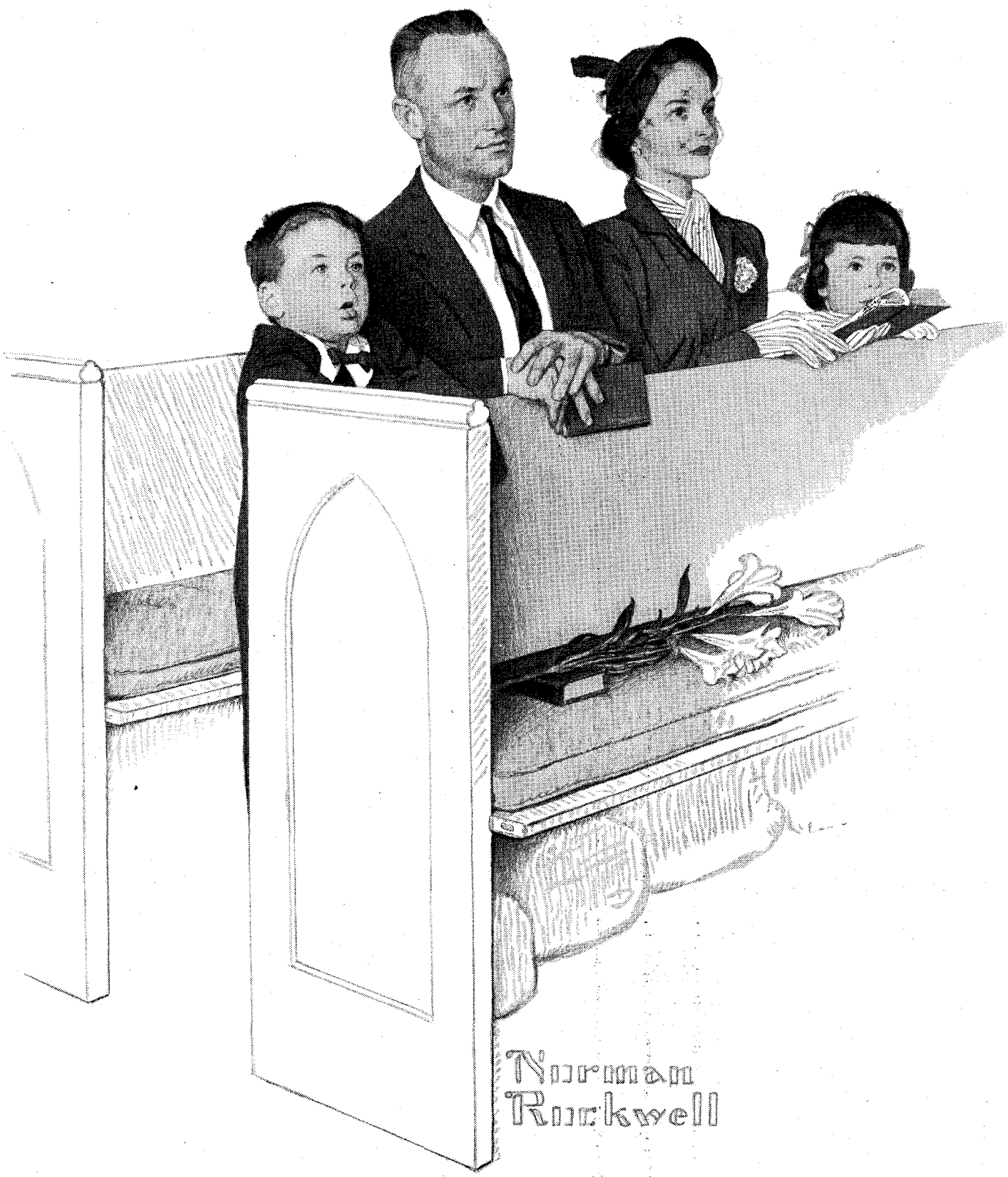

In this season it is well to remember that the hope of our world rests on faith. Through faith our forefathers—men of varied faiths—built this country. And only through faith can we, in our turn, build confidently for the future.

Faith is a family matter, too . . . and with it goes the responsibility for helping our children prepare for tomorrow's world.

Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company
ORGANIZED 1851
Springfield, Massachusetts

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(*Continued from Page 64*) or Kathi's. And he had no intention of its being his.

Miss Amelia sat in her blue bathrobe in the chair in her bedroom, a straight and determined little figure. She said, "Dear Kathi and dear Raphael are just out on the grounds somewhere. Dear Wes and dear Folly will be back any minute. Of course, it's all right for you to leave me alone."

Ichabod said, "I don't like to, even for that long. Why did you so suddenly let the nurse go? Folly and Wes wouldn't have left if you had said you were going to let her go."

"Folly would have fussed too much. I never could stand to be fussed over. Nurses are for sick people. I'm not sick. I have a phone right beside me. Now run along." Miss Amelia put her slender hand up to pat his cheek. "You said it was important."

"Very important. My secretary heard just now that Father Tim is dying and wanted to see me. We're old friends——"

"You must go. At once. Poor Father Tim."

"You're sure you'll be all right?"

"Run along!"

After Ichabod left, Miss Amelia remained where she was, in her rocking chair, for a few minutes. She closed her eyes and said a prayer for Father Tim. Perhaps she dozed a little. She opened her eyes to the unaccustomed stillness of the house alone about her. She put her hand to her head. She addressed the picture of Mr. Dooley on her dresser, "I'm not sick, Mr. Dooley. But I'm tired. So tired. I can't understand how I could make that stupid mistake about the medicine. I've always been so careful. I've never felt tired before. I don't like it. I don't like it at all."

She got up, forcing herself to walk to the window. She watched Kathi walk across the lawn toward the old boathouse.

Curious, she thought. Why would Kathi be going in there? Lieutenant Verek believed a man had been killed in the boathouse. Why would Kathi be going in there?

Kathi went in and did not reappear. A vague alarm began to fill Miss Amelia's heart. She reached for her bell. Too late she remembered that she was alone. Presently, however, she saw Raphael approaching the house, walking casually, not looking back. She would call to him. But the window was too heavy for her to open. She would wait until he came in, and then ring her bell. He would hear that.

She waited, listening. But there was no sound. Only the same silence. She leaned against the window sill, wearily resting her forehead on the cool glass. And then she saw Raphael again. He was on the far side of the lawn now, still moving casually, with a coil of heavy cord in his hand. Miss Amelia was puzzled. Raphael could have got to the spot where he was in half the time, simply by cutting across the lawn. Why had he come up to the house, appeared to enter it without doing so, circled around at some distance, to get where he was now? And why the cord?

Miss Amelia continued to watch. Presently she realized that Raphael, too, was heading for the boathouse, though certainly by the longest possible route. The way he was going, he would approach the boathouse on its blind side. Blind, that was, except for one window, whose sash and glass were long since gone.

Miss Amelia's unaccountable alarm grew, causing her heart to pound in her thin breast. She reached for the bell again. Then for the telephone. She took it off the hook; then slowly put it back. Whom would she call? Ichabod and Folly and Wes, the mainstays of her existence, were all temporarily unavailable. The police? To tell them what? That her secretary and her nephew were in the boathouse? That she was alone and afraid? For generations no scandal had touched the name of Jordan. The name Raphael now bore. Dear mamma had sacrificed her only grandchild to keep that name from scandal. Miss Amelia could not let it be dishonored now without at least attempting to save it.

It's some misunderstanding, she thought to herself. *It must be. Dear Kathi could never be mixed up in anything wrong. I'm sure of it. There must be an explanation. A simple explanation.*

Miss Amelia would simply have to go and find out what it was, that was all. She

After Spring

By Miriam LeFevre Crouse

Late winter hunted in our fields,
And all the little winds gave tongue;
It was a boisterous, mad time—
The month of March when I was young.

I built a wall within my mind,
To try to keep the two apart—
Wild March, that clamored to stay in,
And April, darling of the heart.

This wisdom I have learned since then:
The two were mated long ago.
The kiss of ice is on the thaw;
The bloodroot blossoms from the snow.

pulled her bathrobe about her thin shoulders. She moved slowly toward the door. Down the stairs. She found that she was more tired than she had thought. Much more tired. She had to stop to rest, frequently. When she stopped and closed her eyes, she found that she wanted to sleep.

She stopped in the dining room to pour herself some of dear papa's brandy. She coughed. Stumbling a little, moving slowly, she went on. Out the door. She worked her way across the lawn. She pinched herself so often that her arm was getting blue. She bit her lips until blood showed. Each step was a greater effort. But she reached the boathouse.

She had not seen Raphael slide quietly in through the old window frame, easily overpowering Kathi, who was sitting, gun steadily in hand, watching the door. Kathi had fought gamely, though no match for Raphael's strength. When Miss Amelia arrived, Raphael was just finishing tying Kathi's hands and feet with the cord.

Looking through the window, Miss Amelia drew her breath sharply at the sight of Kathi, her face and bright yellow dress smeared with dirt, lying on the floor of the old boathouse. At Raphael's cool white face bending over her. The truth of the situation hit Miss Amelia like a blow to the stomach. She doubled up, thinking she was going to be sick.

Stop this, Amelia. Stop it at once. What would Mr. Dooley think of your being such a coward? You're responsible for this situation. Yes, you are. If you had followed dear Ichabod's advice, if you had been careful, instead of so sure that Raphael was your nephew that you believed everything he said——

And her heart said, *Raphael. Not Raphael. He was all I had.*

Nonsense. He's a cold-blooded killer. He must be. He means to kill dear Kathi. Look at his face. And you've got to stop it, Amelia Dooley.

She knew her voice would not be heard, screaming, at this distance, even if there were anybody to hear. Or anybody to see her waving. Help. She must get help. But had she strength enough to get back to the house? Miss Amelia doubted it. She would probably land in an unconscious heap somewhere along the way. Anyhow, there was not time. Raphael meant to kill Kathi now. Right now. Within seconds, probably. Miss Amelia could not get help. She must deal with the situation herself.

Miss Amelia's white head went up proudly. She pushed open the door of the boathouse.

Kathi screamed and flung herself, tied though she was, at Raphael's feet, trying to knock him off balance. "Run, Miss Amelia! Run!"

"I'm afraid," said Miss Amelia, quite coolly, "that that is impossible."

She saw Raphael coming across the room toward her, and he was only a stranger. She said to him sharply, "Keep your hands off me! And untie Kathi at once!"

Raphael closed the door and put up the heavy wooden bar on the inside. He knew, Miss Amelia realized, that for her this was as effective confinement as being tied. He went back to use a gag to stop Kathi's screaming.

But no one heard her scream, Miss Amelia thought. She clutched the side of the wall with all her determination. She would not fall. She would not. She would not faint or show weakness.

Raphael said, "You had to show up right now! Well, I suppose it's simpler this way, really."

"You mean to kill us both?" Miss Amelia asked, quite calmly.

Raphael did not answer.

"They'll know you did it," she said. "Who else would possibly have?"

"It'll be an accident. And they may know I did it, but they won't be able to prove it. Any more than yesterday."

Miss Amelia said incredulously, "Then yesterday wasn't an accident? You deliberately tried to kill me?"

"You've had the money long enough. Now it's my turn."

"The money!"

Miss Amelia turned the thought over without believing in its reality. Money had always been so much a part of her life and she had always taken its presence for granted. To her it was a completely unimportant matter. That anyone should want money so much that he would take human life for it! Miss Amelia felt no heartbreak now as she looked at Raphael. Instead she felt anger, as furious anger as she had ever felt in her life.

She said, "You came here, you lied to me and took my love and my trust. You gave me poison and stood by my bedside."

Raphael still said nothing.

Miss Amelia looked at Kathi writhing helplessly, and her anger broke. There were tears on her face. She said, "You can have the money, Raphael. All of it. But let Kathi go. She's young. She should have her chance at life."

Raphael, too, looked at Kathi with what, for a moment, was almost reluctance. But he said, "Do you think I could kill you and not her? Do you think she'd keep quiet?"

He came toward Miss Amelia now. Miss Amelia was furious to find that her heart was pumping frantically, that she was actually physically afraid. She, Amelia Jordan, Mrs. Patrick Dooley! She put her head up. Her eyes met Raphael's.

She said clearly, "It won't do you any good to kill us, you know. Because if you do, you'll never get the money."

"I know about the will."

Miss Amelia nodded. "I can see that. But there's one thing about it that you don't know. If you kill me now, you won't get a cent. Before I came out here today I tore the will up."

Ichabod Carr's ruddy countenance was sober as he moved along the hospital corridor behind the young blond nurse. He stood for an instant outside Father Tim's room. He swallowed. He tiptoed in.

Father Tim's blue eyes opened slowly. They were not so bright today as usual, and his mouth was white and drawn. But he smiled with utter serenity. "My old friend," he said, "I knew you would come."

Ichabod put his big hand on Father Tim's scarred one.

Father Tim said, "Do not be sad, old friend. I am going to see my children again. All my children. I shall tell them about you. Your many contributions, though you were not of our faith. All you gave them—of your time, your work, yourself."

"You gave them your life."

"No," said Father Tim. "You are wrong. They gave me my life. Always it was the children who gave to me rather than I to them."

Ichabod sat on the chair beside the bed, a big rumpled man with a great sadness in his eyes. "Don't talk if you'd rather not."

"But I must talk. And to you. I must pass on a trust that I can no longer fulfill. I promised Cecily to look after her baby."

"Raphael?"

Father Tim closed his eyes tiredly. "Raphael is not Miss Amelia's nephew."

Ichabod said, "Father Tim, I know that the reason you have not told us more is because you thought of your information as confidential—not as a matter of the church, but confidential as a matter of a promise to Cecily. Cecily asked you to keep the whole matter secret, but to help her baby, since she could not."

Father Tim nodded slowly. "There was only one fact really which I knew and others did not. But I had promised Cecily not to tell even that innocent fact, not to tell anything at all, under any circumstances. Perhaps my decision not to tell, to keep my word to Cecily regardless of the consequences, was a wrong one. I now feel that it was. But there was no proof——"

"And now you are going to tell me the one fact? Because we are friends?"

"No. I should tell it to you if we were enemies. I have watched the situation long enough now to be reasonably sure. At first, it was only a pure guess. But now—someone must carry on, in any event. And I believe you are the person she would have chosen to carry on her trust. Am I not right?"

Ichabod nodded. "How long have you known?"

"I never knew. Just a feeling."

"May I tell you about it?"

Father Tim smiled at him.

Ichabod leaned forward. His big hands wrung his hat (*Continued on Page 68*)

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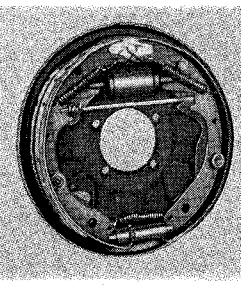

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(*Continued from Page 66*) between them. "I've never told anyone else. I didn't know it myself until twenty years later, and then it was too late for telling to do anything but harm. I never looked at Cecily except as Amelia's younger sister. And then that vacation when I came home from college, expecting to find Amelia waiting for me—I always expected to marry Amelia. I had never asked her, because I wanted to be at least making a living before ——"

"Have you ever asked her to this day?"

"No. I never felt I had the right."

Father Tim said, "I would ask her."

"You think she would?"

"I do. But go on."

"I came home that vacation and found that Amelia had been married the week before and no one had had the courage to tell me. I went to her house. Cecily was alone there. She told me. It was an awful shock. I lay on the living-room sofa and cried like a baby. Cecily came over to me and put her arms around me. I saw a lot of Cecily that vacation and the next, Father Tim, without ever really thinking of her personally at all. She was Amelia's little sister. I could talk to her about Amelia, get news of Amelia from her. She reminded me of Amelia, a little. She was the closest to Amelia I could get. And then one night down by the river—— She wore a dress of Amelia's that night, and Amelia's perfume. She put her arms around me in the dark and I thought of Amelia. There was no excuse for what happened, Father Tim, no excuse at all. But Cecily said she had always loved me. Afterward, when I went back to college, I wrote and told her how sorry I was and asked her to marry me. She wrote me that she knew I loved Amelia, and that, of course, she wouldn't marry a man who didn't love her. And that I was not to be sorry about anything, not anything at all, because she wasn't, because she loved me, really loved me. My next letter was returned because Cecily and her mother were away. No one knew where. Some months later I heard of her death. It wasn't until well over twenty years later that I learned she had died having a child. My child."

"Do not keep blaming yourself, my friend."

"But I do blame myself."

"Cecily didn't. She died speaking of you. Not by name. She never mentioned your name to anyone. But she said she loved you, and that what happened was her fault, not yours. She threw herself at you, she said, but she wouldn't have changed it, even then. Because she loved you."

"And you knew?"

"Lately, I have thought I did. The child is very like you."

"The child?" Ichabod was tense. "You mean Raphael?"

Father Tim was silent for a long time. Finally he said, "I have kept the secret, perhaps unwisely, but because I promised Cecily to keep it under all circumstances. I have prayed for wisdom in this matter many times. A solemn promise is a solemn promise, not to be broken, certainly, by a man of God. I was younger then, and very unwise. I made so many mistakes. I knew when I made the promise that I was doing the wrong thing, and I begged her not to ask it of me. But Cecily was alone and she was dying. She cried and begged me, and I gave her my word. Many times since, I have regretted that I did so, for my silence was contributing to a great injustice to the very child Cecily wanted to protect. But I gave her my solemn word, and, rightly or wrongly, I have kept it to the letter. When one is dying, he cannot perpetuate an injustice. He must pass on a trust and keep the spirit of a promise rather than the letter of it. I have kept my word until my deathbed, difficult though it has been. Now I am passing the trust on to you."

"What trust?"

Father Tim was tiring badly. His speech was much more halting. He said. "Cecily was very bitter. Not at you, but at her family, because of their unwillingness to raise her child, their determination to turn it over to strangers. She thought her mother's rejection of the child and of her was also her sister Amelia's. So she made me promise to find a good home for the child and never under any circumstances whatsoever to reveal any detail at all about the child to her family."

"Poor Cecily."

"Yes. Poor Cecily."

"But the records at the orphanage were burnt in the fire and there were so many children over the years—what could you possibly remember about this one child?"

"Only one small fact. How much it would have helped to be able to tell that fact! How much trouble it would have saved. But I gave Cecily my solemn word."

"She would want you to tell me now."

"Yes." Father Tim opened his eyes. "Your child," he said, "yours and Cecily's, was a girl."

"A girl!"

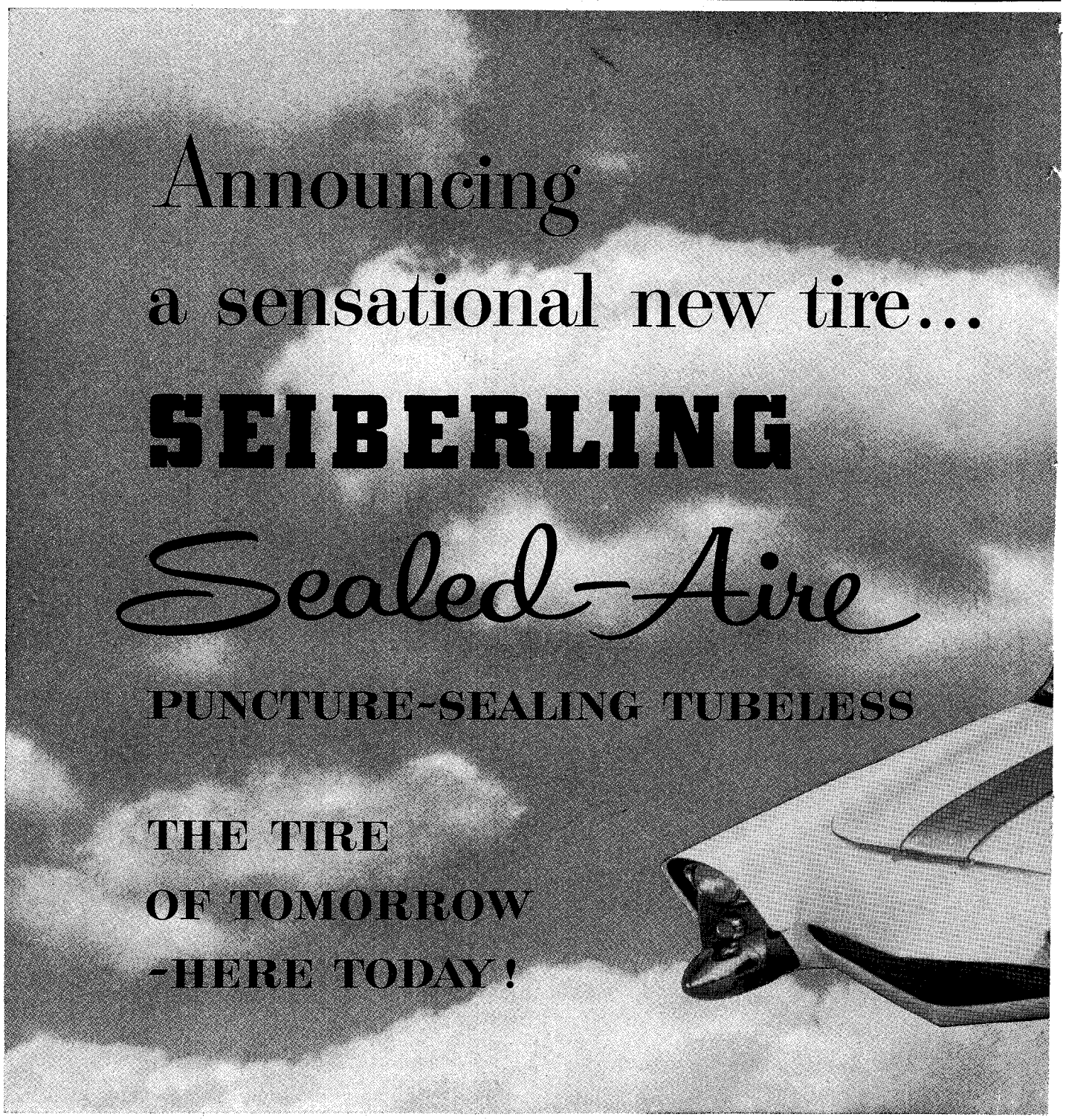
Father Tim shut his eyes again.

"But if you have seen her, if you know who she is ——"

"I think I know. I have no proof. A girl with your hair and Miss Amelia's eyes. Your temper and Miss Amelia's pride."

"Kathi!" said Ichabod.

Father Tim smiled. "I do not know. There are no records. But if someone stole the proof of her identity from her—— "



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"Kathi wouldn't come here and make claims," said Ichabod. "She wouldn't want the money. She'd know she had no chance of being believed with six hundred and nine other claims, all fakes. So she came here and took a job to at least try to protect her aunt from fakes and frauds. She told us Raphael was a fake, and none of us believed her."

"Go to her, old friend. Go to her now."

Ichabod said, "How can I ever thank you?"

"Don't thank me. Thank God."

"Yes," said Ichabod. He knelt by the bed. When he rose, Father Tim was sleeping peacefully, a gentle smile on his lips. Dreaming of his children.

Raphael tore impatiently at the papers in Kathi's desk. The room must not show that it had been searched. No time for that now. In a few minutes Wes and Folly would be back from town. And they would instantly look for Miss Amelia and Kathi. He might be able to stall them for a few minutes, but not for long. Minutes were vital now. He must find that will.

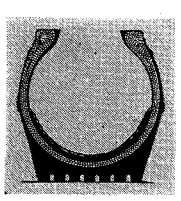
Miss Amelia couldn't have destroyed it. She believed in me when she started for the boathouse. Why should she have torn up the will? But I can't take the chance. If she tore it up, all this will have been for nothing. If she tore it up, I'll have to type a new one, force her to sign it. And I have to have her alive for that. But Wesley Olson saw this will. Do typed wills have to be witnessed? Find this will. It's here someplace. It's got to be.

He knew the dangers of leaving Kathi and Miss Amelia bound and gagged in the boathouse. Suppose someone passed close enough to see them? Raphael would not be able to wait until dark. When he found the will, not wait at all. Stun them both. Untie them. Put them in the leaky old boat. Shove it out into the river current in which no one could swim. Get out of the boathouse fast, before anyone saw him.

Why would they go on the river in a leaky boat? Never mind that. He wouldn't have to explain it. Perhaps Kathi forced Miss Amelia at gun's point, in her fury at being disinherited. Perhaps Miss Amelia herself went berserk or, confronted with a lingering sickness, preferred this way out. He did not care what anyone believed. All anyone would see would be the leaky old boat, with the two of them propped upright in it, launched suddenly into the swift river.

But first I must have the will.

It was not in the drawers of the desk. He had been through them all. The file? Why should a will be in the file? But he yanked it open, searching hastily through the folders. What would the will look like? Papers blurred before his eyes. It was hopeless. Looking for something he



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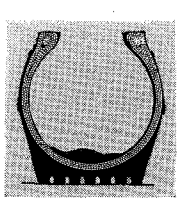

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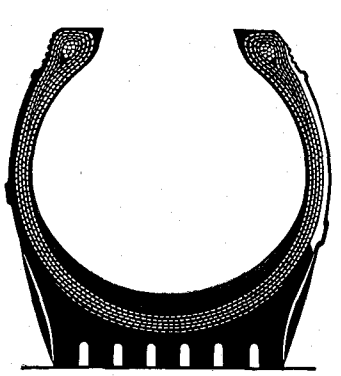

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Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:
Gene Kelly.

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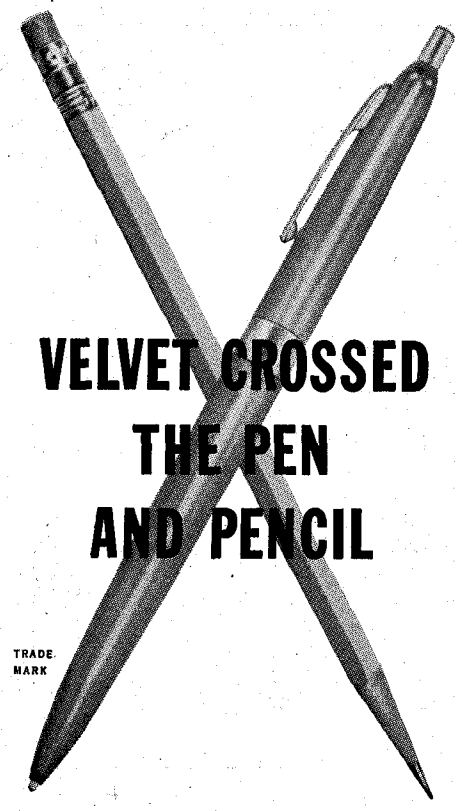

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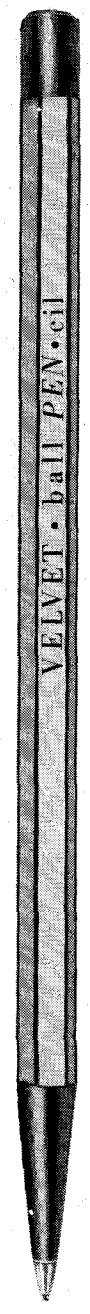

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had never seen, not knowing where it could be. But a secretary could only put a paper in a certain number of places. Not the desk. Not the file. The supply cabinet? He opened boxes of typing paper, carbon paper. Nothing resembling a will.

He was panting now. His hands were shaking. He knelt and emptied the wastebasket on the floor. He studied the scraps of paper. Were any of them the will? Once he hesitated, breathless, over a torn portion of Miss Amelia's signature. But the torn paper was unmistakably a bank check.

He stood up. There was no use wasting further time. The will was not here. He could hear Mynnelu's voice jeering, *You never do anything right*. And then he knew. Miss Amelia had not dictated the will to Kathi. She had written it herself. It would be in her own personal things, her own room.

He flung himself out the door. He was standing in Miss Amelia's room, surrounded by Miss Amelia's things. He was at her small rosewood desk, pulling out drawers, papers. He found no will. He knelt beside her wastebasket. It had been freshly emptied. The dressing-table drawer—nothing. He did not find the will.

It's here somewhere. It's got to be.

Why did it have to be? It could be anywhere in the house. Anywhere in the whole vast house.

Mynnelu's voice again, jeering, *You've killed me, and what have you got for it? Not even the money. And you won't get it. You never could do anything right.*

His panic mounted, and his rage. Never mind the will. Think of his own neck. At least not hang for murder. Go down and kill them now. Then at least no one would find them alive.

Suddenly his search ended. He found the will. It was tucked into Miss Amelia's knitting basket. He read it carefully. "To my dear nephew Raphael ——"

So I can't do anything right? Well, I've done it. Miss Amelia didn't tear up the will. She was just stalling for time for someone to come back. Her time is up now. Five minutes more and she and Kathi will be at the bottom of the river. And I'll be rich and free. Free of them all.

He turned and ran for the door. He was going down the great staircase two steps at a time when the front door opened.

Wes came in, carrying a heavy bag of groceries with his good arm. "In a hurry?"

"No!" Raphael snapped. "Why should I be in a hurry?"

Wes' gray eyes regarded him levelly. "I was just wondering."

Folly came in now, also carrying groceries. She roared instructions at Wes as to where to put the bag he was carrying. Wes hesitated, then turned toward the kitchen.

Raphael drew a deep breath. He forced himself to walk down the rest of the stairs slowly. Wes Olson would reappear prematurely! Five more minutes would have done it. Five minutes that Raphael must somehow still get. Surely he could figure out something that would keep Folly and Wes occupied for that length of time.

Folly roared behind him, "How's Miss Amelia?"

"She seemed much better."

"Got her some marshmallows. She just loves marshmallows. Guess I'll run up with some now."

Stall. Anything to stall. Tell her Miss Amelia is sleeping. No. That wouldn't keep her from going upstairs and she'd find her gone. No.

Raphael said, "Aunt Amelia and Kathi were going for a short ride. At least they said they were. I didn't see them go."

Good, Raphael. That was good. It covers your future story.

Folly roared. "She went out? That one! And that Kathi took her? Wait until I get my hands on her! Doesn't she know Miss Amelia nearly died yesterday?"

"I suppose Aunt Amelia got restless and Kathi thought the air wouldn't hurt her. They haven't been gone but a few minutes. They'll probably be right back."

"And she's going to bed when she gets here," said Folly grimly. "If I have to sit on her chest. I'll get her room ready."

Good. That would take Folly five minutes. The room was on the river, but Folly would be too busy making beds, and so on, to look out windows. She must not see Raphael entering or leaving the boathouse. But there were enough bushes on the window side. If only Raphael had had enough sense not to let Miss Amelia bluff him about the will! This would all have been over by now.

Briefly Raphael recalled Miss Amelia standing—so frail that she had really been leaning—her brown eyes meeting his. Standing and lying quite calmly, with her life and Kathi's depending on her words. But he remembered her only with fury, not with admiration.

He started toward the door, slowly, casually. Behind him, Wes' voice said, "Going out?"

"I thought I might read for a little in the library."

"I think I'll join you," said Wes.

Raphael said deliberately, "Your work all done for the day?"

Wes' face flushed. His voice was curt. He said, "Hired help is usually allowed a coffee break."

Well, take it somewhere else, damn you. Take it with someone else.

Raphael said, "Oh, Aunt Amelia wanted me to ask you to take a look at the front gate when you had time. Something about one of the hinges."

He saw Wes Olson's good hand make a fist. For a moment he actually thought the man was going to hit him. Then the hand unclenched and Wes, his voice showing only weariness, said, "Yes, Mr. Jordan."

Raphael ignored the sarcasm. Let him use any tone he liked. Let him get mad. Only just let him go out to the front gate for five minutes. That was all Raphael needed. Five minutes and he was in the clear. Rich.

Wes turned toward the front gate. Upstairs, the cheerful sound of Folly's off-key singing boomed her exact whereabouts. Raphael smiled to himself and went into the library. He closed the door behind him and went out the side door. He wasted precious seconds making the circuitous approach to the boathouse. No one to see him walk in the door. But if anyone did —— Not take any chances now. Slowly, carefully. When he got there, he would need so little time. Careful now. Not rush things.

Walking down the driveway, Wes felt his rage boil within him. *I'd like to wipe that smirk off his insolent face*, he thought. *But I can't hit him. That's exactly what he wants. Miss Amelia couldn't possibly keep me after I'd hit her beloved nephew. And then there would just be Raphael, Miss Amelia and Kathi. So easy to fake an accident.*

So easy to fake an accident. Wes stopped walking. He had only suspicion of Raphael. No real proof. Just a feeling. A feeling that something was wrong—very wrong. Silly to work himself up. And yet, where was it easier to fake an accident than with a car? He turned and ran toward the garage. He threw the door open. He stared for a moment. All the cars were there. Kathi and Miss Amelia could not have gone out in a car. He ran faster now, trying the car doors, making sure there was no one inside. He rattled the trunks. Nothing. Where else would they be? Where?

Wes started back for the house, still running. He went in the side door of the library. It was empty. He was about to search further when he remembered Folly. Folly's sharp eyes missed nothing. Kathi and Miss Amelia were not in the house. The guest house? He ran out the door and toward it. It did not take long to search the three rooms. Holding his breath, he bent to check the contents of his medical bag. He could not see that anything was missing.

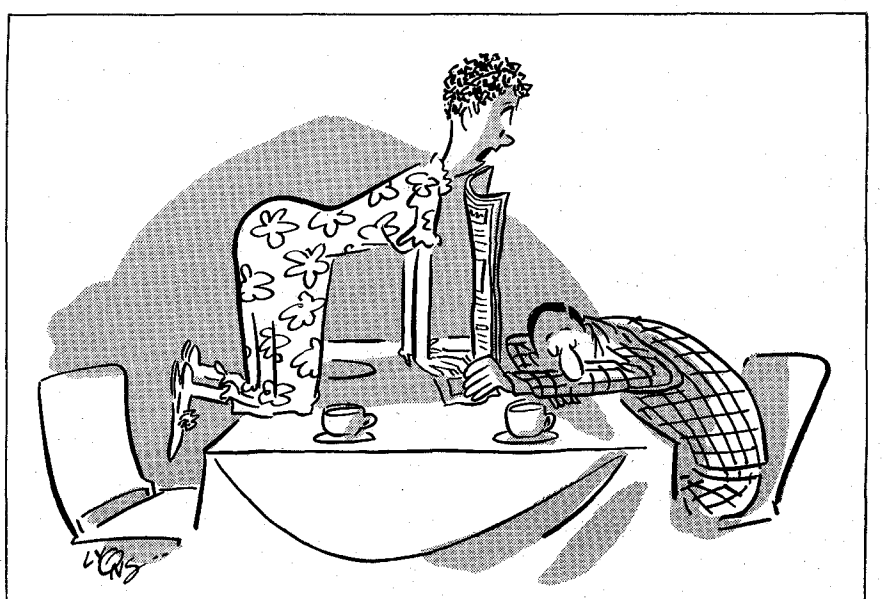
Somewhere on the grounds, then. They had to be somewhere on the grounds. Directly ahead, on the water's edge, was the boathouse. The boathouse where a strange man had been mysteriously shot. Wes yelled and ran for it. Inside the boathouse, Raphael stopped angrily. He moved toward the door. As Wes crashed into the room, Raphael hit him over the head with the heavy end of the oar. Wes fell forward, unconscious.

"You can't kill us all," said Miss Amelia contemptuously.

"It won't be necessary to kill him," said Raphael. "He didn't see anything. Certainly he didn't see me. If he is found half groggy on the floor here immediately after you and Kathi are drowned—well, let him explain it. Maybe he won't be able to."

Miss Amelia said, "You'd let him be blamed!"

Raphael tied Wes up and gagged him. He took a diabolical pleasure in tying only the one (*Continued on Page 74*)



"I thought so!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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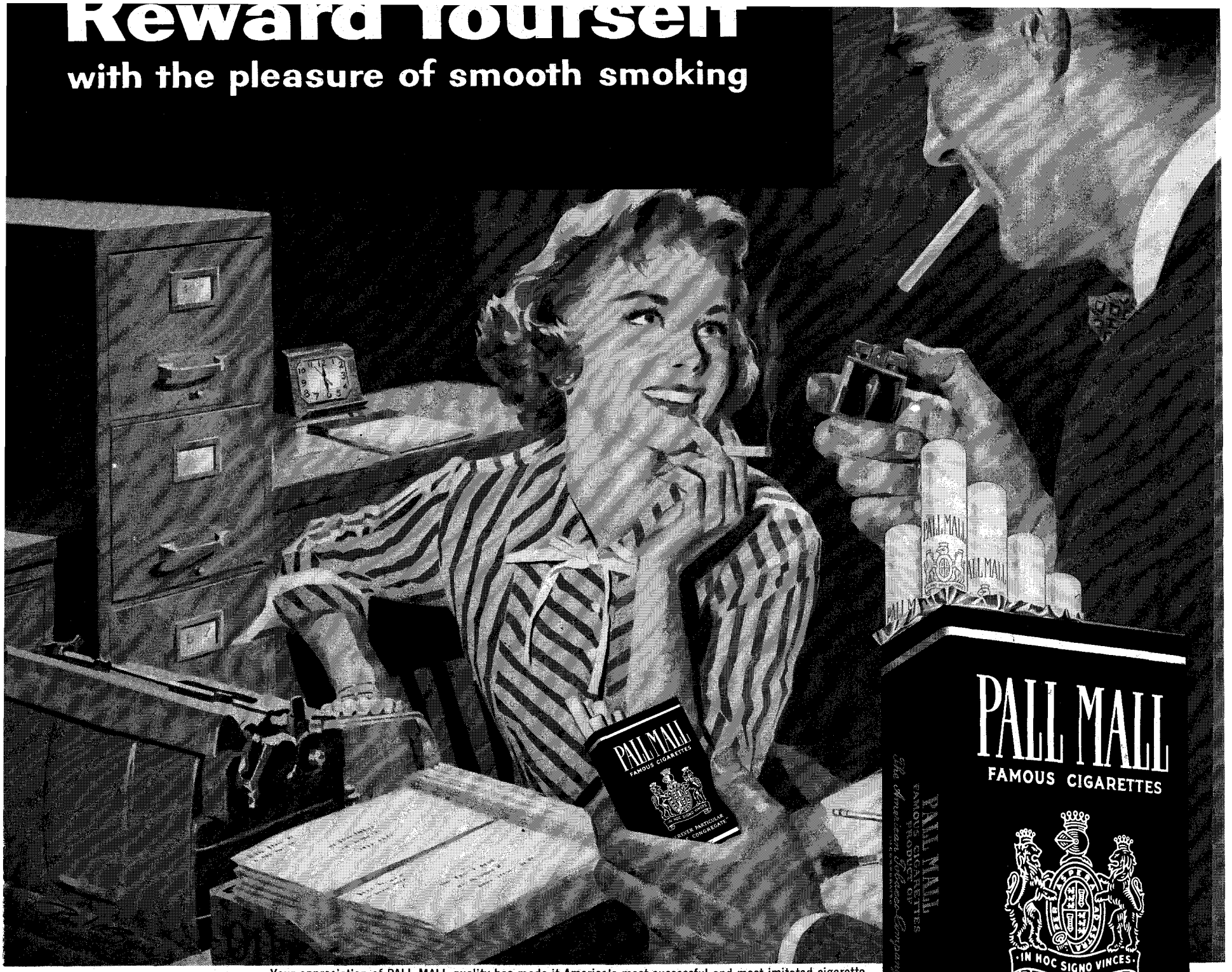
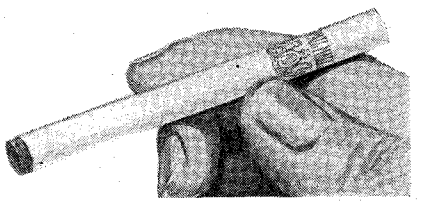
Reward Yourself

with the pleasure of smooth smoking



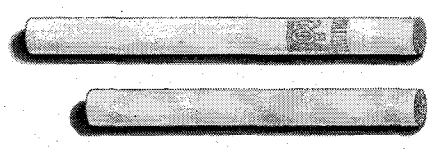
Your appreciation of PALL MALL quality has made it America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.

Get a fresh start with a freshly-lit PALL MALL



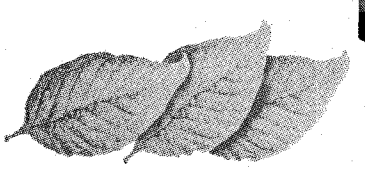
Smoke

When the job's done, relax, reward yourself—with the smooth, gentle mildness of America's most rewarding cigarette. PALL MALL is so fresh and fragrant, so cool and sweet, it tastes freshly-lit puff after puff. Choose well—smoke PALL MALL.



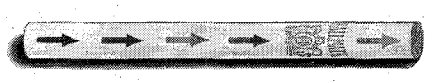
Longer

Fine tobacco is its own best filter. And PALL MALL's greater length of fine tobacco travels the smoke further—filters the smoke and makes it mild. You get smoothness, mildness, and satisfaction no other cigarette can offer you. Enjoy the finest quality money can buy.



Finer

You get more than greater length when you smoke PALL MALL. For PALL MALL tobaccos are the finest quality money can buy. No finer tobacco has ever been grown—and here it is blended to a flavor peak—delicious . . . and distinctively PALL MALL. Buy PALL MALL today.



Milder PALL MALL

PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos gives you *natural self-filtering action.* PALL MALL filters the smoke, so it's never bitter, always sweet—never strong, always mild. Get that certain feeling of contentment with PALL MALL today.

THE FINEST QUALITY MONEY CAN BUY

Outstanding and they are Mild!

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NEW STEELS F
Let's give thanks tl

New steels, with small additions of alloys, are being developed and may become important, economical materials of construction in reactors for atomic power. This should further the civilian use of atomic energy. And ought not every one of us give heartfelt thanks that it can be for peacetime uses?

For over three years, no American men have died in war.

After more than a decade of wartime economy, the United States now enjoys the benefits of peace in the world.

REPUBLIC STEEL

General Offices • Cleveland 1, Ohio

SINCE THE days when man first harnessed atomic energy, Republic has been furnishing a variety of steels for atomic installations.

Most versatile of these are stainless steels which have high resistance to corrosion. Uranium and uranium compounds are highly corrosive.

Today much research is being done with old and new and uncommon alloys. Out of this development will come new materials, stainless or otherwise, which, applied to control rods and shielding as examples, are bound to contribute to the greater use of atomic energy on a commercial basis.

STAINLESS STEEL is rapidly putting a new face on American architecture. Encouraged by the sound business conditions of the last three years, investors are putting up spectacular new office buildings in all our major cities. Many are curtained in walls of stainless steel.

By adding important alloying elements, such as chromium, etc., metallurgists change ordinary steel into the shimmering beauty of stainless. Resistant to corrosion, able to be drawn into deep and intricate shapes, sculpturing highlights and shadows, stainless steel is also an economical wall material because it is relatively so lightweight for its great strength.

THE MANY-HORSEPOWERED ENGINES and drives of modern farm tractors are made largely of alloy steels.

These same alloy steels provided the stamina for wartime tank and airplane engines.

Small amounts of alloys—a mere ½% or ¼%—can often dramatically change the character of steel and result in tremendously increased strength. By using high strength alloy steels, farm implement makers have been able to cut the weight of machines as much as 35%. Republic provides industry a unique "3-D" metallurgical service that helps manufacturers apply alloy steels most efficiently and economically.

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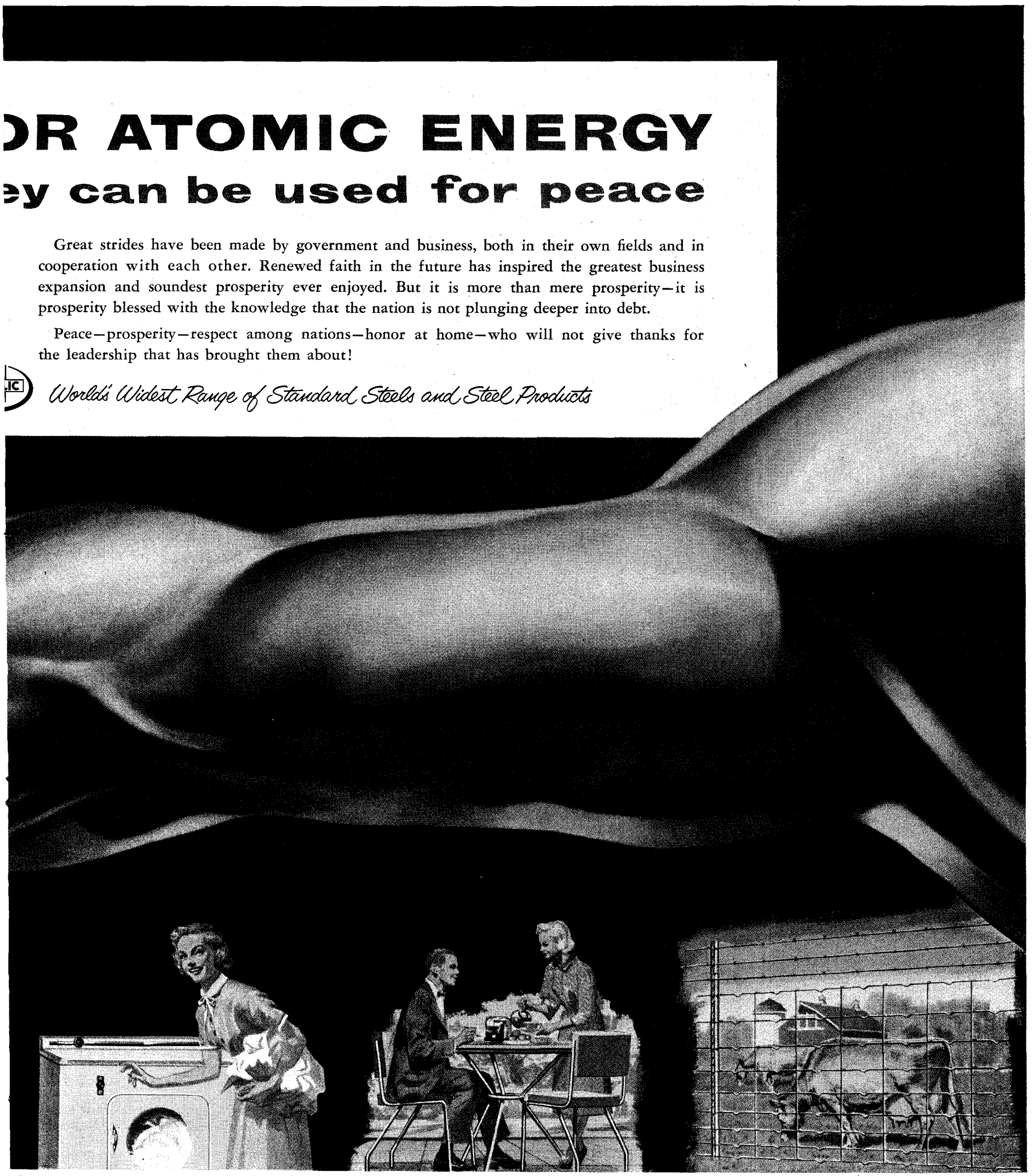
)R ATOMIC ENERGY

ey can be used for peace

Great strides have been made by government and business, both in their own fields and in cooperation with each other. Renewed faith in the future has inspired the greatest business expansion and soundest prosperity ever enjoyed. But it is more than mere prosperity—it is prosperity blessed with the knowledge that the nation is not plunging deeper into debt.

Peace—prosperity—respect among nations—honor at home—who will not give thanks for the leadership that has brought them about!

World's Widest Range of Standard Steels and Steel Products



ONE STEEL, because of a small percentage of alloy content, is so impact-resistant it can be used for bulletproofing. Another steel with a slightly different alloy content can be stretched out like bubble gum.

Much the same kind of steel, which only a little over three years ago was being drawn into long hollow shell casings, today happily is being drawn into tubs for automatic washing machines.

Republic Steel, at its Pressed Steel Division, fabricates many such parts for appliance manufacturers. Perhaps your business might use such facilities. Write Republic.

STEEL TUBES were fashioned into machine gun mounts for the battlefields of Korea. Today steel tubing is brightening breakfast rooms in a nation glowingly at peace.

Republic's Steel and Tubes Division developed the electric resistance welding method of producing mechanically sound tubing from flat rolled steel. The old method was more difficult and slower.

Through this research, Steel and Tubes pioneered the advantages of today's strong, lightweight welded steel tubular construction. Pound for pound, tubing is the strongest mechanical shape known.

REPUBLIC'S BARBED WIRE has moved smoothly from its wartime life back to the farm—as smoothly as the nation has converted from war to peace during the past three years.

Today Republic is turning out thousands of miles of wire to confine cattle as the average American demands more and more meat in his diet—undoubtedly a result of his enjoying a larger part of his income to spend as he pleases.

The average American's consumption of meat per year was going down since 1947—lower in 1952 than in '47. It jumped over 9½ lbs. in 1953 to the highest ever and has been going up since then.

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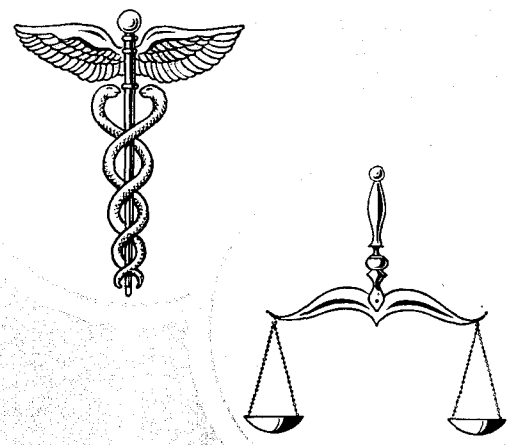

Select and consult an independent insurance agent or broker as you would your doctor or lawyer

U.S.F.&G. CASUALTY-FIRE-MARINE INSURANCE
FIDELITY-SURETY BONDS

United States Fidelity & Guaranty Co., Baltimore 3, Md. • Fidelity Insurance Co. of Canada, Toronto • Fidelity & Guaranty Insurance Underwriters, Inc., Baltimore 3, Md.

(*Continued from Page 70*) good arm, leaving the crippled one hanging. Let Kathi see her hero now. Raphael pushed the boat over to the water's edge. He lifted Kathi into it. He put his face for an instant against the red-gold hair. She turned her face away. He dropped her considerably harder than was necessary. He lifted Miss Amelia.

He heard a whistle at a distance. He put Miss Amelia into the boat, too, and stuffed a gag into her mouth. He ran to the window to look out. Coming across the lawn was Lieutenant Verek. Time enough before he got here. Shove the boat out. Go out the back window. Let him find Wes Olson here.

Except that there isn't time enough for me to get away. He looked vainly for a hiding place. There was none. There was the window to escape through, but beyond the window a bare stretch of lawn which he would not have time to cover.

No. Raphael could not push the boat out onto the river now. Neither could he simply stand here as Lieutenant Verek came closer. To act was disastrous. Yet so was not to act. For one panic-stricken instant Raphael thought only of flight. Run to the window, leap out, run across the lawn, get away. Anywhere. But how far would he get without money, sought by the police? He clenched his fists. Finally he did the only thing he could do. He walked out of the boathouse. He closed the door behind him. He walked toward Lieutenant Verek. He smiled at him.

Lieutenant Verek did not smile back. He said, "I was just coming down to have another look at that boathouse."

"I just did. I check it every day. I feel safer about Aunt Amelia that way. Are she and Kathi back yet?"

Lieutenant Verek took the bait. "You mean Miss Amelia went out? Where? She's supposed to be in bed!"

"I heard Kathi say they were going for a little ride. But it seems so long, I'm worried."

Lieutenant Verek said, "I'd better check to see if there's been an accident. And alert the patrols, in case she had another heart attack. I suppose I could look at the boathouse first while I'm here."

Behind him, Raphael thought he heard a thump. Kathi, no doubt. Plopping her bound feet. Anything to make a noise. And Lieutenant Verek still wanted to see the boathouse!

To Raphael's relief, however, the lieutenant decided he had better check on Miss Amelia immediately. He turned back toward the house. Perfect, except that he said "Come on," impatiently over his shoulder to Raphael, who had no choice but to go. Just stay long enough to get the lieutenant started telephoning. Then make an excuse to slip out. With luck, he would never know Raphael had left the house. Later, what more perfect alibi than a police lieutenant?

In the boathouse, Wes Olson moaned and stirred. He tried to focus his eyes. He saw Miss Amelia and Kathi. He tried to get to his feet. He fell. The floor came up to meet him, spinning. He lay bound and tied, absolutely helpless. In the boat, Kathi and Miss Amelia struggled vainly to free their hands. They could not. Finally Kathi worked on her gag. She could not get it out completely, but she managed a garbled sort of speech.

She said, "The knife he used to cut our ropes is just behind you, Wes."

Wes worked manfully at his tied hand. But Raphael was an expert at ropes. Wes could not move the hand.

"Not that hand," said Kathi softly. "The other hand, Wes. The one that isn't tied."

Wes' eyes met hers. There was a smile in Kathi's. A smile for him. Slowly, painfully Wes tensed the muscles of his crippled arm. Sweat poured down his face. All of the effort of a year of trying went down his arm, into his fingers. They did not move. He fell back on the floor.

"You can do it," said Kathi quite calmly. "Try again."

He did try again, and again. And again. His shirt was wet with sweat. And yet he could not close his fingers around a small knife. There were tears on his face, now, and on Kathi's. But Kathi only said, very softly, "You can do it, Wes. You can do it."

And then somehow, someway, his crippled fingers did close a little, momentarily. Long enough for him to roll toward the boat. Kathi leaned forward, wriggling her fingers to get the knife as his fingers dropped it. Then she was sawing, with her body behind her tied hands, at the rope on his good arm.

When Raphael slid quietly in through the window, this time it was Wes Olson who held the oar, and Raphael who fell stunned to the floor.

... ...

Shaggy-Dog Story

By Richard Armour

He has to be trained,
He has to be fed,
He has to be washed,
He has to be led.

He has to be combed
And worked on with shears,
He has to have cockleburs
Plucked from his ears.

"Look out for the dog,"
The sign on our door,
Isn't meant as a warning,
It's meant as a chore.

... ...

They were all screaming at once, then, until Folly and Ichabod and Lieutenant Verek came running. Folly's orange hair was flying, and her face was streaming with tears. Ichabod's big arms were about Kathi, then Miss Amelia. Little Miss Amelia held him very close, smiling up at him, for once saying nothing at all about Mr. Dooley.

And Kathi, now in Wes' arm, said, "You used the fingers, Wes. You used them! Even if only a little. You can be a doctor again."

This time he smiled at her, and the smile reached his eyes. "A one-handed doctor," he said, but the bitterness was gone.

Kathi put her two strong young hands on his. "Not one hand, Wes," she said softly. "Three. Yours and mine."

Wes Olson seemed to find one arm no handicap at all in kissing his girl.

Raphael stirred on the floor. He knew Lieutenant Verek, at least, was watching him, so his movements were slow, random. He edged carefully toward the river, eyes shut, an inch at a time. He sprang to his feet suddenly. Lieutenant Verek had his gun out. Raphael knew that the other man would fire, and that he would be a good shot. *It did not matter. Lynne. That was it, Lynne.* Raphael heard the music of their act, suddenly, playing. He was on the high platform. Lynne was leaping out into space, unafraid, to meet him, and unafraid he leaped to meet her, far out into the river. THE END

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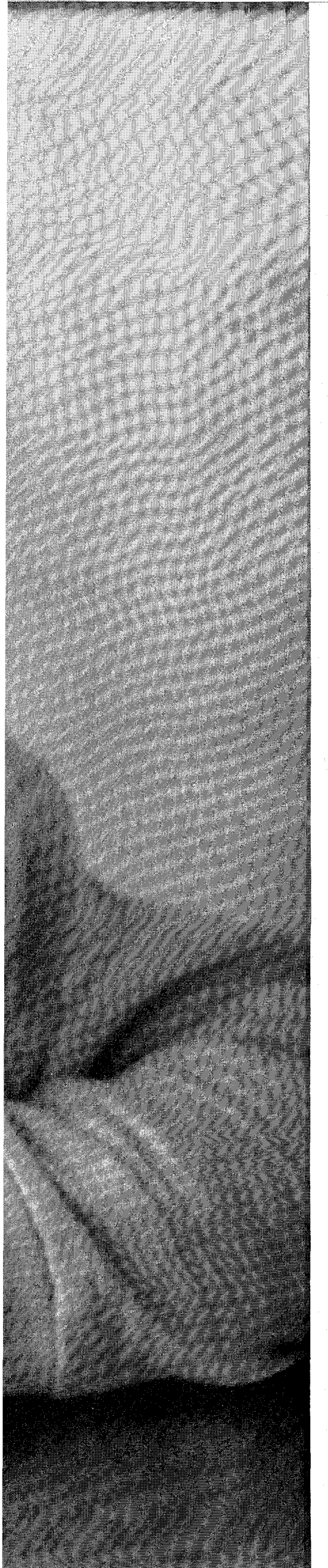

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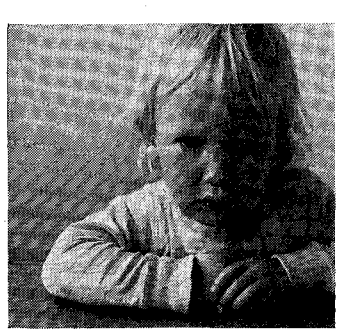

"Child with Tear" photographed by Wayne Mill

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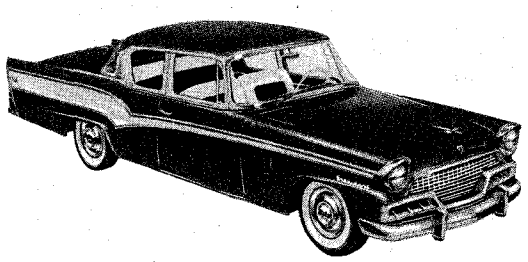
(They give you one unbroken surge of power !)



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We Went Back 1000 Years (Continued from Page 41)

dozen puny eggs a year. We believed that one of the quickest ways to upgrade the meager diet of the Indian farmer was to introduce the strain of highly productive purebred Leghorn chickens.

We outlined the idea to Dharani, our young and eager field worker in the village of Tentelpali. We explained that we could offer every man who owned chickens one purebred Leghorn rooster in exchange for two of the little native cocks. But all of the native roosters must be turned in. It sounded easy. We were sure the farmers would be proud of their finer-looking poultry, more and bigger eggs.

But it wasn't easy for Dharani to persuade the men of Tentelpali to try our scheme. The Leghorns would die here, they were sure of it. The big roosters would eat too much and be expensive to keep. We joined forces with Dharani, sitting in conference with the farmers under the shade of a big tree in an open area in the center of this village of mud-walled houses. We all did a lot of talking there; sometimes days of discussion precede all action in an Indian village. These farmers were illiterate, of course. Yet they were good farmers, and they knew that new ideas must be approached with caution. At last they made a decision. They would make the experiment. They would exchange their roosters for ours. It was a moment of real importance.

Weeks passed, then months. All over the village white crossbred chickens appeared. By the third generation egg size had increased substantially. Pride played its part. One day Lal Behari, a farmer, rushed up to Beulah with a handful of eggs, exclaiming, "Look, *Ai* (grandmother), did you ever see such big ones? Soon I shall be a rich man!"

Then disaster fell. In the third year of this project the monsoon failed and the landscape was brown and sere. All around Barpali the people who lived near the margin of hunger faced starvation. In Tentelpali and other villages all the poultry was slaughtered! Not a bird remained. Our upbreeding work of three years was wiped out.

We did not blame the villagers; we blamed ourselves that they must teach us a bitter truth. We should have known that starting a new idea is just part of a job; seeing it through is the crux of the matter. For often a community will accept a new way of doing a thing, but it will be so shallow in the community mind that it can be displaced easily by the first crisis. Foundation stock could have been saved by better planning. The project had failed, somehow, not in its poultry husbandry, but in its understanding of people. Thus we learned Lesson No. 1 in this kind of work: Rural development is only about 5 per cent technical aid and 95 per cent problems in human relations.

We had our victories, too, the more precious because they came so hard. One day I found Ed and Vivien Abbott, our project doctors, highly elated as they talked with a tall thin man on the veranda outside our rooms. I thought little of it, for all their medical work, including operations, went on just outside my door in a vastly informal way. But now Ed asked if I could recognize our visitor. I could not—and no wonder. Six weeks earlier he had been brought to the clinic on a litter, too weak to lift the tips of his fingers. Never had I seen a man so emaciated. Protein deficiency, Ed and Vivien had said, and sent him home with a supply of dried skim milk.

But today this same man had walked to our center on his own. "Milk," said the villagers. "He has been cured by milk. It is a miracle."

Much of what the Abbotts did appeared miraculous. Life and death were dealt with quietly, and new ideas about health, cleanliness and food were planted in many minds. Teaching, indeed, is the core of all phases of rural development. But it is teaching of a special kind. It is not simply the bringing of new techniques. It is more subtle than that. It has to do with the birth of hope and of a belief in one's own powers to do and to accomplish. Ed and Vivien and their lovely Bengali nurse, Bela, knew how to teach in this way, and so did the seven Oriya women health workers whom they trained.

By the end of the first year we felt more at home in India, and the project was growing. The state government provided us a seven-room center, with a big veranda and several bathrooms. Twenty of us, including the children, lived and worked there. Besides the Westerners, there was our experienced training officer, Indu, a follower of Gandhi at heart. And there was Nitu, a first-rate field anthropologist who guided us away from well-meant but socially unworkable projects. Dr. Shankar Mahapatra worked with the Abbotts, and Anand Chandra and later Paresh Chandra aided me with the agricultural program. It was a group brought together from the four corners of the earth, but it functioned splendidly as a team, although the weather was bound to be squally at times.

●

Garden: Something most men prefer to turn over in their minds.

D. S. HALACY, JR.

●

We Westerners learned a bit of the Oriya language, one of the many tongues derived from ancient Sanskrit. But how much more progress we would have made without the inevitable language barrier! I was jealous of the children because of the ease with which they caught on to the local speech and the speed with which they made local friends. One day after Christmas I visited the Abbotts' room and discovered their six-year-old daughter, Francie, and about a dozen children sitting on the floor around a little wind-up record player. Dickens' Christmas Carol was coming out in a loud English voice and Francie was rapidly translating the story into Oriya for her rapt audience!

Another significant lesson I learned is that it is not enough for one's motives to be pure; they must be clearly understood or there is suspicion. My personal test came quite unexpectedly on the narrow veranda of Gananath's mud house in the tiny village of Sikridi. That day I had worked with him, demonstrating an improved method of pruning the trees in his small orange grove. He was a young man with a quick mind, a natural leader among his people, but I knew he had not been friendly toward the project in the beginning.

Now he put the question directly to me: "Why did you come all the way from America to live in Orissa?"

Along the edge of the veranda the men who had been squatting there to listen shifted a bit and drew closer. There is no such thing as a private conversation in an Indian village. I knew that if I was to be of any use in the community in the months and years ahead, my answer must be convincing, not just to myself but to this man and his neighbors.

"I am a farmer as you are," I said. "Beulah and I made our living for many years on our land in Pennsylvania, a state like your Orissa. Our children grew up and did their share of the work until they were married and made their homes elsewhere. Now, some people here have noted that I have a few gray hairs, and already in the villages the men call me '*Aja*,' which is a term of respect for age, is it not? I like this, and I feel very warm within when I hear it. You see, Gananath, I had reached the age when I should give over some of the heavy work of farming." There was a nodding of heads among the onlookers, and the name "*Aja*" was whispered about. "But after all," I continued, "not all of my hairs were gray and I was young enough to use my long experience in another way."

"I see," Gananath said reflectively. "At least, I begin to see. But you haven't said enough. What made you come to Orissa?"

"I wanted to know country people in India, like you who live in Sikridi," I said. "I thought it might be a good thing for my country if you farmers of Orissa knew what American farmers were like. Moreover, we heard what great things India had been doing since her independence to increase her food supply and improve her conditions of life, and Beulah and I offered our aid, no matter how small, in this work of your countrymen. And we also believed that we would learn much from you that would serve America in this time when friendship and understanding are needed in the world. Does this make sense to you, Gananath?"

He nodded, and I could tell from his eyes that he understood. The day was spent and I must get back to the Center before night fell. Gananath and I walked together through the tiny *Harijan*, or Untouchable, quarter of Sikridi and along the lush paddy lands to the river, which I had to swim to reach our jeep on the far bank. On the other side I pulled on my trousers, which I had held high and dry while swimming, and waved good-by to Gananath. I knew he was now my friend.

While I have great hopes for the future that India is striving to build, some of the difficulties and contrasts stagger the imagination. My frequent trips to the farm of Manbhod Das brought home to me the immensity of this panorama of change, and how some of our pieces fitted into this vast Asiatic mosaic. Manbhod was a young farmer, the son of a *gauntia*, or headman, who lived in Dharakhanda. I knew that Manbhod could afford to take a bit of a chance, as his family had more land than others and a little more margin of security. Thus, we asked him to make some test plantings of improved varieties of rice, hoping that, if he succeeded, the rank and file would follow. Of course, as that crop approached harvest, I watched it as though it were an only child, and so, I discovered, did the farmers of Dharakhanda. If it failed, the project would lose face and faith among the villagers. I made frequent trips to Dharakhanda to inspect the experimental plots, and incidentally, to buoy up Manbhod's co-operative spirit.

The short journey had a significant detour as the road was cut across by one of the huge canals that are being dug in the valley of the Mahanadi River, where the government of India is constructing an irrigation system for 1,000,000 acres of paddy land. In two years water would be flowing and this whole great valley no longer would be at the mercy of the monsoon.

On the way to see Manbhod and his rice one day, I stopped the jeep at the crest of the canal to watch this vast earth-

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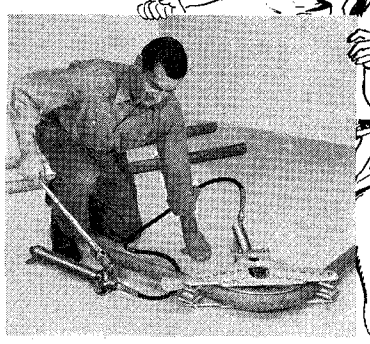

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moving job. In front of me was a long line of women swinging up the slope with a fine rhythmic motion, each carrying a small basket of dirt on her head, the posture of each unbelievably beautiful. What an enormous job this was! Seeing it being done brought home to me the problem of India as she moves into the technological era. This vast, dense population—more than 540 people to the square mile in Barpali—presses inexorably on the existing resources. Change from the old order is swift, but not swift enough. People are living in the tenth century and in the twentieth, side by side. The monstrous steel-and-concrete Hirakud Dam being thrown across the Mahanadi, is as modern as a jet plane. Yet here were the long lines of men and women digging a canal system in the same way that the Pharaohs built the Pyramids. In a very real sense Beulah and I were here because of that dam and its canals. In a few years revolutionary changes will sweep this countryside as irrigation and electric power move in. Will the people be ready for those terrific changes in their lives?

I don't know the answer. I do know that our experiment with Manbhod Das was a success. All four of his plantings from improved seed jumped way ahead of the control plots in yield and the village straightway bought up all of his seed. On the way home from Dharakhanda that eventful afternoon I stopped for a few moments on the outskirts of Barpali at the little shrine to Shiva, a lovely spot above the big pool which the villagers save for their drinking water. As I turned to leave, some men called to me to go gently, pointing to a large cobra lying asleep just beyond the ghats, or steps. "Do not disturb him," they told me. "He guards the temple."

By the time we had been at Barpali for a year we began to know how far we could go in advocating new tools. We could not introduce tractors on these small, irregular family holdings, but we could bring to these farmers the small metal moldboard plow devised for these conditions by Mason Vaugh, an ingenious American at Allahabad Agricultural Institute. We demonstrated hand pumps so that wells could be capped and kept clean. Ed Abbott invented an ingenious "flush toilet," easily made of concrete and put over a hole in the ground, a marvelously simple and cheap device which any village potter could make.

We learned to respect the ability and shrewdness of the people on India's land, but at the same time we came to realize that they could not jump across the decades of technological progress all at once. They must do it, if at all, one slow step after another. Part of the problem was lack of literacy. In the township of Barpali there were about 54,000 people in some seventy-seven villages. Only about 5 per cent of them could read and write. In some villages not a single person was literate.

Yet in this sea of illiteracy there were small, proud islands of learning. The town of Barpali boasted a high school and some scholars like Bhagavan Meher. He was Barpali's revered elder, the son of a great poet, Ganghadar Meher, now dead. I often visited Bhagavan Meher and sat on his little veranda, where he would tell me about his youth and life in this region in the past. One day when I called, with Nitu to translate for us, we found Bhagavan reading. During our conversation I picked up the book which he had laid at his side, and slowly the Oriya words of the title began to take meaning: The Good Earth. I was surprised to find this great book translated into the Oriya language. "Do you like this story?" I asked him, and he earnestly replied, "Yes, because I think I understand those Chinese peasants." And I am sure he understood them very well.

I told him, then, that in my home community in Pennsylvania lived Pearl Buck, the author of this book and that I knew her well. This excited him no end, and we went on to talk of America, my farm, my children, and the people who lived in our countryside. And from that day Bhagavan and I had a special bond.

At first we could not always understand the reluctance of India's farmers to try new ways. When a villager would say to me, "But, Sahib, I am poor. I cannot possibly do that," I wondered at this lack of courage. But never before had I been in a land where, for centuries, the peasant could not afford courage. The huge population pressed like a tremendous weight on the land resources; we had friends all about us who lived almost entirely on rice and lentils, with perhaps a little fish on feast days. The long years of living under authoritarian rule of some maharaja or the British Raj, the zamindari system under which collection of taxes was "farmed out" as a political privilege, the lack of any credit for small farmers except through moneylenders at extortionate rates of interest—all of these had resulted in smaller and smaller landholdings, in larger numbers of landless people, in hopeless debt and the hold of the moneylender on men.

These conditions were being changed since independence, nine years ago. The government had abolished the zamindari system as a first big step in land reform and in one fell swoop had done away with the feudatory states. There was now a Panchayat Act, providing for the establishment of local governments, but it takes time for a village people to learn to govern themselves after centuries of no government by the people. There was as yet little control of the moneylender; only a crack in the situation when the government set up grain *golas*, or warehouses from which the farmers could borrow not money, but grain at reasonable rates of interest.

We learned that enactment of reform laws does not necessarily bring reform, or perhaps only slowly, where life so long has run in deep-worn channels. There was a great need for farm credit in the southern part of our area, where the soil is thin and people are so poor that many families scarcely get from one harvest to another without borrowing. Our village workers there went all out in advocating a co-operative grain *gola*. The idea took fire, enthusiasm spread and a big meeting was called at Agalpur, in the center of the region. At least eight villages sent delegates. I felt an excitement in the air that was born of new hope. In a great circle we sat and each village representative spoke warmly in favor of the grain *gola*.

Then, almost imperceptibly, an undercurrent crept through the crowd. Men whose faces had shown some light, now sat stolid and silent. We got no further. After a bit, some of the farmers got up and moved to the outskirts of the seated crowd. Finally, a man arose and said that the idea of a co-operative grain *gola* was a good one, but perhaps it would be best for them to go back to their villages and talk it over some more. The crowd drifted away and night began to fall.

By then we knew the truth. Not only farmers had come to this meeting, but the moneylenders too. The pressure was too great. The farmers were chained invisibly to these merchants by what they owed. A co-operative grain *gola* was the last thing these men of influence wanted, and so they had killed it, quietly, in whispers, without a word we Westerners could hear.

Our greatest achievement, I believe, was that by the second year the people were beginning to think of the project as theirs. Not all of them, of course, but some leaders, some young men with vision, and some elders. The village workers were now the most important part of the staff because they were closest to the life of the people and could guide policy most wisely. We had learned how and where we could work with the government, and we had discovered able and energetic men who seemed to understand the needs of the new India.

It was at this time that I came to know Khasanath Sahu, the *sarpanch* of Barpali, head of the village council. Over the months, as friendship grew, he would come to talk of plans. He liked thinking aloud and the courage which came from it. How could they build compost pits for the village wastes? Could they add extra grades to the girls' school, so the girls as well as boys could reach high school? And what about a community center, which seemed a vast and almost impossible project—one on which we worked together for many months before the village finally brought it into being. Khasanath was a quiet, wise and gentle man in his middle years, and toward the end of our stay at Barpali he put our whole experience in India in a clearer light. "This project is a good thing," he said, and he was very clear and very positive in the tone of his voice. "We know that now, though we were fearful at the beginning." He stopped and thought a bit before he added, "You see, we are beginning to dare to do some of the things we never before dreamed we ourselves could do."

If you would ask me right now how successful the Barpali project was by the time we left, I could add up a long list of tangible achievements. For example, two villages replanted their worn and denuded forest lands, ten dug self-help village wells, an average of 160 came to each of our weekly clinics, 96 lepers were undergoing treatment by our doctors, each year there was a steady increase in the use of improved rice seed, and food production was decidedly on the upgrade. But these things and many more like them do not add up to a record of success. For I am sure success in this type of work has chiefly to do with the mind, the way people do things, the confidence they acquire, and ultimately the growth of a certain belief in themselves and their own capacities.

And that is why Khasanath's words inspired me. From then on, I had a clearer understanding as to the way change comes in a community. It is an inward process. New ideas have to be digested, mulled over, tried out. India's village people today are making their own beginnings. These changes cannot be made for them, as Gandhi well knew, and as he constantly taught his people. But there must be courage to try, and the edge of courage must be slowly and carefully sharpened after it has been dulled by ages of authoritarian rule and poverty. Courage and self-confidence are growing slowly out of the new freedom which India has won and which she cherishes.

How will it work out? How will they cross over, these tenth-century men and women on the threshold of the twentieth? I do not think we learned the answer at Barpali, unless it is that these village friends of ours will make the transition in their own way and in their own time. We could not hurry them, but we could believe in them and come close to seeing the problem as it appears to their eyes and minds.

When the day arrived for Beulah and me to leave Barpali, we were surrounded by hundreds of pairs of eyes—but they were lively, friendly eyes in smiling faces. We understood when voices in Oriya called, "*Namaska*" to bid us farewell. Bhagavan, the son of the poet, came with the others to bid us farewell and he shyly placed a book in my hands. It was his paper-bound copy of The Good Earth. "Take this to the author," he said. "I send it through you because you are our friend. And I have written down my thoughts about the book for her to read." The whole village seemed to press upon us flowers and affection. Surely we had gathered friends. But as we drove away we carried with us but the tiny beginnings of an answer to Asia's great stirring and the direction its people would take in the years ahead. THE END

"I don't know his exact size, but his head is sort of roundish."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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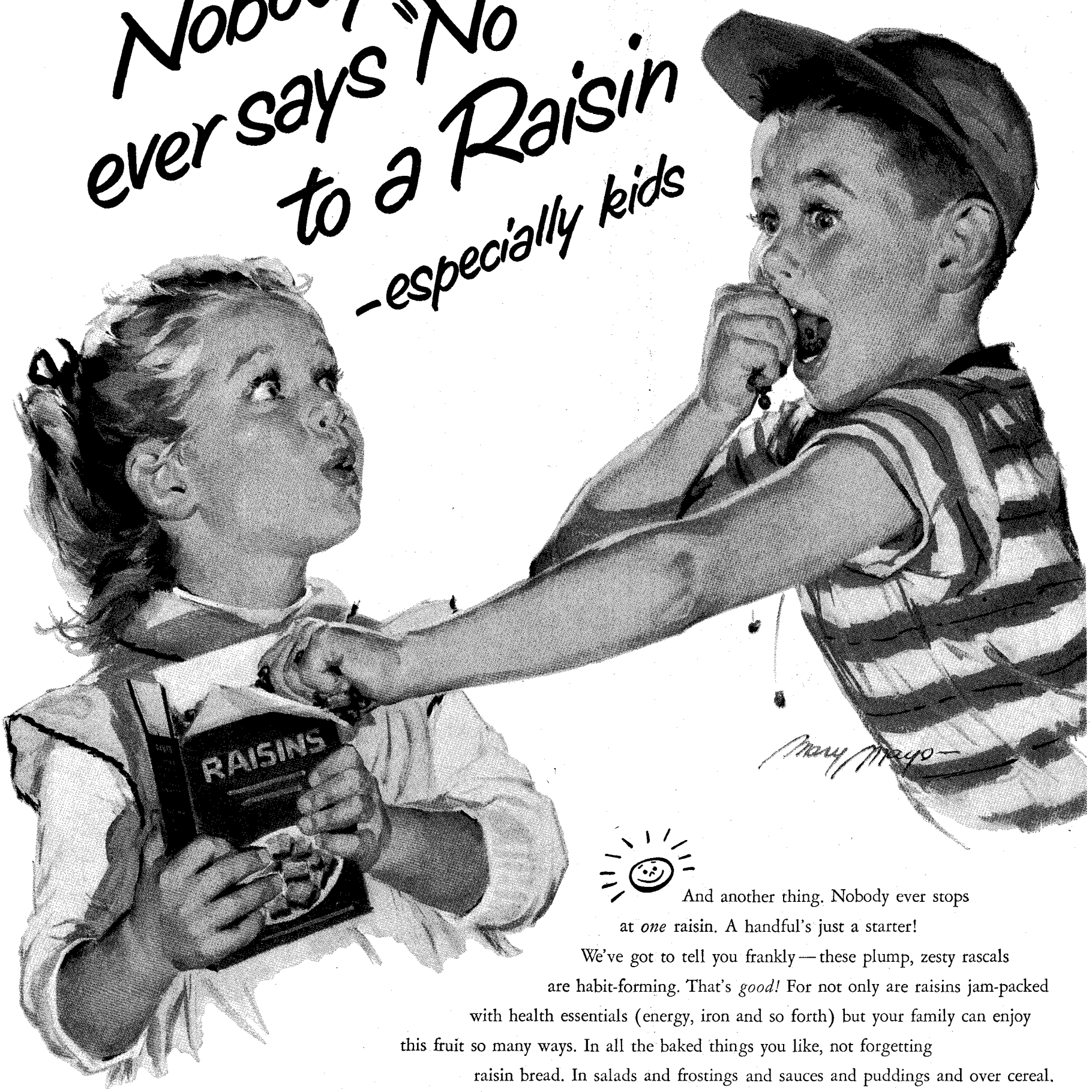

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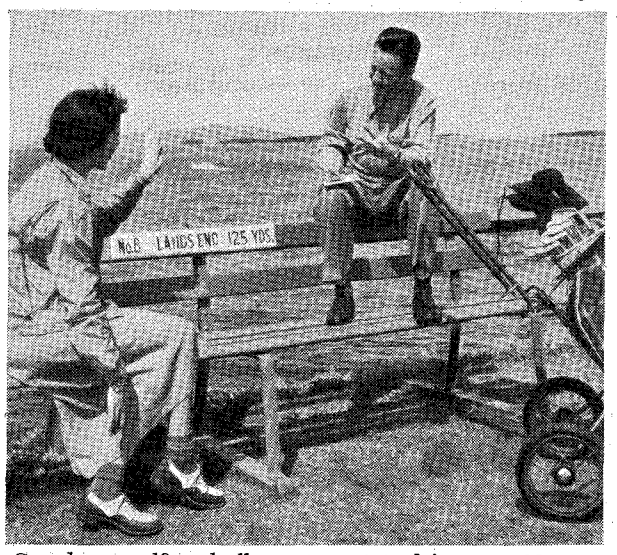

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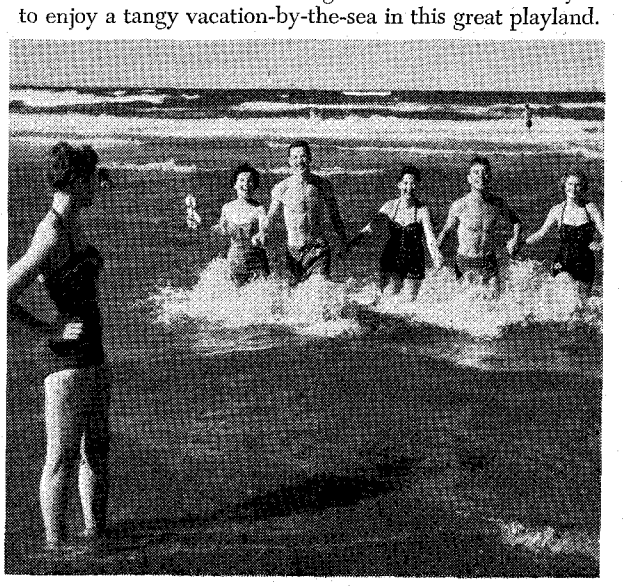

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Revolt of the Homeowners

(Continued from Page 44)

Street. Also, cars poured out of the factory lots just as school let out.

Here and there, families were moving out. Others were thinking about it, trying to make the sorry choice between selling now and hanging on a few years to sell at an even greater loss. Property values were sagging and would sag further. When money spent on maintenance seems money thrown away, as it did here, a neighborhood begins to run down. The Dickinson neighborhood was many years from being a "blighted area." It was simply in the first, undramatic stages, with no way to go but down.

At this gloomy juncture, an energetic city planner, Scott Bagby, appeared, insisting that the day could be saved, the usual fate averted. Although he was the city's planning director at the time, Bagby drew no cheers. Many of his listeners, on the contrary, were a bit shocked by the remedy he proposed. For it involved closing streets and ripping out paving.

From Bagby's standpoint, only a modest amount of demolition was required. In his opinion, thanks to the traditional grid pattern, we have many miles of excess streets producing nothing but trouble. Bagby's idea was a natural for arousing misgivings. The proposal smacked of vandalism, of destroying public property.

Still, you couldn't call Bagby an anarchist. He was a man of attainments in his field. Also, he offered hope, which was badly needed.

"Instead of giving up and moving out to better-protected neighborhoods," said Bagby, "why not protect this one? It can be done. The city wants and needs industrial expansion, but nobody wants it ruining this residential section. Very well; it's possible a buffer can be created, in the form of a park and playground.

"But those factories up north are only part of your trouble. Your streets are being overrun with through traffic. It's going on all over the country. But that, too, can be fixed. The street layout isn't ordained by heaven and can be changed, so that your streets will serve the neighborhood, but discourage speed-happy outsiders. This will cost money, but nothing like the money neighborhoods lose by sitting around letting things take their usual course."

In subsequent meetings, the embattled homeowners heard more of Bagby's ideas. Older neighborhoods, he said with conviction, can flatly decline to decline. Age does not necessarily reduce the value of a house, in spite of the standard belief to that effect. What counts, he argued, is "how well the neighborhood is protected." Meaning, "kept attractive, kept in shape to compete in the real-estate market," by a sort of time-proofing.

What the Dickinson residents did about their problem ought to hearten homeowners by the thousands in cities and older suburbs. The treatment Bagby proposed, though simple and, in the usual case, inexpensive, worked fine. The Dickinson homeowners blocked five streets and, says the Grand Rapids Planning Commission, "Every child is safer, every home will maintain its value longer."

Two of the north-south streets now come to dead ends, with turn-around. Three of the east-west streets are no longer any good to speeding short-cutters because street diversions, called "diverters," block the way. These are little islands, landscaped like miniature parks. Extending cater-corner, they force traffic to turn.

It's still possible, of course, to drive through the section, but it's no longer a fast short cut. Griggs Street, for example, used to be a straight eight-block run. Now, if eastbound, you must turn after four blocks. In one block that will put you on Dickinson, which also was favored for short-cutting. But you must turn again after two blocks. The eight-block run has become a ten-block trip with four turns.

As for the special problem, that threat from industry, that has been solved once and for all. The factories are still there, but now the no man's land is occupied by a pretty 1400-foot park.

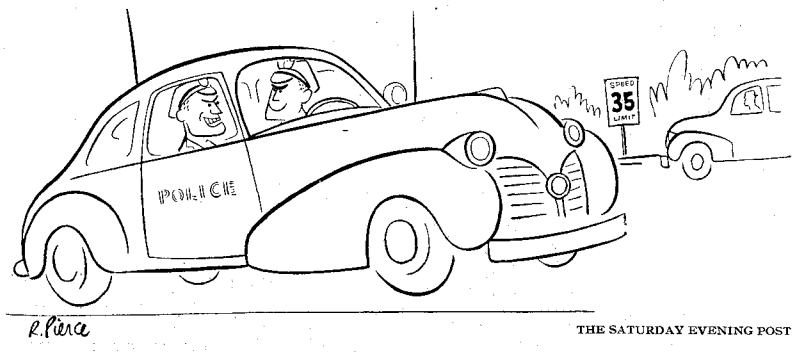
Homeowners are facing the future with confidence. On Dickinson—that "raceway"—there is new building. "This illustrates the change in outlook," says one homeowner. "I was going to sell out. Instead, I just spent two thousand dollars modernizing my kitchen." Others express their bucked-up spirits with fresh paint. Nobody is moving out now.

In the Dickinson neighborhood ordinary men and women whipped residential blight, hands down, before the deterioration got well started. That's no small accomplishment. It took good plans and it took work. The actual construction work was trivial compared to the foot-tons of energy spent in persuasion, salesmanship and organization.

Turning Bagby's plans into fact called for "grass-roots community action," as Frank J. Huber puts it. Huber, who lives on Union Avenue and is an engineer in an industrial plant, was one of the wheelhorses. He admits frankly that he had no idea, at the start, what a job it was going to be to get concerted action from a community of 628 families.

As the advocates saw it, this was a save-our-homes movement with everything to recommend it. "We feared a flood of fifteen hundred to two thousand cars a day and more on some of our streets," said Huber. "That would have meant that residents would be selling out at a loss of two to three thousand dollars." The total loss would be at least $1,500,000. If that could be averted, by spending relatively little, it seemed a good deal.

To some residents, though, the proposal was "simply crazy." Didn't Grand



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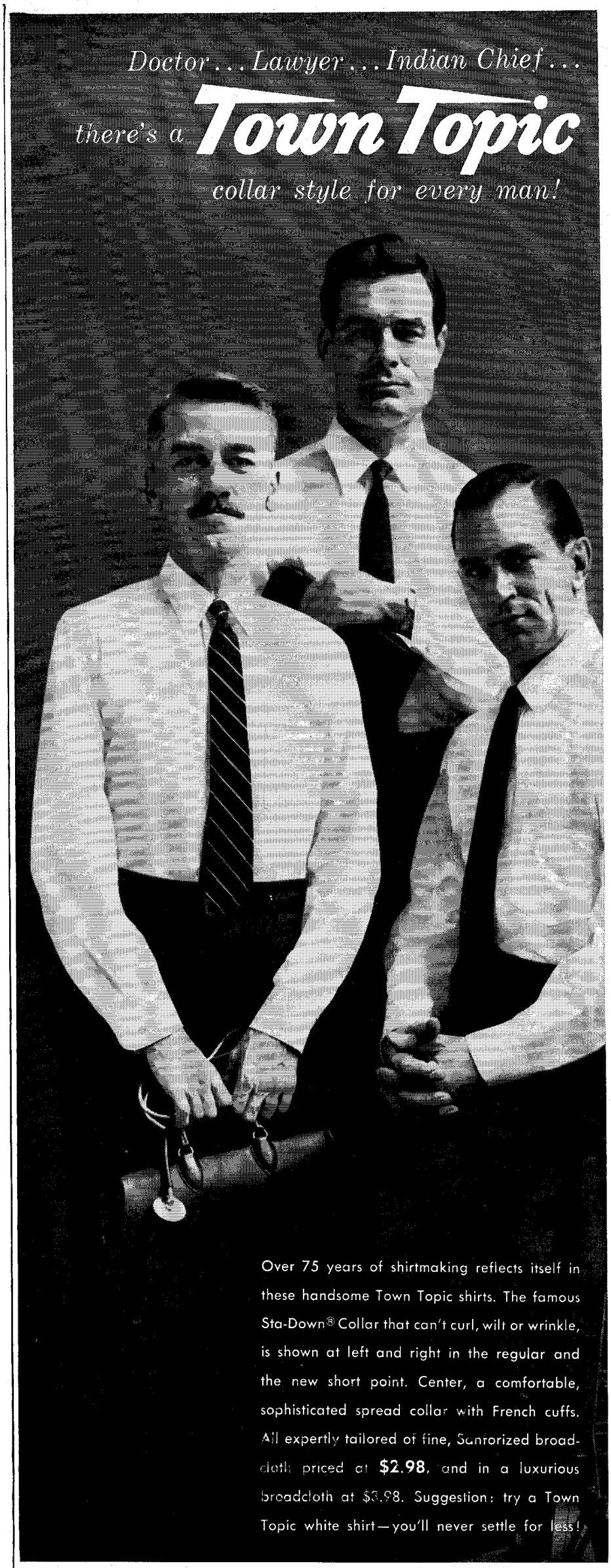

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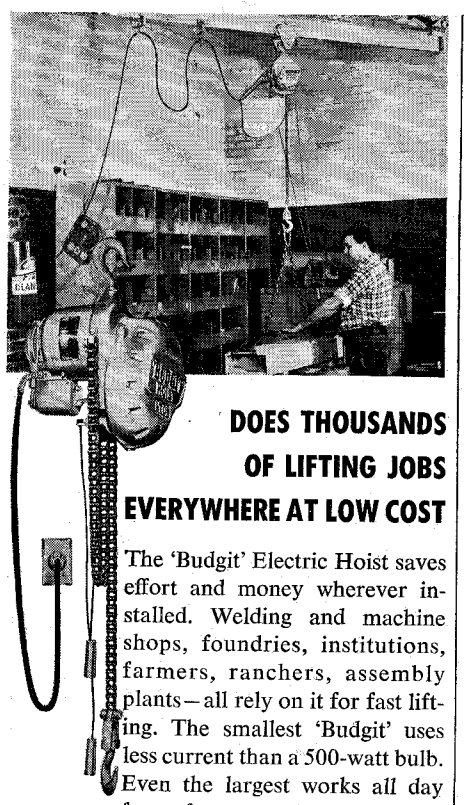

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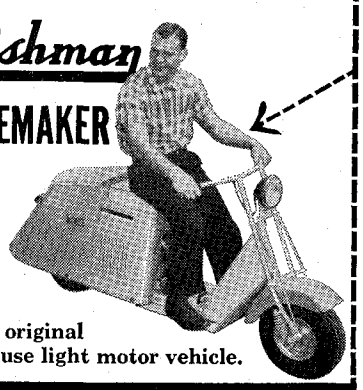

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Rapids have enough turns and curves in its streets without deliberately creating more? The diverters would be "monstrosities and death traps."

There were older citizens who regarded the whole thing as one of those silly ideas to which the young are peculiarly susceptible—"why do you young fellows want to stir things up?" There were others who wouldn't believe that the neighborhood was on the skids.

So it took two full years of persuasion and neighborhood meetings to get the plan adopted, and there remained the problem of getting action from the city. Broached in 1950, the idea didn't become accomplished fact until the spring of 1955. It took work by old and young—by a Dickinson Improvement Association, by the P.T.A., by sixth-graders passing out handbills for mass meetings.

James Dykman, foreman in a heating-and-plumbing shop, headed the Improvement Association. Ted Sowle and his wife were among those who went out ringing doorbells; Sowle is coach at Catholic Central High. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cooper did the same; Cooper is a sign painter who also runs a dance band. Mrs. Bernice Hagerman, principal of Dickinson School, lent her considerable influence. Also pulling a strong oar was G. B. Vander Moelen, who headed an industrial committee. The Doehler-Jarvis Corporation, where Vander Moelen works, is the biggest operation to the north. It backed the project as sound business for all concerned: if the residential district declined, it couldn't carry its share of the tax load. Bagby, the city planner, got into the picture in the spring of 1950, when he heard that a dozen homeowners planned to meet in a council of war.

Much concern and much technical skill are lavished on slums. But nobody pays any heed to the "still good neighborhoods," as Bagby calls them; nobody applies the ounce of prevention which would keep them good. They exist by the thousands, and by the thousands are having one of Dickinson's troubles, trouble with traffic. That's not blight in its grimmer forms, of course. But when danger and anxiety are introduced into residential streets they destroy values as important as the condition of buildings.

Planners would do well, Bagby had been thinking, to devote some of their professional skill to prevention. So when he went out to the neighborhood meeting, he took two members of his staff, and plans. It was exactly the kind of attention neighborhoods like this don't usually get. Usually the doctors don't come around until the neighborhood is dead.

To "draw a line industry can't cross," Bagby proposed the buffer park; to make the neighborhood quieter and safer, the street changes. "They'll give you the same kind of protection against through traffic," he said, "which is one of the big selling points of the better new subdivisions."

Along with taking an extraordinary amount of time, the job cost a lot of money—$104,000. That gives a completely misleading picture, however, of what the treatment would cost elsewhere. For three diverters and two turn-arounds, the homeowners paid $12,000. In the ordinary neighborhood that would be the end of it.

What boosted the bill here was $30,000 for the park, $24,000 for removing two houses from that no man's land, paving an industrial road at $20,000, repaving one residential street at $18,000. But the city contributed park and playground, and twenty-five businesses, including some not subject to assessment, but chipping in out of good will, contributed $25,000. Assessments to the homeowners ranged from $100 a lot for homes nearest the new park, to eighteen dollars. Payable, if you chose, over five years.

Was it money well spent? When the work was only partially completed and the diverters not yet landscaped, the Grand Rapids Institute of Appraisers made a professional study of values. Even at that stage, the appraisers concluded, homes paying the top assessment of $100 were worth $500 more than before. James Dykman, of the Improvement Association, says property values now are up from $1000 to $1500. Which means that prices have executed a smart about-face.

Those dressy and decorative roadblocks turn out to be among the little things which make a big difference. Roughly the shape of an hourglass, they take up only about 400 square feet, but it is that much new greenery and beauty.

Not, however, in the eyes of all beholders. You can change the layout of streets, but changing drivers is something else again. Before the diverters were landscaped there was a curb and nothing more. Some drivers whipped right across, using the streets as before. Traffic engineer Jerome D. Franklin put up heavy posts, but the drivers you want most to repulse are not easily discouraged. A few resolute motorists detoured the posts and cut back to the street through lawns.

Late one night a driver accustomed to using Union Avenue as a short cut discovered too late that someone had installed a turn where no turn existed before. He ended up with his radiator rammed into the porch of George A. Fitch's house on the corner. Fitch remarked that he had favored the remodeling project all along, and didn't need to have the case for traffic control so literally brought home to him.

There still are die-hard dissenters. To one, the street diverter near his home is the black shame of a once pretty neighborhood, good only to make work for lazy weed pullers sent out by the city street department. The great majority of Dickinson residents, however, regard their project as a big success. This pleases Bagby, but doesn't surprise him. He had tried something of the same sort before, though on a much smaller scale. His first attempt at "positive neighborhood protection," as he calls it, came in 1948 in a subdivision of Montclair, New Jersey. That was also Bagby's first experience as a destroyer of streets.

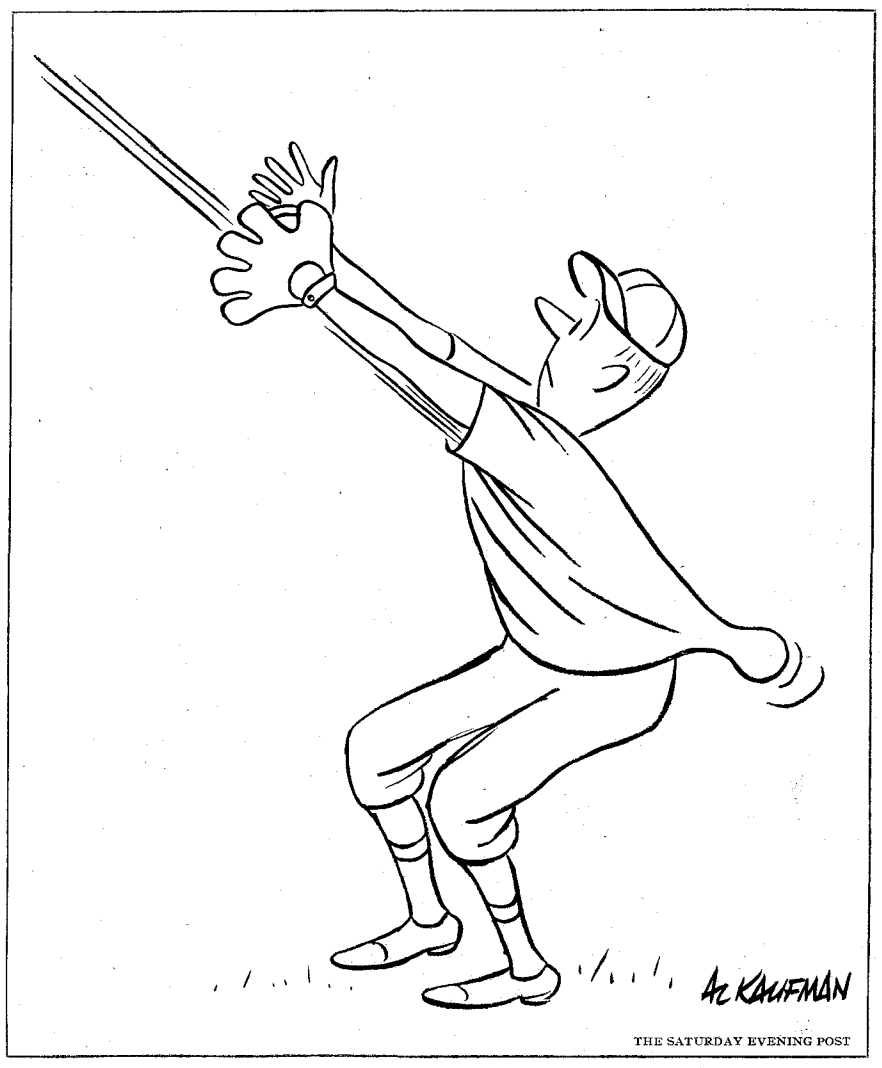
The Fieldstone subdivision had requirements, as to the cost of houses and the amount of grounds, which seemed to guarantee that the community would remain attractive. So it did, until traffic increased after the war. Then its principal street, a curving lane, won popularity as a short cut. By 1948, cars and trucks were boiling through Fieldstone and precious tranquillity was gone.

Prices were dropping, building had stopped cold. "This doesn't have to happen," said Bagby, then Montclair's city planner. "You've got two roads. Disconnect them from the main-traveled streets. Tear out some pavement, bringing the roads to dead ends. Leave one entrance to your neighborhood, and no more."

Then, as later, there were those who looked at Bagby as if he had suggested dynamiting the First Methodist Church. All manner of objections were raised. Fire engines would have to travel two blocks farther to reach some of the houses. This was true, but fire protection still would be far better at Fieldstone than in the outskirts, where some were thinking of moving.

"Guests will get lost trying to find us," other objectors said. It was a possibility, Bagby had to admit, though not a dire one. "This will inconvenience the garbage men," said others, "and you don't dare displease them." That, too, had substance; all Bagby could say was that we can't order our lives entirely to please the garbage collectors.

A certain hesitancy was to be expected. This was the first project of its kind in any American city, new to the homeowners, new (*Continued on Page 86*)



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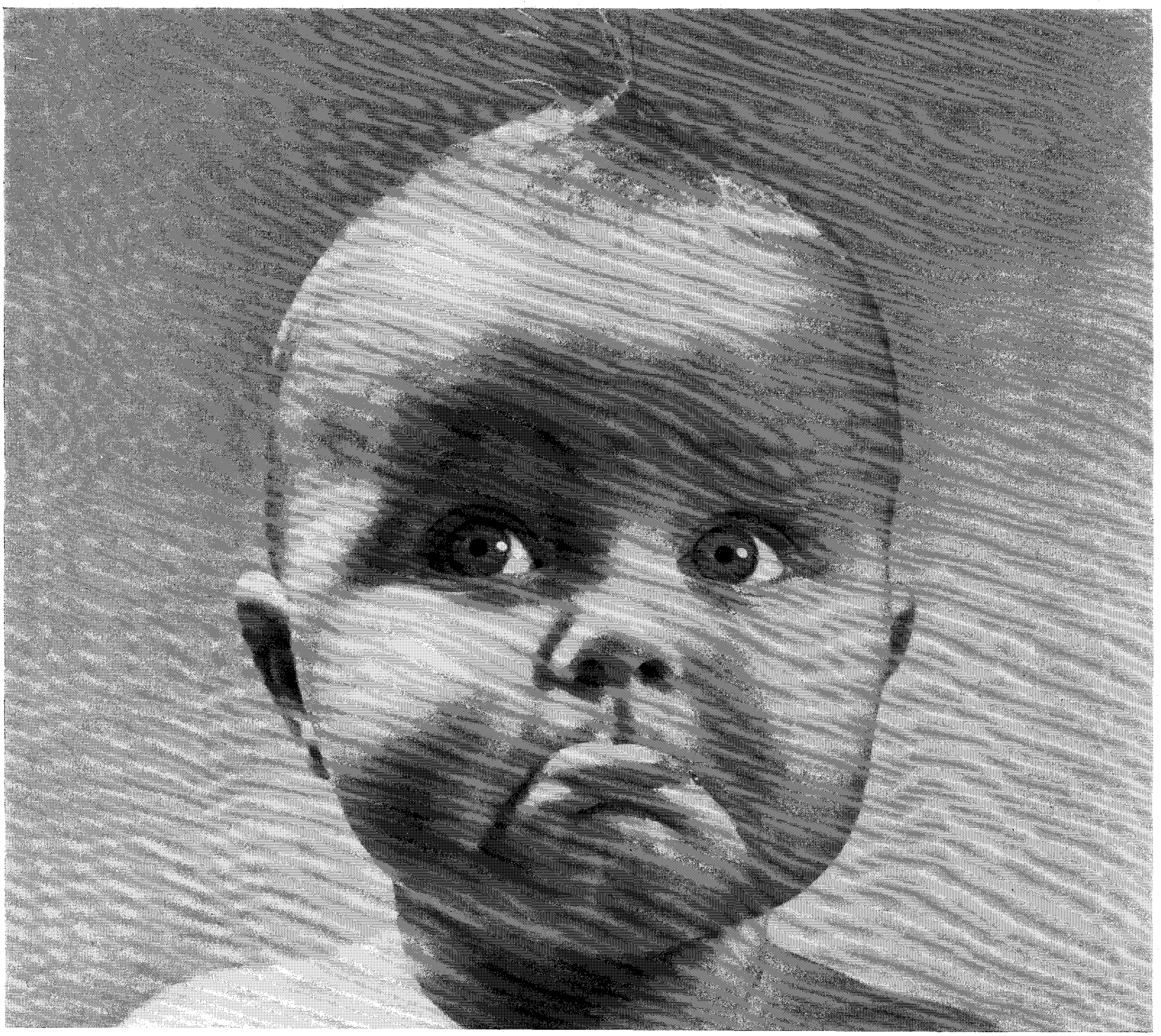

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(*Continued from Page 84*) to the city council. In this case, however, all lights were green inside of a year. Crews moved in and began tearing out pavement and sidewalk. Roadway disappeared and became lawn. The north-south road was shortened by 300 feet, its east-west spur by 20. The cost was $8000, all paid by the residents. The effects were immediate and gratifying. Lots began selling again, building resumed. Today every lot is occupied by a better-than-usual house.

In 1951, Bagby gave this same treatment to a neighborhood in Grand Rapids where Alger Street crosses Madison, a district of about 100 homes. They were served by a pretty suburban-type road called Mulford Drive. Beyond the built-up section lay open land, and in 1951 that was ready for development.

That meant extending Mulford Drive, which was a cinch to become hotly popular once it reached Eastern Avenue, to the east. Bagby and his staff suggested blocking Mulford one block short of Eastern, forcing traffic to turn. "As a result," Bagby says with satisfaction, "the new section has been spared a painfully fast depreciation. And the certain devaluation of the other homes has been averted."

Unlikely as it seems, in view of the mushroom growth in the fringe areas, the majority of Americans live in older homes in older neighborhoods—and wince at the phrase "older home." As used by real-estate men, this is a kindly euphemism for "old-fashioned, ungainly and unwanted." Owners wonder glumly, every time they make a payment on the mortgage, if they aren't pouring good money after bad.

Bagby is perhaps the leading prophet of hope. He has been a stout champion of the older house ever since that experience in Fieldstone. Here were exceptionally good houses sliding in value. What ailed them was not age, but a change in the neighborhood's atmosphere, due chiefly to traffic.

Looking more deeply into the subject, Bagby noted that some neighborhoods are blighted at the age of twenty to thirty while others twice that old grow steadily more valuable. Clearly, age couldn't be the reason. What was? "The amount of protection," he concluded. That means "protection against loss of character and attractiveness," and takes several forms.

Tough-minded zoning, for one. Protection against unwanted traffic, for another. So protected, Bagby thinks, older houses and older neighborhoods can compete very well. They have much to offer: good police and fire protection, water and sewer systems, adequate schools.

The older neighborhoods are about to benefit, Bagby feels, from a retreat from the fringe areas. There comes a point where there must be a water system instead of wells, a sewer system instead of septic tanks. At that point, taxes may soar alarmingly, and the older, well-served neighborhoods will become highly inviting.

Bagby sees another bullish factor—"the greatest demand we ever saw for three- and four-bedroom houses." The vast army of young couples which took the house-hunting field about 1944 now have a swarm of children to bed down. "They'll need room, and lots of it," says Bagby, "just at the time when taxes in the fringe areas get higher than taxes in town, and when it costs far too much to build new houses of the desired capacity."

Until recently, Federal mortgage policies encouraged buying new homes in new outlying developments. Few young couples could afford the big down payment required on older houses closer in or in town. But that's been changed—changed tardily, Bagby thinks, but changed, nevertheless, so that the competitive position of the older house is much brighter.

For these encouraging words, and for demonstrating that values can not only be sustained but improved, homeowners will rise up and call Bagby blessed. But they are so unaccustomed to solicitude on behalf of the older neighborhoods that they will wonder what his angle is. It's simple.

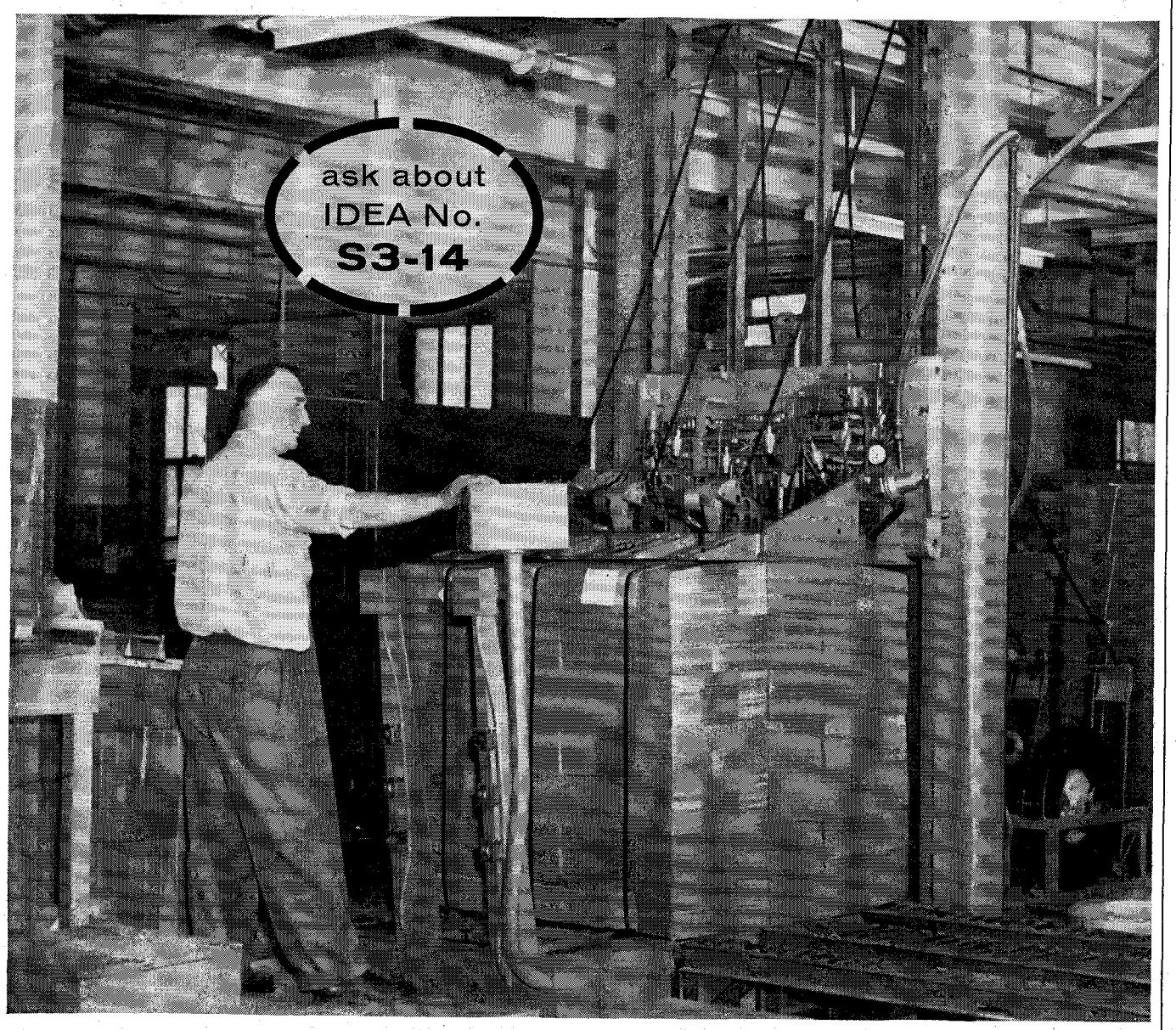
Bagby is a city planner. Cities run on taxes. He must look to tax revenues as a pilot looks to his fuel gauges. The "still good neighborhoods" constitute 80 per cent of any city. Owners of this property—mile upon mile of it—are the old reliable burden bearers. Why not cherish them? They're the laying hens.

In a leaflet publicizing the results out in Dickinson, the Grand Rapids Planning Commission said: "It is possible your area can do what this neighborhood has done." Just now a large community called the Fox Street area is pondering "redesign," and as many as two dozen others may have a go at it.

Clearly it worked in Dickinson, where the residents reversed a slide in property values, successfully defended their homes and their bank balances, and proved that good bold planning can be a penicillin against blight.

But it takes doing. "In any community," Bagby says cheerfully, "you can find a hundred people who can prove that nothing can be done about anything."

Certainly there will be those—as there were in Dickinson, as there are in the Fox Street area—who say, "But this means changing the streets, and you can't do that." It turns out you can. THE END



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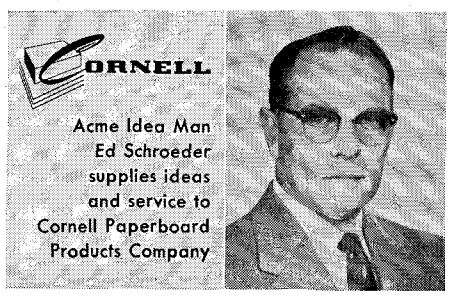

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The Man Called K (Continued from Page 27)

dropped, and his gaze widened and shifted to take in the books behind General Lunkers, and the excitement in his eyes was like the energy with which sparks jump a gap.

He said, "By gosh! I just might have! I just might—thanks to you!"

"All right, all right. What is it?"

General Rumson shook his head. "It'll have to mature a little bit, but we'll see. We'll see. Meanwhile, don't give up forming a theory of your own, George. Mine may not make sense. But it's good enough to develop." He turned to me and asked, "What time is it, colonel?"

"Two-ten, sir. You have just time to get to the Secretary's office for your meeting."

"You going up to see the Secretary?" asked General Lunkers, with scornful envy. He knew all there was to know about how careers were furthered. Conference with the Secretary of the Army was one way.

"Yes, if you'll excuse me. We'll trade theories another day, George."

In midmorning the next day, General Lunkers was back in high spirits. He had a theory. It had a basis.

... ...

Spring Magic

By Carolyn Ellis

Nothing ties earth and sky
together,
Like a boy and a kite in
wild March weather!

... ...

"We have received something further on Mr. K this morning," he said. General Rumson nodded him on. "He has applied for a passport."

"Ho. Do you know for what countries?"

"He wants to go to Switzerland."

"Why?"

"He is going to take part in the international skiing matches in Switzerland. And there," said General Lunkers, with some magnificence, "you have the explanation of his long stay in the Colorado mountains."

"What?" said General Rumson, gazing at him with a dangerously straight face. "George, I don't see the connection."

"Simple enough, Ted," replied General Lunkers with indulgent patience; "you see, he was quite clearly in training all that time in the mountains."

"Maybe you're right. What is the State Department going to do?"

"I suppose they'll process it, as we have nothing concrete on which to request a denial of the passport."

"I see. Well," said General Rumson, yawning cheerfully, "so much for my poor old theory. But anyhow, let me ask if you have any idea of just what sort of key information Professor Z might be tempted to pass through all our precautions to the enemy, assuming he is actually a spy?"

"They tell me there is a formula which states the final mathematical phase of how we make the newest type of our explosive devices go off."

"Is it long or short?"

"Oh, it isn't one of those that fill up a blackboard. I saw it once. A couple of lines, I guess."

"What does Mr. K look like?"

"What the hell does that matter?" demanded General Lunkers. "I don't know, actually, what he looks like."

"Can you get me photographs of him taken before and after his three-month stay in the canyon?"

"I suppose I can, but ——"

"It might be worth getting them, Georgie. Quick too. Meantime, if you are in a position to do so, ask the State Department not to be too ready to approve that passport."

General Lunkers nodded and went. Even among major generals, it took one to lead and one to follow.

But by next afternoon he had photographs of Mr. K to lay before General Rumson.

"All right," he said, slapping down one of the pictures, "here is Before"; then adding the other, "and here is After. They were flown in from Fort X."

General Rumson took up the pictures and moved to the window to study them well. They were snapshots. He compared them closely. When he straightened up and turned around again, he spoke with great indifference, but there was a light in his eye.

He returned them to General Lunkers, who asked, "Well, Ted?"

"Did you study them, Georgie?"

"Yes, I looked them over. He looks just the same to me in both of them."

"Oh, yes, he's the same fellow, all right. Just the same, I'm glad I saw the pictures. I am now able to ask you to make another move. Can your people out there at Fort X search Professor Z's quarters?"

"Why, I suppose so."

"Good. Ask them to do it right away and report if they find any objects, materials or printed matter having to do with the art of tattooing."

"Tattooing?"

"Yes. Soon."

General Lunkers looked suspicious, struggled with a half-formed witticism, finally abandoned it and went away. General Rumson gave me a hard stare that precluded any questions on my part.

During the lunch hour on the next day, General Lunkers came to our office and asked for General Rumson.

"Sorry, sir," I replied. "He's lunching with the Secretary."

General Lunkers looked at me heavily. How did a fellow get invited to lunch in the private dining room of the Secretary? Why wasn't one major general as good as another? In his wondering envy, General Lunkers made a claim on your sympathy. How could Ted Rumson sit there all day among his books and know what the security personnel would actually find way out West, there, in Professor Z's house?

For they had found it.

"Well," said General Lunkers, "when Ted gets back, tell him I got word. They found a whole kit of tattooing equipment, complete with directions, in Z's house last night while he and his wife were at the movies in a post theater." General Lunkers looked tough and cross. "How does he always know things?" he asked. Bitterness surged over him. He threw his hand. "I just wish one thing, that's all. I just wish I could get out of this hellhole of a Pentagon and get back to troops.... Have Rumson call me."

I delivered the messages as soon as General Rumson returned.

"What does Georgie make of all this?"

"Well, sir, just like me, he's baffled. But I gather, beyond that, he wants like the dickens to get invited to lunch with the Secretary, and he wishes he could get out of here and back to troops."

"Poor George. He ought to. He's a fine field commander. The joke is, he'll be a better one, even, after this staff interlude. Please get him on the phone, will you?"

In half a minute General Lunkers answered over the phone in the stylized code word he'd made up for himself: "Jerllunkers speaking."

"Hello, George. Ted. Great work you got your men to do out there on Z," said General Rumson.

I heard a quacked thank-you on the wire. Then General Rumson continued, "Next thing, George, is this: Can you have Mr. K brought to Washington on a plausible pretext? For instance, you might ask State to get him here to discuss technicalities on his passport application. He won't dare to refuse to come, unless he wants to arouse suspicion. So, when State gets him here, have them refer him to your office. And then see that I meet him socially. I used to ski, myself. You can introduce us as fellow fans. The whole thing (Continued on Page 89)

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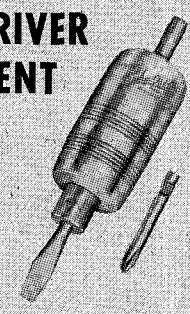

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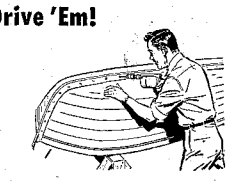

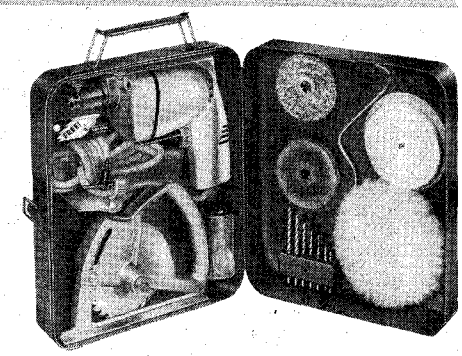

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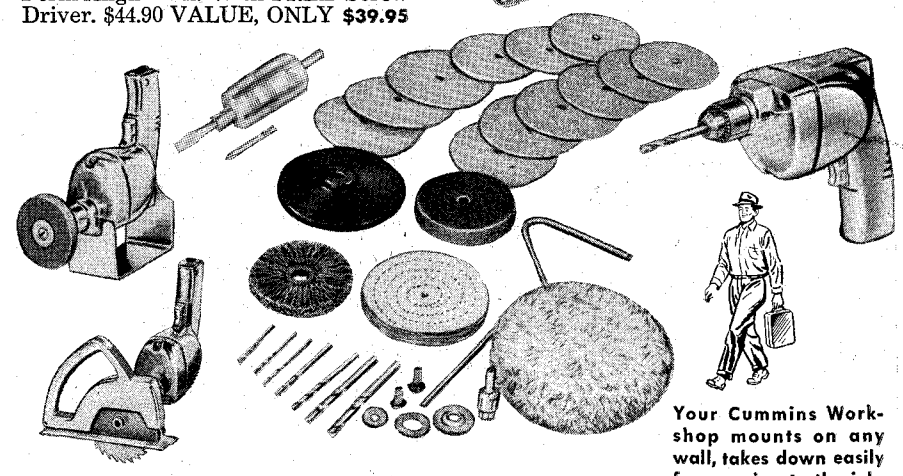

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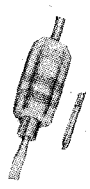

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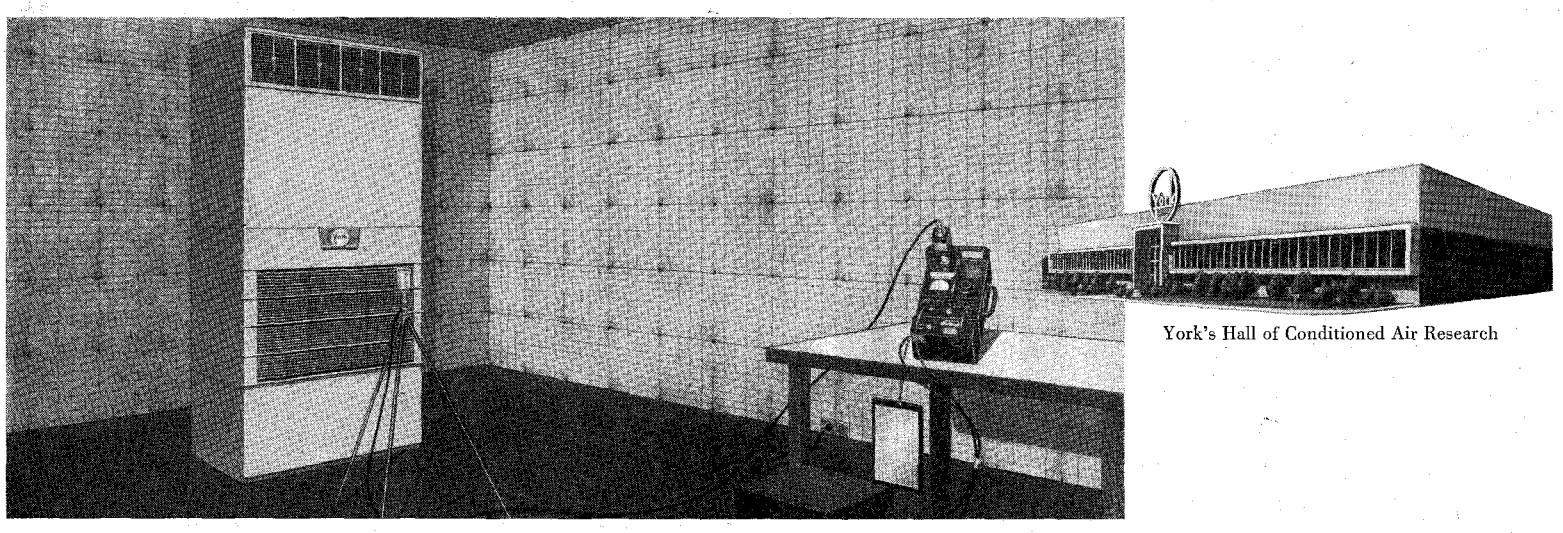
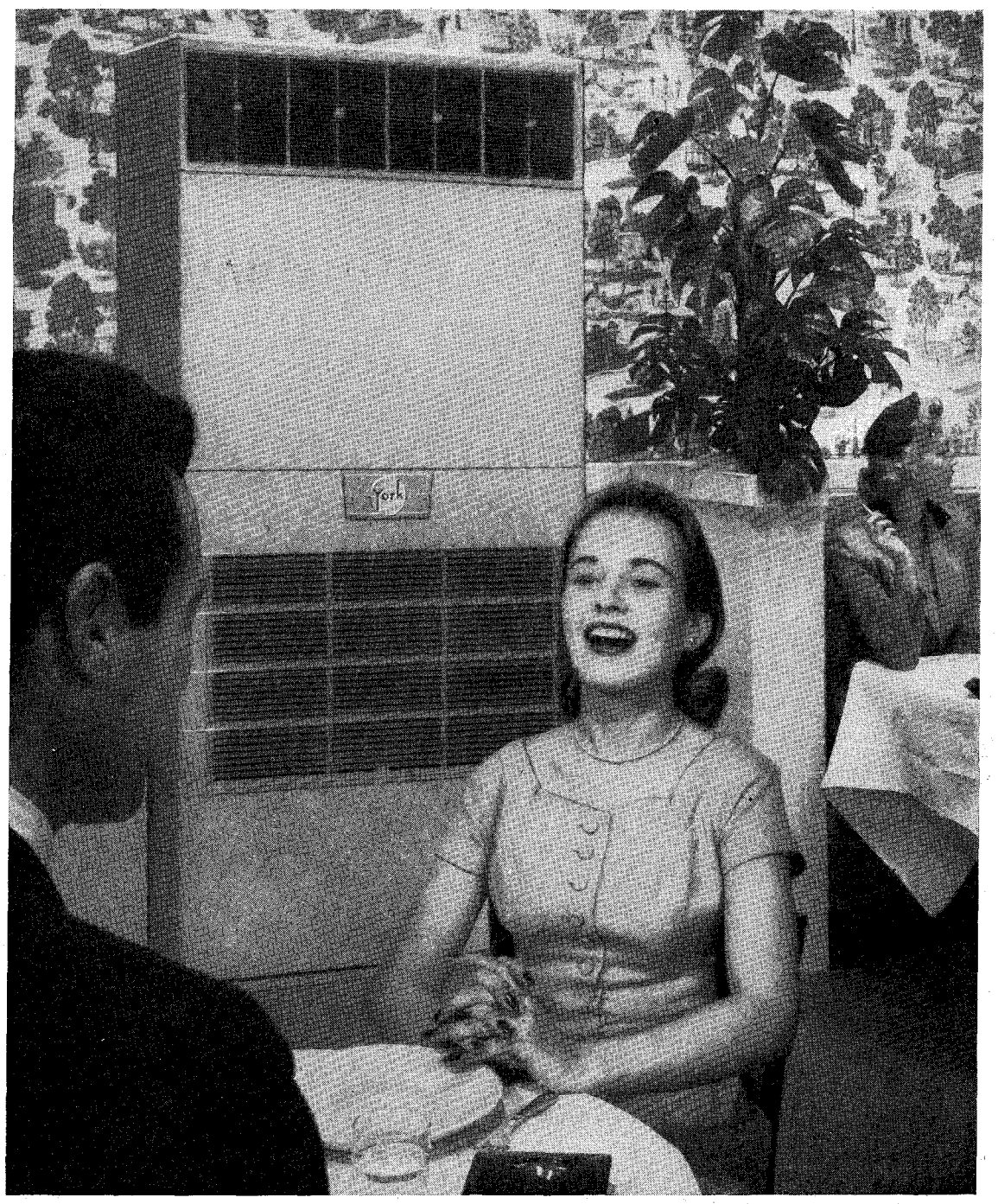


York's Hall of Conditioned Air Research

York's "tomb room" gives you quieter air conditioning



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(*Continued from Page 87*)

is to be enthusiastically unofficial. Is that clear? . . . Good. Let's go, now."

General Lunkers came around early in the afternoon, five days later, bringing a visitor in civilian clothes—a man of middle height, broadly shaped, lean and full of muscular tension. He was sunburned and blue-eyed and his hair was worn in a thick brush cut. His clothes—a sport jacket and slacks get-up—fitted him well. He was friendly and forthcoming as he put out his hand when introduced to General Rumson and me. It was Mr. K.

"I hear you're also a ski enthusiast, General Rumson," he said in a rich, rather stagy voice.

"No good at it," said General Rumson, "but I miss it, living here."

K looked around the room, saying, "A fine library, general. It happens that reading is my other great interest in life."

General Lunkers chuckled heartily, and said, "I always say my old friend and classmate, General Rumson, has a passion for useless information."

"And yet," said K, "I suppose every piece of information, sooner or later, is of use to someone."

"How long will you be in town, Mr. K?" asked General Rumson.

"Day or two, sir, far as I know. I'm trying to get a passport for Switzerland, where I'm going to compete in the matches. They asked me to come into Washington to get special clearance through General Lunkers' office. I'm out at Fort X," he added, to explain such elaborate security precautions.

"Tell you what you do, K, if you have no other plans for this evening. Join me for a few drinks and dinner, and we can get down to some solid talk about skis and books. My wife is out of town or we'd dine at home, but I like the club over at Fort Myer, and we can go there. I'll have a staff car here around seven if George Lunkers and his merry constables will be through with you by then."

So it was arranged.

"You'll join the party," said General Rumson to me later. "Meanwhile I'd be grateful if you would make the following preparations during the rest of the afternoon."

He pushed over a scrap pad and some pencils, and nodded at me to take notes, while with much deliberation he laid down orders for me to set in motion. This occupied perhaps half an hour, at the end of which time I left the building and, in accordance with what I had just heard, drove over to Fort Myer.

There, at the motor pool, I found a certain Sergeant Frye. On hearing that I came from his old and unpredictable friend, General Rumson, he was not unduly astonished at what I had been sent to tell him to do.

Somewhat before 1915 hours that evening, Sergeant Frye was to check out a jeep at the motor pool, drive on the post to Quarters I, where the Chief of Staff lived, and park in front with his lights off. At approximately 1915 hours, a staff car bearing General Rumson, a civilian visitor and myself, in addition to the chauffeur, would come slowly up the drive inside the main gate of Fort Myer. Sergeant Frye would identify the staff car by the fact that its interior dome light would be turned on. Upon recognizing it, Sergeant Frye was to ram the staff car deliberately, preferably at right angles, but in such fashion as not to cause serious damage. It would be helpful if Sergeant Frye would produce as much commotion as possible.

"Is this all clear, sergeant?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he replied. He shook his head with grinning appreciation of General Rumson's quality, of which all these plans reminded him.

Next, I called on the provost marshal of the post, and by command of General Rumson, asked him to arrange for an MP squad in a C/R car to be cruising near Quarters I at approximately 1915 hours that evening, for the purpose of reporting a motor collision which would occur at the hour and place designated. The NCO in charge of the military policemen, after duly recording the circumstances of the accident, must then require that all personnel involved be taken, over any protests that might be offered, to the post hospital for medical examination to determine the extent of any injuries suffered in the crash.

After that, I proceeded to the post hospital, where the medical officer in charge, after assuring himself as to my credentials, agreed to carry out General Rumson's request that a medical officer and an enlisted technician be held on duty that evening between 1900 and 1930 hours to receive for thorough examination a small group of military personnel and one civilian who would be involved in a motor accident near Quarters I during the period of time designated. If there should be any insistent objections to such examination on the part of anyone involved, the medical officer on duty must nevertheless require that he submit to examination, explaining that in any accidents within military premises regulations demanded that the extent of physical injuries suffered by accident victims must be determined promptly. A squad of military police would be at hand to enforce proper procedure should any need arise.

I returned to the Pentagon and reported to General Rumson.

"Everything set up?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"We'll make out," he said. "I'm running a fair risk, you know," he added cockily. "I may make the most ultimate damned fool of myself."

At twelve minutes past seven, or 1912 hours, the staff car turned through the main gate of Fort Myer and started up the winding drive on the gentle hill leading to the first of the old red brick and white wooden quarters of the post. Contrary to protocol, which he had deliberately flouted in a sweep of good fellowship, General Rumson sat in the left corner of the rear seat. I was in the right, Mr. K was in the middle.

"Colonel," said the general, rummaging in his hip pocket for his wallet, "just flip on the light, will you? I want to show K something."

I turned on the dome light at the little button beside me. Our driver, the general's regular chauffeur, who knew nothing of what might soon happen, leaned forward a little to see better with the interior light on.

"Did you ever try the runs at the Wolf Mountain Club?" General Rumson asked K. "They're the best in the West—look, here's my card to the club. Turn it over." General Rumson leaned over, holding his wallet out with his left hand. At the same time, as if for comfort in the crowded seat, he brought his right arm up along the cushions behind K. They both bent over to see the reverse of the card, which carried a small line map.

In the same instant we were all thrown awry by a violent crash. The staff car was jarred to the left, teetered off its right wheels for a moment; then rocked back. We heard the roar of a jeep engine in compound gear. Our right rear door window was smashed. The two cars ground along for a few feet and then came to a halt. Outside, Sergeant Frye was shouting.

The impact made K cry out. It lifted him up toward the car ceiling and dropped him back. General Rumson was thrown back on the seat. He winced and brought his right arm forward and pulled at it with his left hand. I was braced, but even so, shaken. K shook his head foggily.

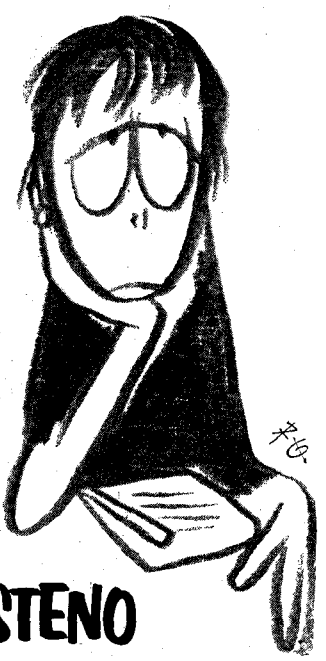
As the car stopped the general said, "Are you all right, K? It certainly threw you hard against the roof."

"I guess so," said K. "I hit something."

"The rib under the top lining," said the general. "Good Lord, you've had a cut!" He was peering at the back of K's head, and now he raised his right arm again, hand closed, and then delicately

"Well, this should lift my spirits enough to hide from Fred the disappointment I felt over his not getting the raise I was planning to celebrate."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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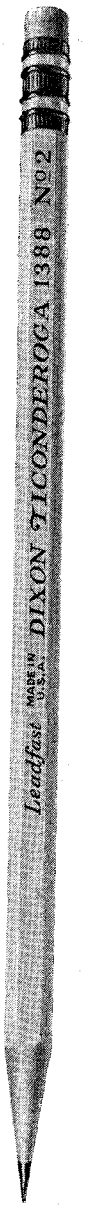

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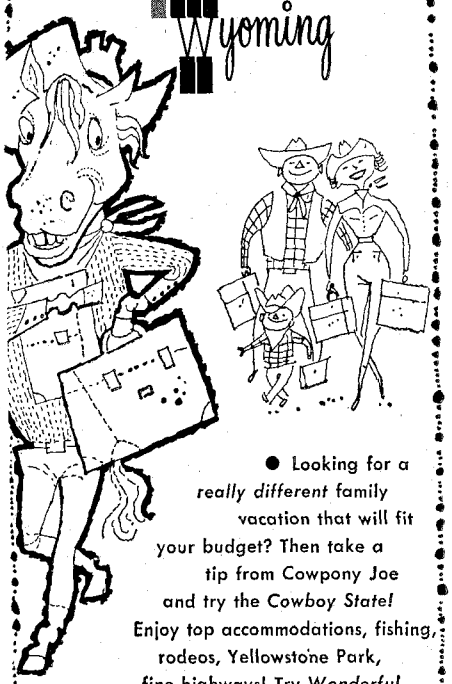

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touched the back of K's head. He brought his hand away with his fingers stained liquid red. "Look at that," he said, showing the stains. "We'd better get another car. You wait here, K, just for a second. I'm awfully sorry about this."

He scrambled out of the car. By now the MP squad was there. We heard voices outside. In a moment, the general returned.

With every accent of regret for causing inconvenience to his guest, he said, "It's all right, K. The MP car will take us on."

K lunged out of the wreck and we all climbed into the C/R car, while the MP squad held on to its sides.

"It may not be much of anything," said General Rumson, "but we'll check it, just to make sure."

I felt K stiffen. "What do you mean, check it?" he asked sharply. "Where are we going?"

"The post hospital. It won't take long, provided you really are all right."

"Oh, no, thank you, general, that's very kind, but we really needn't bother. Let's go on to your club, and I can clean up there." His voice was a little dry, and it shook a trifle.

"I'm sorry," said the general; "we have no choice, as the MP just reminded me." He leaned around K and asked, "You all right, colonel?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, "far as I can tell."

The squad car drew up in front of the hospital. The MP's dismounted. They did not exactly resemble a guard, but they were not just a reception committee, either. In the wan light of the single electric bulb burning over the entrance, K looked at them, and past them, and I thought I saw his hard, well-made figure tense itself as if to bolt away into the darkness. The general took his arm, led him to the stoop and into the infirmary. I followed, and so did all the MP's.

Once inside, our procession went fast down a long corridor and into a set of clinical examination rooms. There we found a doctor and an enlisted orderly. The general rapidly explained our mishap.

"Yes, sir," said the doctor, a young captain with a solemn face and great, thick eyeglasses. "If you will just step into the other room, sir," he then said to K, "and lie down on the examination-table, I'll be right with you. . . . Orderly, please help the patient."

K turned red. His eyes blazed. "This is nonsense!" he exclaimed. "I told you I'm all right. I may have a scratch on my head, but it's nothing. I'll be obliged, general, if you'll call off this—this indignity."

The general turned to the doctor. "How about it, captain?" asked the general. "Can you waive the thing this time?"

"No, general. The requirements are very clear."

K turned sickly. His color left him. The doctor saw it, too, and nodded solemnly, and said to the orderly, "Get him in there, corporal, and get his clothes off. He looks a little faint."

But K was faint from something other than injury. Putting a smile over his pale-green face, he went to the next room with an air of indulging his protectors. Some of the MP's were in the corridor. He saw them. The rest were with us in the examining room.

When K was gone, General Rumson drew the captain away out of earshot of the MP detachment and myself. I saw him speaking quietly and earnestly to the captain, who nodded owlishly as a gleam of some odd interest came into his face. Then the captain walked to the other room to begin his examination behind closed doors.

The general came over to me. "How did it look?" he asked.

"How did what look?"

"The accident and K's injury, and all the rest of it. Convincing?"

"Oh. Why, yes. But I didn't expect he'd actually get hurt."

"He didn't."

With frank relish of his theatrical resources, General Rumson showed me a small tube of moist water-color paint. Its contents matched the stain on his right hand. He threw the tube into a disposal can and began to wash his hands at the basin near it.

"I timed it," he said, "and when Sergeant Frye was just about to strike us, I raised my hand and squeezed the tube, and when the crash came, I hit K as hard as I could on the back of the head. I had my ring turned around to make it something of a knock, so he'd feel it." He showed me his big West Point ring with its heavy modeling and its big dark jewel. "As you must know by now, the whole thing was staged *(Continued on Page 92)*

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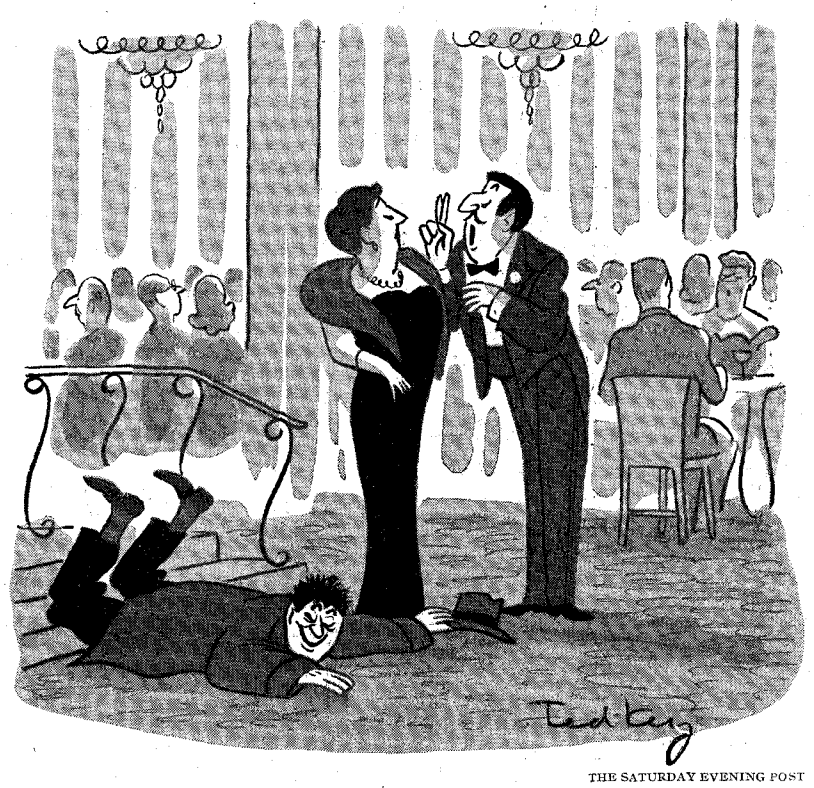

"Two?"

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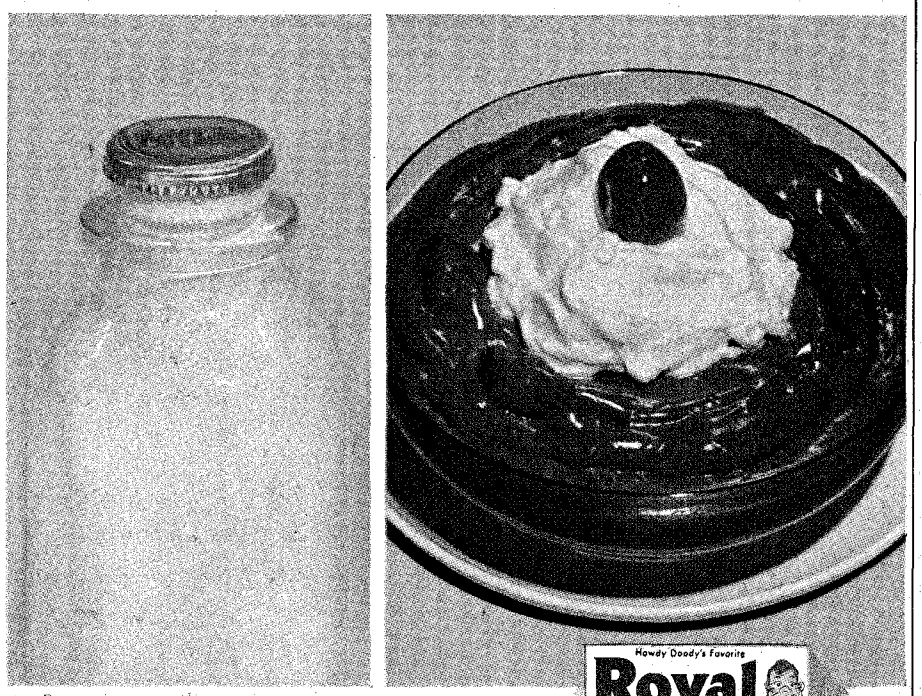

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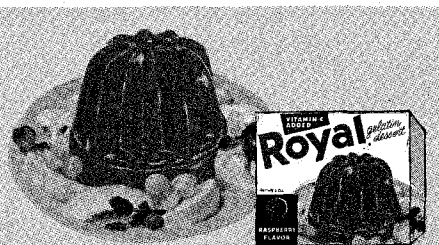

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(*Continued from Page 90*) to get K into a hospital, where he could be minutely examined."

"For tattooing, you mean?"

"The doctor is checking him now for any bodily marks, though K doesn't think we know what we're looking for. But he's fearful of what we may discover. I think he will be a lot more nervous when the doctor begins to dress his head wound."

The doctor, the orderly and K, who was now dressed only in a hospital smock tied in the rear, returned.

"Nothing shows up at all, general," said the doctor. This had a double meaning which now I could appreciate.

"As I told you," K said. "Can't we go now?"

"Yes, sir," said the doctor; "all that is left is to dress your head wound, and we can discharge you."

He reached into an autoclave and brought out a sterilized set of blades for an electric clipper. Opening a drawer, he took up a clipper and fitted the blades into it. He plugged it into a wall outlet.

When these small but significant acts were completed, K swallowed with a dry, clacking sound, and said, "Oh, no. I'm sure that will not be necessary."

"If you please, sir," said the doctor. "To dress your scalp cut I must have the area shaved. If you'll sit down ——"

The general was watching K intently. The MP's were a silent rank inside the door. K pressed his lips together. He stared about at the door where the police soldiers stood. He took a deep breath and I saw his fists form and then relax by his sides.

He wasn't a very good actor, but he kept trying to seem at once indignant, unconcerned and humorous in his plight, and all the while sweat stood forth on his brow, and his lips were drawn wide by strain.

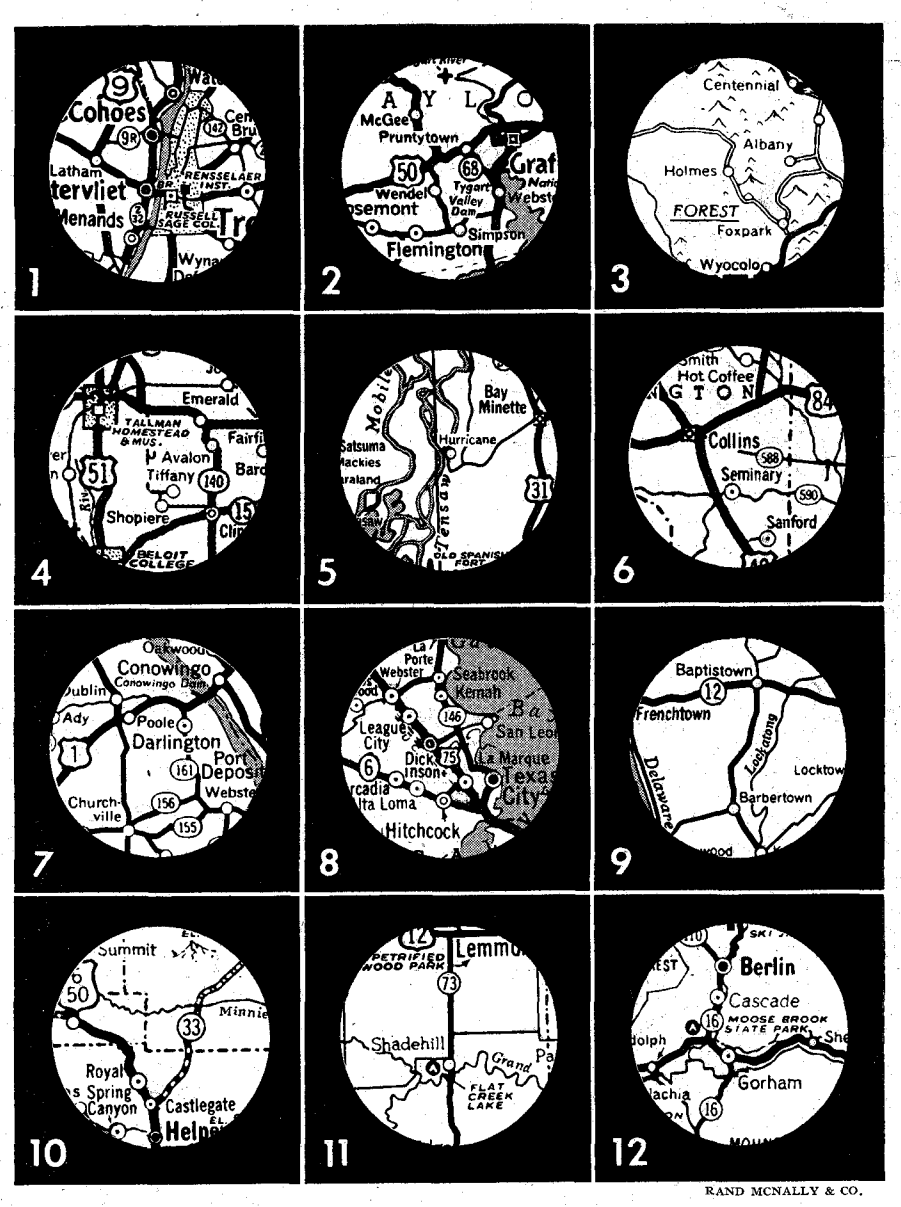
"Well, take as little as you can, and keep off the top, then, where it would show worst," he said, and sat down.

The doctor began to clip the hair from the nape upward. The general moved over to watch. K was really pale now, and he licked his lips.

As the clippers reached a certain point on the curve of his skull, he called out, "No, no! Oh, please, that's enough, please, please!" And then, even as he stared at us, he collapsed and fell back against the back of his chair, and covered his face with his hands.

The general nodded to the doctor, who made a broad sweep of the clippers along the top of K's head, and in another second the general called me over to him with a lift of his chin.

He pointed to what was revealed in the pale scalp (*Continued on Page 96*)



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(*Answers on Page 96*)

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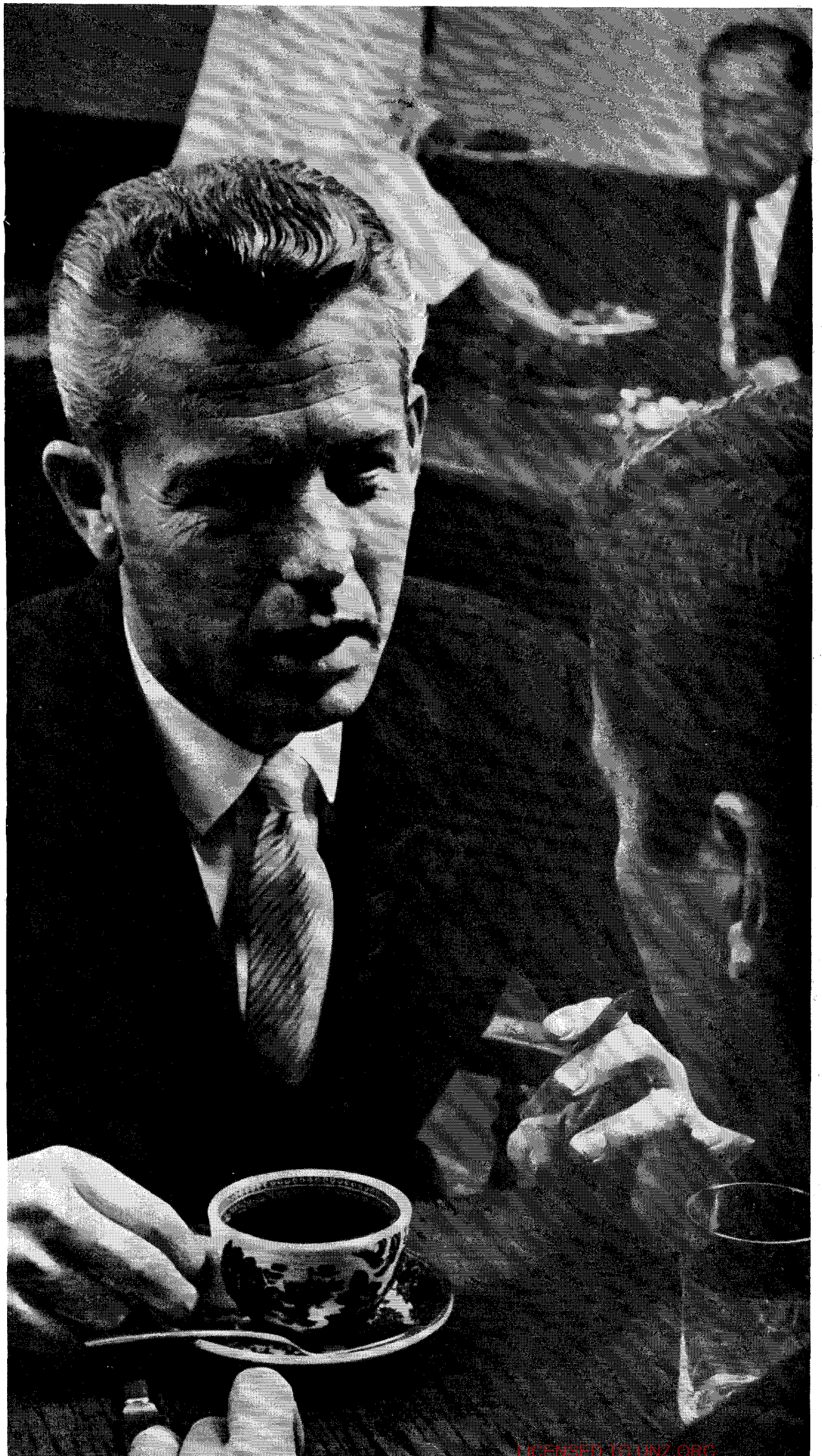
What a young family man should know about life insurance agents...



On the day a man first starts pricing engagement rings, life insurance usually becomes an entirely new, vastly important, but somewhat confusing subject to him. And since he's almost certain to want to talk to a life insurance agent sooner or later, it's a good idea for him to know something beforehand about agents and the product they sell.

For example, he should know that selling is only part of an agent's job. Mainly, he's a thoroughly trained advisor—an expert on some of the problems that most profoundly affect our lives. The product he offers, purely and simply, is financial protection. His mission is to help families achieve security—both now and for the long haul.

Unlike other jobs, the most important part of an agent's work comes *after* he has made the sale and helped a young family plan their program of protection. Then it becomes the agent's year-in, year-out duty to service and develop the program, to anticipate changing needs, to expedite payment of benefits.

Any New York Life agent will tell you that's the most rewarding part of his work, too. It's seeing a home saved for a young widow and her children . . . watching a teenager start off for college . . . seeing a man, possibly *you* someday, happily retired with an income for life.

Something else any young man certainly should know . . . he should know his New York Life agent.

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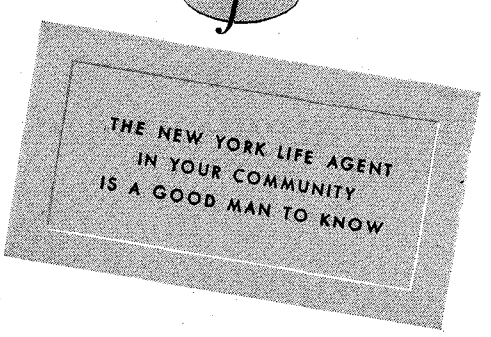

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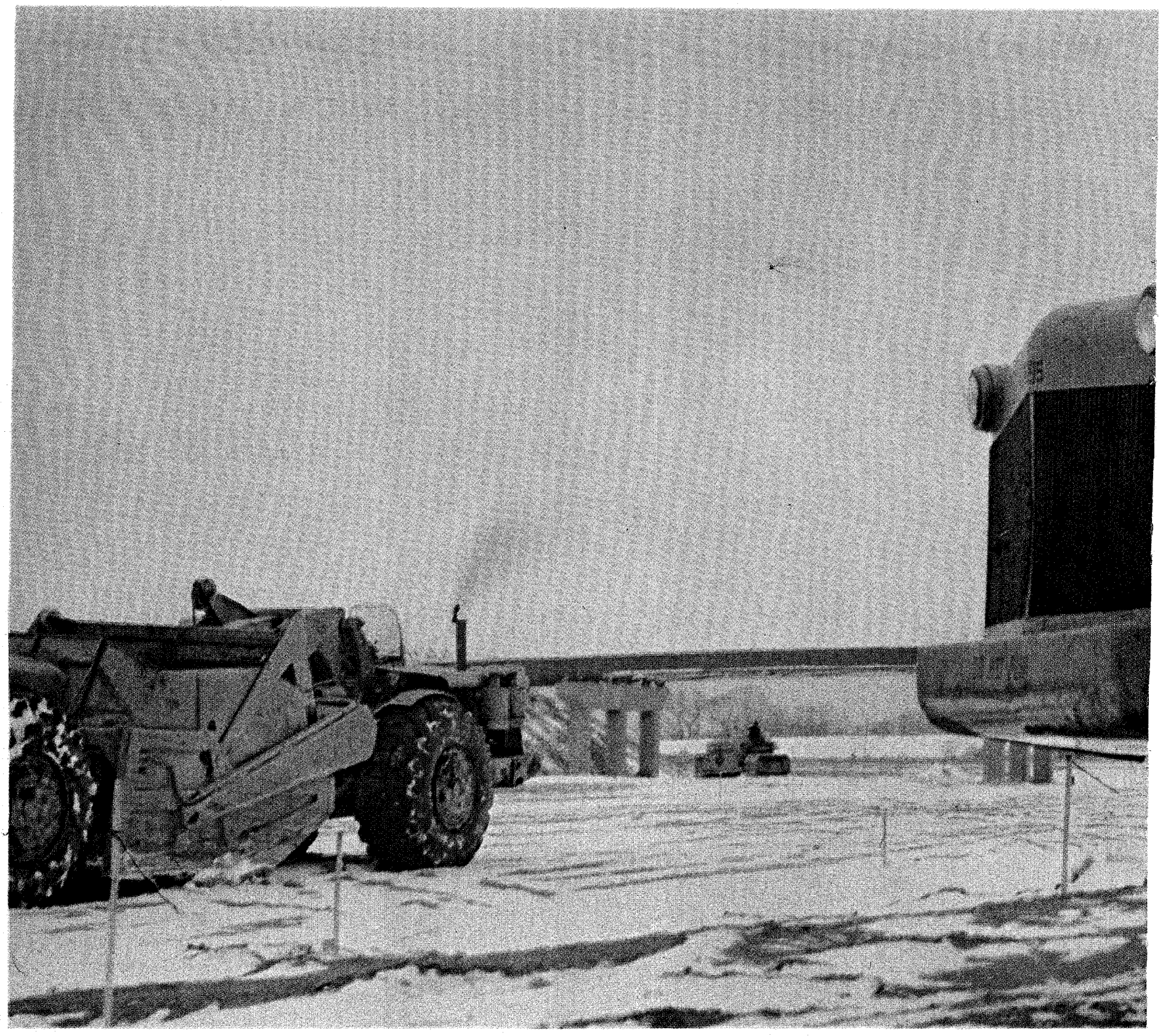

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MEMBER PENN. GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSN., PERMIT NO. 2, OIL CITY, PA.

(*Continued from Page 92*)

exposed by the rift in the hair. It was a double row of tattooed numbers and letters, arranged in the manner of a mathematical formula.

"Remember that you saw this with your own eyes," said the general to me solemnly, and then said the same thing to the doctor. Then he took a towel from a nearby rack and covered K's head. In another moment, K was under guard in the next room, and the general was on the telephone to the Pentagon, setting in motion the swift and strong apparatus of the security system of the United States.

Eighteen minutes later, Professor Z and his wife were in arrest at Fort X. Mr. K, as a civilian, was in the custody of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, where only the most highly qualified scientists with top clearance would have access to him, since, with his tattooed scalp, he was actually a living piece of classified material. And in his office, General Rumson was waiting, with General Lunkers and me, for a telephone call to confirm that the tattooed information on K's head actually was the key formula we thought it was.

General Rumson was just finishing for General Lunkers a detailed account of the evening's work when the phone rang, and he answered. As he listened to what it said, he shifted his gaze back and forth from General Lunkers' face to mine, and nodded. The last detail was confirmed. He said "Thank you," and hung up.

We had a thoughtful silence for a moment, and then General Lunkers asked, almost plaintively, "Ted? How in the hinges of hell did you know what to look for?"

"Well, Georgie, if you want to know the truth, you set me off on it."

"I did?"

"Yes. Do you remember the day you pretended you never heard of Herodotus? You were standing right over there by the bookshelves, and when you made some loutish crack about him, something flashed into my mind.... Wait. You'll see the connection if I read it to you."

General Rumson went to the bookcase and took down the middle volume of his red-morocco set of Herodotus. Leafing rapidly to a certain passage, he began to read aloud:

"'Histiaeus wanted to send word to Aristagoras to stage a revolt. But the roads were under guard, and he decided on the only safe way of sending the information. He shaved the head of his most trusted slave, and pricked marks on the head, and then had him wait till the hair grew again. As soon as it was grown out, he sent the slave off with only this message, that when he got to his destination, he should tell Aristagoras to shave his hair off, and examine his scalp. The message tattooed on it called for revolt, as I said before.'"

General Rumson put down his book. "All I can say," he added, "is that it is very lucky for our side that Mr. K had his head shaved in this country instead of somewhere behind the Iron Curtain. Switzerland and the ski matches were just a pretext, of course."

General Lunkers scratched his jowl in awe.

"You got the whole thing out of an old book!"

"Georgie, you always did say I had a passion for useless information."

"Well, Ted, I don't hear myself saying it ever again.... But how did you tie up your old Herodotus with what Z and K might be up to?"

"Yes, you see, I was speculating on what useful purpose could induce a man to spend three months alone in a mountain cabin, and after you put Herodotus in my mind, I said to myself, 'Why, he might stay there just to let his hair grow without anybody else to see him.' That was why I asked for photographs of him before and after. If you'll glance at them again, you'll see that in the first, he wore his hair long, and in the second, it was much shorter, indicating that it had been sharply cut back in the interim. When I saw him arrive here today wearing a somewhat longer crew cut, I knew he was still letting it grow out."

General Lunkers blinked.

"The next thing," continued General Rumson, "was to think of why he had his hair cut and who might have done it as part of the why. Following my old Herodotus, the answer might really be tattooing. And who might do it? Only the Z's, for if they were trying to smuggle the formula out, they could trust no one else to do the skin painting for them. They would have to learn the trade for themselves. So we looked for tattooing equipment in their quarters, and you know the rest."

"You were pretty sure, weren't you, Ted?"

"Pretty sure. But up to the last second, I had to allow for my being entirely off the track. So everything had to seem natural to K, for if we had proceeded arbitrarily to arrest and examine him, and were wrong, he'd have had a whale of a case against the Government."

General Lunkers braced himself a little proudly. "Well, if you'll recall, I told you I thought they were guilty."

"Yes," replied General Rumson, "but you didn't tell me how you were going to prove it."

General Lunkers swore at him and went off to his own office, where his staff were evaluating the information now delivered into their hands.

The next day before noon he was back to make an announcement to General Rumson and to ask a question.

"Ted," he said, "I'm on my way right now to have lunch with the Secretary. I was invited this morning after he heard about the K affair."

"Great stuff, Georgie!" said General Rumson in genuine pleasure. "You'll like the Old Man."

"Ted, did you put him up to this?"

"Not at all."

General Lunkers began to bloom with relief, and asked, "Well, but did you talk to him about me?"

"Yes, I did."

"What did you say?"

"I just said you were one of the best division commanders in the Army."

General Lunkers had no words. He put out his hand and shook hands with his classmate, and went to his high-level lunch engagement, which could mean so much to his professional future. Two days later he received a new assignment. It was the command of a division in the Far East. He was very happy about it.

THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 92

1. N.Y.	2. W.Va.	3. Wyo.
4. Wis.	5. Ala.	6. Miss.
7. Md.	8. Texas	9. N.J.
10. Utah	11. S.Dak.	12. N.H.

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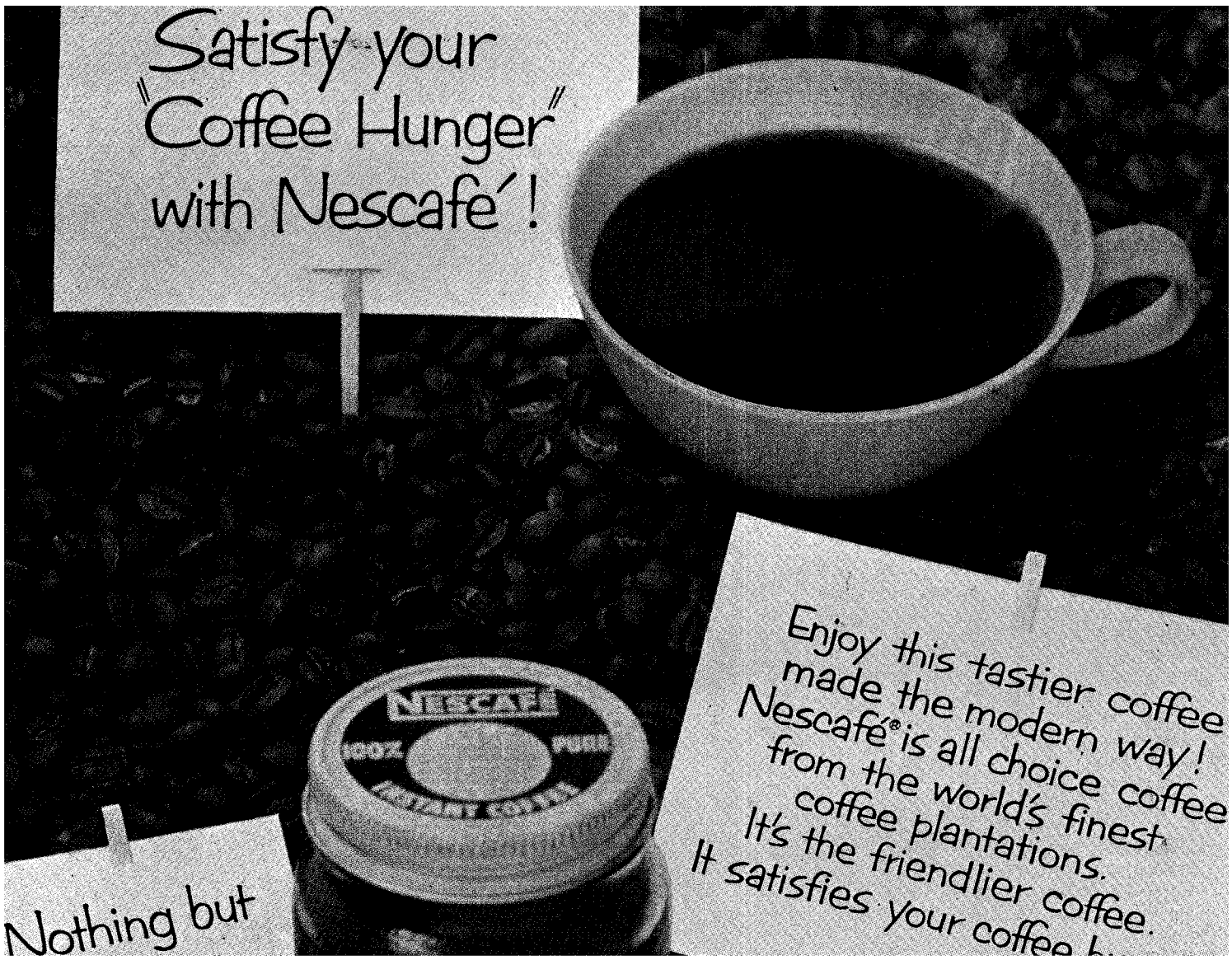

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This Time It's a Blonde

(Continued from Page 34)

"Conference, please, gentlemen!" he shouted, and waited for the boys to gather.

Casey came from the bathroom, still damp, as athletes in this country always were, from his bathing. He pulled mightily at the belt of his green bathrobe with the large university letter W sewed to its back.

"O.K., Juan, let's have it."

"Perhaps I should wait for the others, Casey. There is this blond girl."

Casey shouted over his shoulder, "Hurry up, you guys! This time it's a blonde!" He stepped across the room with one stride and sprawled on the bed.

Pat ran down the hall, wearing his T shirt, his shorts and a cinematic worried expression. "A blonde! I wondered when we'd get to one of them!"

Juan grinned at him while Pat sat down on the floor and put the earpiece of his glasses beneath his T shirt to scratch his chest. He knew from experience that Pat was joking only to make the situation less formidable. Pat was the most kind of the boys.

"I have seen the dark girls at home," Juan said.

Pat laughed. "What about Butch, the rusty-haired girl from the women's trampolin team? She was one you hadn't seen in Bolivia."

Juan frowned. "This is different. With Butch it was that I admired the manner in which she threw all parts of her about in the middle air. No girl at home would brave to take such chances. But it was a mistake to join her on the trampolin. I admit that now."

Peter ambled into the room. He was wearing his dungarees, which stayed buttoned over his stomach only because of the fine strength of United States textiles. He took his accustomed place in the easy chair with the carved cupids on the arms.

"Blondes are the graduate course, Juan. Are you sure you've had the prerequisites? I have in mind the recent disaster with Alice, who was only half blond."

"Please do not mention Alice," Juan said sadly. "Alice was an early error. In addition, this blonde is not a forestry student, used to swinging the ax. This one floats trays upon her palm."

Casey thrashed about on the bed to rest his head on his hand. "What do you want with this female who floats trays, Juan?"

"I want to become married with her," Juan said solemnly.

Casey sat up, his mouth wide with shock. Pat leaned forward and said, "'Married' is a profound idiom, Juan. Are you sure you know what it means?"

"I am sure. This is the honeycomb affair with me."

Peter said, "He means honeymoon."

Casey swung his feet from the bed to the floor. "Now look here, Juan. The others were O.K. They were normal. But what gives with this married deal?"

Calmly, Juan said, "I want this young lady and I to be married, Casey. I wish to take her away from all these squalor with trays and eating other people."

"A cannibal," Peter said.

Casey nodded emphatically. "You said it. The time has come to save Juan from himself."

Juan shook his head violently. "No! I have been having you save me from myself before, but I will not tolerate it now. Instead, I want you to help lose me."

Peter looked very sad. "Remember Of Human Bondage. Also An American Tragedy. Not to mention Nana."

Juan listened patiently while they spoke. Then he said, "The blonde with the trays. What shall I do to win her?"

Casey flopped back on the bed. "Do? Never see her again. Keep away. That's the only cure."

"The main problem," Juan persisted, "is that she shall soon find out I am a South American student, and you know the reputation we have for the passions. The women expect us to be very glamorous and most rapid lovers. And if this girl wants me to be a forceful lover immediately, then I will fail. I am, gentlemen, the most dull young man who came to this marvelous country from my own. Even my family sadly admits it at home. So that if I can succeed in having this young lady walk out with me in the evening, it will be all over. And if I cannot have her, then I wish I should be most dead."

Pat tapped his chest with his glasses. "Where did you say this babe floats trays, Juan?"

"The Italian restaurant; the El Hambrah."

"And she's a real dish, eh?"

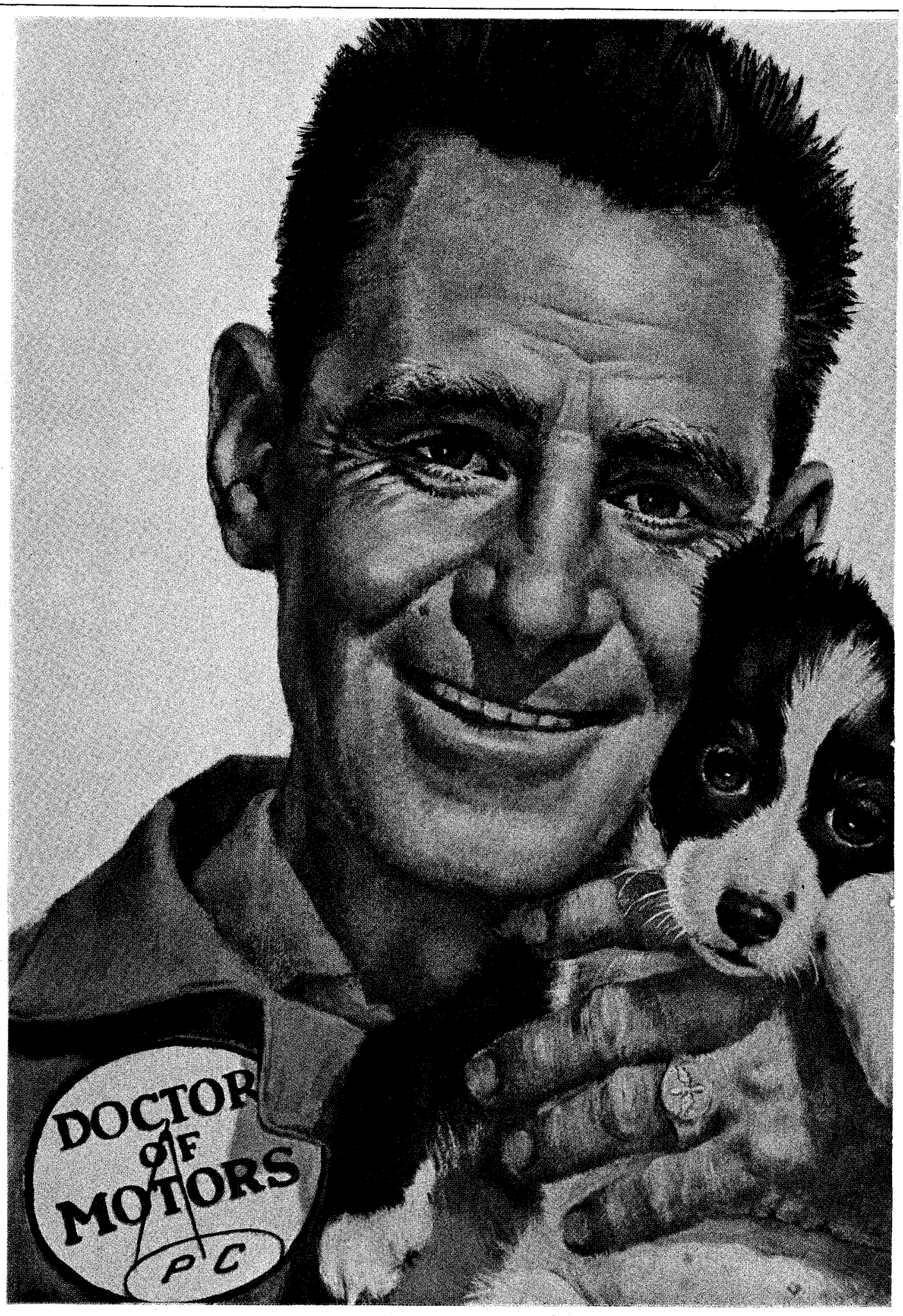
Juan grinned. "A true casserole."

Casey said, "This I've got to see. So why don't we all eat there tonight?"

Juan scowled. "I don't like that. If she sees you three, she will have no appetite left for me."

Casey smiled. "We'll just have to risk that," he said, and flexed contentedly....

He was still flexing, but more nervously, while the four of them sat at Table No. 6 waiting to order. Pat, as Juan had expected, was the most calm. "We've got to order dinners, not just junk, or she'll think something's up. Sitting at a table instead of the counter."



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"She must not think that," Juan whispered fiercely. "Be most discreet."

Casey laughed at him. "Quit worrying, Juan. You're out with gentlemen. The quiet, dignified approach. She'll never know what hit her. Smile, Juan. Show your teeth. American women go for teeth like yours and mine."

She came through the doorway and approached the table.

Juan smiled nervously and ducked his head toward the floor when he felt the sharp, sweet pain shoot from her eyes directly into his.

Casey, watching her approach with appreciative surprise, slid his legs from their cramped position under the table, crossed his shoes as a giant barricade in the aisle, leaned on his elbow to cover the hole in his sweater and looking up with muscular casualness into her eyes, said, "Hi, kid!"

Juan gasped as if seeing his mother crowded by a freight train.

The girl looked at Casey with gentle tolerance which yet had in it something of the steely reproach of a Sherman tank. She smiled, her silken lips parting smoothly. And for the first time since he had pitched a no-hitter in prep school, Casey blushed.

"Sorry," he said.

Juan said, "I should think maybe so!" but he said it to the floor.

She nodded. She held her order pad in the slender palm of her right hand and the pencil in her left.

"A southpaw," Casey said. "I can bat against a southpaw!"

Juan drew breath sharply.

Pat moved swiftly. "I'll order first, miss," he said, and then found himself warm beneath her gray-violet eyes. He adjusted his glasses. He ordered the $3.00 sizzling steak.

She took his order calmly and accepted Casey's mumbled order for lobster claws and a milkshake. She did not falter when Peter looked up into her eyes and said, "What color are they? . . . Oh, pardon me. Give me a tossed vegetable salad, no dressing, some rusk and black coffee. . . . They're blue, I think."

"Brown," Casey said firmly, "Brown eyes."

Juan lifted his eyes from the floor to regard his friends with some alarm. Perhaps she was too much for them also. He looked to the girl and found that she was smiling at him. He fled to the menu in his hand. He tried to read it, but all his English had evaporated and the printed words were Babel. He stopped himself just short of ordering one No Substitutions on Special Platter. His frown grew deeper and more moist. And then he saw the wonderful words third down the list. He smiled with relief.

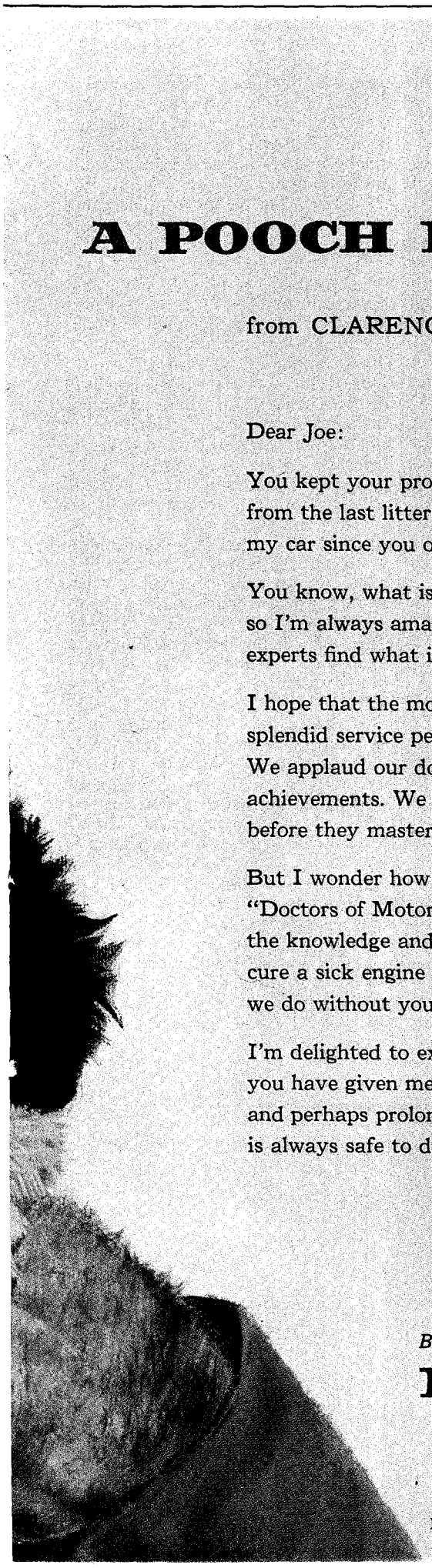
"One order of the New England Boiled Dinner, please," he said. "I eat American when I can. Very American."

She seemed to relax for the first time while she wrote his order. She turned from the table and began her attractive retreat to the kitchen. She looked back just before she reached the door. She was looking at Juan with a little line of curiosity between her brows, and her smile was not entirely her professional smile. Juan's toes curled chummily together in his shoes.

Betty Lou Slattery reached the kitchen with the feeling of exhaustion a swimmer experiences when reaching the other side of the Channel. She ran her hand across her forehead and said, "Phew!"

Gracie Palmer was waiting for her. "How'd you make out, honey?"

"All right, I guess. But I want to say it isn't a bit like this back in Tennessee. Not a bit. A girl just sits in the swing and waits for the young men to call."



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from CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

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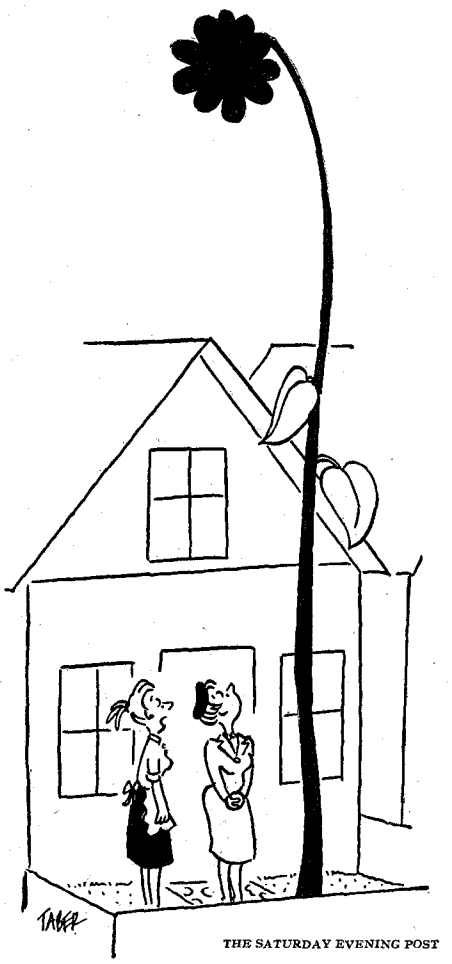

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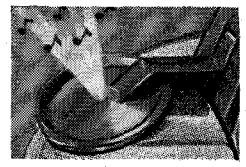

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"This ain't a swing exactly, but the young men are calling, ain't they, honey?"

"I suppose so. But did he have to bring them all with him?"

Gracie Palmer nodded patiently. "I told you, honey, when I talked with Mrs. MacDougal down at mother's house. Mrs. MacDougal says he's a very shy young man."

Betty Lou's eyes were round O's of puzzlement. "Looking the way he does and he's shy? So dark and shiny. And with that voice slurring along like it does. Shy! What's the matter with the people down in Bolivia, I should like to know!"

"They're very strict, for one thing. Very strict."

Betty Lou considered this. "Then why did you tell me to walk like Marilyn Monroe to attract his attention?"

"It worked, didn't it? They're strict, not dead, honey. Did he ever notice you before when he's been eating here—until this afternoon?"

Betty Lou smiled gently. "I guess not. But I just never dared to look right into his eyes before. I mean, all these Yankee men have made me nervous about eyes. You see such drastic things in most of them. And then, when I did look at his eyes, what good did it do? He just seemed to squirm a little bit, and then he paid his check and left. Maybe I should have done this on my own. Without any help."

Gracie laughed. "Betty Lou, you are a funny girl. I thought you Southern dames was supposed to know your stuff. Look, he came back, didn't he? And he brought Mrs. MacDougal's other boys with him, didn't he? That proves you're getting somewhere. But honestly, honey, are you sure you want to? What do you see in him?"

"He just looks nice, that's all. Nice and calm and quiet."

"South Americans, Betty Lou, are not calm and quiet. I can tell you that!" Gracie glanced at their order and laughed. "Look at this junk. And you thought the Marilyn Monroe walk wasn't working!"

At the table, Pat recovered first. "She's very nice, Juan," he said. "Very nice." He folded his napkin and put it in his breast pocket.

Juan watched him with surprise. "You are taking the serviette home?"

"What?" Pat looked at his pocket. "Who put that there?" he demanded.

Casey spoke as if from a great distance. "The thing that gripes me about this is that it took Juan to find her."

Peter said, "A question of loyalties arises."

Casey nodded agreement. "I just thought: we owe her an apology for being rude," he said. "Yeah, an apology."

Peter said, "I get it. An apology."

Pat said, "In love and war, all is fair."

Juan sat forward intently. It was these rapid changes of mood that one must be careful to watch in the U.S.A., even with one's best friends among the natives. "What do all these mean?" he asked warily. "Remember it is I who have found her and have asked for help from you. Help, only, is needed."

Casey said, "We can't apologize here, though. Later sometime. Next week maybe."

Juan said, "I do not like these which is happening now. Not a small bit!" He watched anxiously, hoping he could trust them, but worried. They were facing him and perhaps they were still friendly. But there was a change in their faces he did not like. And when they ate silently, paid their bills, and then, one by one, remembered other things they were to do that evening and left him on the street, he did not like it at all.

And Betty Lou Slattery was having her troubles also. It was the Yankee one with the hole in his sweater who came back to the Eatery first and asked her for a date.

She excused herself with a noncommittal smile and hastened to the kitchen to confer with Gracie. "Should I, Gracie? I don't like him at all, but I don't want to be rude to him if he's a friend of Juan's."

Gracie did not hesitate. "Let him have a date. Mrs. MacDougal told mother that the four of them are inseparable. One for four and four for one. Like Douglas Fairbanks. So say yes. And maybe you can work your way down to Juan. And if you really don't want the muscle man, let me have him later, will you?"

Betty Lou frowned. "I'll never understand Yankees," she said. "Never."

And she understood no better when Peter came to ask for a date. Nor any better when Pat casually stopped for a cup of coffee and mentioned the possibility of a date later. Nor at all when she waited until the last light was out at the El Hambrah and Juan had not come.

"Where can he be?" she asked, her eyes hurt and her mouth a sulking camellia.

Factually, Juan was in his room at Mrs. MacDougal's, sitting on his bed and wishing that it were a fast plane back to Bolivia. He had had enough of Culture. He had lived too long away from home—and from Isabella. The thought of Isabella made him shudder. "Isabella and her honeycomb," he said, "are by comparison a leaking tap. A drip." He heard the boys come in, one by one. And then he heard Casey call out that there was to be a conference in Juan's room.

He waited until all three had settled in their places. The boys did not look at him.

"Well?" he asked at last.

(*Continued on Page 102*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Jim dropped do-it-yourself and switched back to who-done-it."

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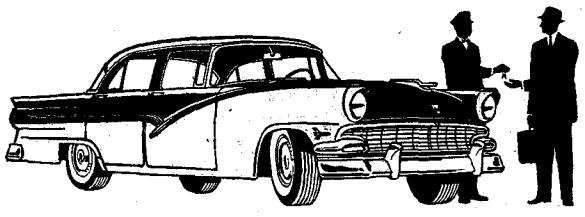

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(*Continued from Page 100*) Casey cleared his throat and swung his feet off the bed. "No point in stalling. I went back and got a date with your girl, Juan. I couldn't help myself."

Pat jammed his glasses to his nose. "I did the same thing."

Peter pulled his stomach in tight. "Me too. I know we're rats, Juan, but what could you expect?"

"I am in agreement," said Juan. "I asked for help. And you gentlemen have pulled the cotton over my eyes."

"You mean wool," Peter said.

"Wool," Juan said dutifully. Then: "The devil with the idioms! I said cotton and I mean cotton!"

The boys considered him with genuine sorrow. They understood his anger and they regretted it.

"But what could we do, Juan?" Peter asked. "After all, we're only human."

"Human!" Juan said scornfully.

"What we could do, Juan, is if none of us goes over right with her, we'll let you know what she's like, and then, when you have your date with her, you'll know all the angles."

"I should thank you for very little."

"You mean, 'thanks for nothing,' Juan," Peter said helpfully.

"For nothing," Juan said. But he wondered, later, whether that had not been an overstatement. He learned less than nothing from the reports brought to him by his former friends. Peter was first. He came home at midnight, tiptoeing to his room. They met him at the top of the stairs.

"Well?" they asked.

"I flunked. She won't give me another date. But it was heaven while it lasted. For your information, Juan, she is Hedda Gabler and Alice Sit-by-the-Fire. Plus some of Marie Wilson, only with brains to go with them. Imagine, brains too!"

"Brains," Juan said, as if starting a marketing list.

(Betty Lou was at that moment saying to Gracie, "I tried to find out, Gracie. I really did. I kept on asking him about Juan. But he didn't seem to hear me at all. Sometimes I think Yankee men are all deaf!")

Pat walked slowly up the path Friday night, casually opened the screen door and tried to walk through the wooden one. After solving this, he climbed the stairs with vast unconcern for where he put his feet. His eyes seemed glazed. "I have lived," he said. "She's nice, even if she won't have another date with me. Also, she could build the Empire State Building with her own tiny hands if she wanted to. And she dances like a blueprint—a warm human blueprint. Tiny foot after tiny foot, floating."

"Builds Empire States and makes human blueprints when she dances," Juan said, fear kindling in his face.

(Betty Lou was saying, "So I made a real effort to study up on what he does. But does he make any effort to tell me what I want to know about Juan so that I can talk to him when he asks for a date? No! Besides, what guarantee do I have that Juan will want to go out with me after I've dated all his friends? Empire State Building! My goodness, the biggest building back home would fit in your little pocket. But we talked about nothing but blueprints! All evening.")

Casey raced up the stairs late on Sunday afternoon, pushing the boys out of his way while he yanked off his clothes and headed for the shower. "Ice-cold water!" he shouted. "O.K, coach, I'll go in there and fight! The National League record, boys!" They ducked the water his flailing arms splashed about the room. "I've known most of them in my time, but she's the intercollegiate champ! You should see her run! I didn't chase her, Juan—much—at first—and then it was too late. Pitched horseshoes: ringers! Paddles a mean canoe. Made me lie there where she could see what I was doing, so that I couldn't do it, and she paddled. I felt like one of them rajahs. Knows batting averages. Sports, Juan, are her line. She's—I mean, she's got muscles! She's smooth; the muscles don't show; you'd never know they were there, until suddenly she lets you know she's got them!"

"Sports, muscles and averages. What is these averages?" Juan asked, his fear thoroughly ignited. How would he ever be able to talk to her?

Casey jumped from the shower, and grabbed a towel. Suddenly, he slumped. "Only one thing wrong. No more dates, she said."

(Betty Lou was saying, "Phew! I ache all over. The wolf—the mean old dirty wolf!")

Juan smiled. The boys had failed with his blonde. He was honest enough to admit that he was delighted. "Better fortunes the next time, gentlemen," he said, and he went to his room to think and to try to calm himself. He was now the only one left in the field. He must draw up the campaign.

He reviewed the happenings since the day when the blonde had come floating her trays into his life. And the more he reviewed, the more he felt an increasing of his spinal strength. He slapped one hand into the palm of the other.

What most children save for a rainy day is excess energy.

HAL CHADWICK

"Am I to sit here and have no courtship except in the mind?" he demanded. "Is this the South American fashion? No! No! So's your old father!" (An old idiom from a forgotten book, but expressive of scorn.) "I am at the crossways of my life. It is for me to do something, even if I do not know which it shall be yet."

Filled with new resolution, he walked from the house, along Andrews Street and down the four blocks to the place in which she lived. He was planning to walk up to her door, sound the horn, and demand that she come out walking with him. But he found himself walking past her house, whistling and looking up at the late-afternoon sky as if it held many mysteries. He paused, spoke firmly to himself—whether it was the custom in this country or not—and turned to try again.

He saw the door to her house open and he saw her come out. She walked down the path swiftly, her step determined and her entire walk lacking the languorous sway it had had at the El Hambrah. Fortunately, she turned up the street away from him, thus allowing him to follow closely behind without being seen.

She crossed the street by the park and started along the walk which cut diagonally through it toward East Andrews Street. Suddenly, after a fleeting glance behind her during which he knew she could not have seen him when he ducked behind a tree, she stumbled as if having turned her ankle.

"Don't fall!" he said, anguished, and hurried to catch her.

"My darned little old ankle. Tired after today," she said, swaying.

He gathered her up in his arms. "I am holding you," he said.

She looked up into his face. Her eyes and her mouth seemed to express surprise. "I was just going over to your house." Then, swiftly, "To see Mrs. MacDougal. And now you are here."

"I am," he said simply. "Miss Betty Lou Slattery, of Tennessee."

"Juan—something or other very complicated, from Bolivia."

"You know how I am named," he said, grinning. Up close like this, she had a most interesting curvature about the face as well as the body. "You are, however, much less heavy than the way you look."

"If you are tired, I think it would be all right if you put me down."

"You are certain you wish it? It is no trouble to hold you."

"Thank you for the compliment, Juan. But I think you should put me down now."

Gently, he set her upon her feet. "You will make a trial of your ankle," he said firmly.

She moved it. "It feels all right."

He knew that good breeding now ordered that he tip his cap and wish her good days. But he was a man of resolve. "Perhaps we should sit over there. To rest," he said.

"Yes, perhaps," she said while he took her arm. It made her feel awfully darned magnolia-blossom to be treated like this, but what was a turned ankle supposed to get you treated like? Besides, what a pleasant feeling it was!

They sat down and there came upon them both something of a silence. She glanced at him and he glanced at her. Each glanced again. And then once more. At last he sat erect and sucked in his breath to speak.

"Brains! Brains are most interesting of the parts of the body, are they not?"

Bewildered, she managed to allow as how perhaps they were. "Although I never thought of it that way."

He was surprised to hear her say this. The silence came again.

"I once was acquainted with the original blueprints of my family's home," he said tensely. "But not while dancing."

"Oh?"

He was again surprised. This second topic seemed to lead to no more talk than the first. Should he attempt the third, and last? Silence filled the park and the universe.

"Sportings are, however, also fascinating to me," he said. "And averages."

Her eyes opened wide and she touched the first three fingers of her right hand with the fingers of her left. "Casey, Pat, Peter," she said, a light dawning like the sun over the mountain at home.

He saw that her eyes were wide and he felt that they were not focused on him, but somewhere behind him. He turned to look. His heart grew heavy. Coming into the park were Casey, Pat, Peter, a baseball stick, gloves and a sphere. He turned to her, ashamed that for the first time he was not at all pleased to have his friends approach. He tried to smile.

"You have good vision," he said.

She was puzzled until she leaned over to see what it was that he had seen. Her mouth grew small. "Not them," she said. "Not now!" He observed that she was depressed, and watched with great fondness as she rallied from this state into an appearance of pleasure. "I hadn't actually noticed the boys when I named them," she said. "But speak of the devil ——"

"An idiom?" he asked, interested, as always.

"An idom," she said. Then, "The boys have spotted us now." She sat back away from him with such a quick movement that he was made more aware of how close she had been.

"The boys are gentlemen. They will not misunderstand," he assured her.

Perhaps they did not misunderstand, but they were regarding him with great interest as they moved up the walk. "Hi," they said, and he was surprised that such a short ejaculation could mean so many things.

"Hi," he said, starting to get up.

"Stay put," Casey said. "I was just going to make the boys play a little ball to work off steam, but there's other places to play it. . . . Hello, Betty Lou."

"Hello," she said, smiling, but at the same time rubbing her left arm reminiscently. "Is your eye all right?"

"What eye?" Casey asked, his face flushed. . . . "You O.K., Juan?"

"He sure looked O.K. a minute ago," Peter said enviously. "You didn't mention a black eye when you came back, Casey."

"There's lots of things can happen to a man's eye except black, Pete," Casey said angrily. "Accidents like twigs and branches and soot and ——"

Pat interrupted him, "Look. Let's move along, shall we? We were at bat once, so this is a new inning. Play the game fair and square even if it kills us."

Juan smiled at Betty Lou. "Sometimes I think I shall never learn the entire speech. I know what is being said and then, phhht! I have lost the boat."

"Missed the boat," Peter explained.

Betty Lou touched Juan's arm consolingly. "It doesn't matter."

"Apparently it doesn't," Casey said, "so long as you know the one right word, huh, Juan?" He glanced longingly at Betty Lou and then forced his shoulders back. "Well, come on, boys, let's play our kids' game while the master shows us all how it's done."

Juan knew from their faces that they were feeling large emotions, and he was sorry that they should be unhappy. To cheer them up, he spoke an idiom they had taught him. "I shall see you later."

"Yeah," they said, and again the short sound was long with many meanings. They moved slowly along the walk. Over his shoulder, Pat called back, "Keep talking, Juan. Remember?"

Juan turned to Betty Lou. "They are fine friends. Pat is unhappy that I am here and he is there, but even with that, he is advising me to not be dull. I don't think, however, it would be dull if I should talk very little and do very much. Do you?" he asked, lifting her hand where it lay like a flower beside him. He felt his cheeks turn tropical while she considered. He smiled so that she would smile, because a smile was considered agreement among the natives.

She smiled. A considerable time passed quite without speech.

Finally he said, "Talking is most overemphasis. In Bolivia we converse only when it is necessary. I tell you it so that you will know what to expect. In addition, there is the wireless for talk, if it is essential. That is how we feel in Bolivia."

She nodded her head in a crisp little gesture of approval. "In Tennessee we feel the same way. Except we call it the radio."

"It is, as the saying comes, a small world, is it not?" he said comfortably, and closed his lips to let her know that the talking was done.

As he moved toward her again, he saw that the boys had stopped at the edge of the park. It was taking them much time to traverse a small distance. Only now were they crossing the street, gesturing excessively at each other. They were sad. But he had made a discovery which might make them glad again sometime in the future. After these affair in the park had moved to the church's aisle, he would disclose his discovery to them: silence is the most important fact of the courtship. He hoped they would be pleased to have him help them in return for the helps they had given him. "I doubt, however, that they will be too much pleased," he muttered before his lips were sealed and the honeycomb sensation took over the world for good. THE END

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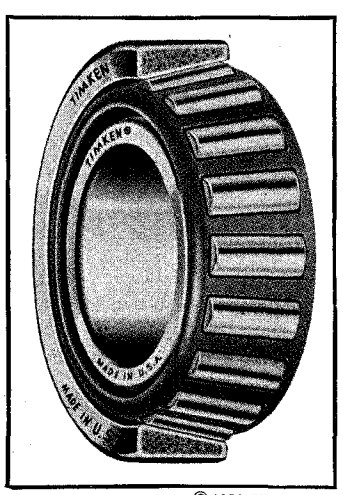

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Temper trouble!

Fred Lamson was in no mood for driving when he left work. A disagreement with his boss had developed into a nasty argument by quitting time. On the way home, Fred was still furious.

Waiting for a stoplight to change, Fred's anger switched to the shiny new car that pulled sharply up beside him. "*Another big shot!*" Fred told himself. "*Just because he's got a new car he thinks he's going to get ahead of me!*" Almost unconsciously, Fred's foot tensed on the accelerator. *He'd* show them. There! The light was changing for the crossing traffic. His poised foot slammed to the floor. The car leaped forward. *Suddenly* . . . there were the children running to beat the changing light. Fred snapped back to his senses . . . but it was already too late. A little girl's laughter stopped before he could.

Any driver would give anything *afterward* if a tragedy like that had never happened. But afterward is always too late.

To make sure it never happens to you, will you give complete and undivided attention to driving? Will you leave anger, worries and other mental blocks behind when you drive? Or is that too much to ask for a life, perhaps even your own?

25th ANNIVERSARY ALLSTATE INSURANCE COMPANY 1931-1956

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Older Women Make Better Workers

(Continued from Page 49)

back to work. The gals testified that they were happier since taking jobs. They even admitted that housework no longer was a dreary chore, that they were getting more done at home than ever before.

It was obvious the group had found some of the answers to the anxieties which often accompany the climacteric, the period of critical physiological changes in middle-aged women. Generally, there is no basis for the feeling of rejection women suffer at this time, but that does not make their emotional insecurity less real. A decent job eases these tensions by giving a woman the satisfaction of knowing she still serves a useful purpose.

Mrs. Ann Defren, president of the Greenwich House alumnae, had not worked for twenty-six years when the strain of raising three daughters on her husband's modest salary made her decide to take the stenography refresher in 1954. She had scrimped to put two girls through college; one summer she worked without pay at a summer camp in return for her younger daughter's expenses. Mrs. Defren had the usual qualms about her age and aptitude when she registered for the course, but her progress was so rapid that she was engaged as the secretary to Mrs. Frances Mostel, the twenty-five-year-old director of the program.

"You have no idea how wonderful it is to go window-shopping again without getting heartsick looking at things my family needs," Mrs. Defren said. "I still can't afford many luxuries, but I can shop in a relaxed frame of mind and enjoy what I buy now. Most of the girls are down in the dumps when they first come here. It's amazing how quickly their outlook changes as soon as they realize their age is not the handicap they thought it was."

Mrs. Defren does not exaggerate. While gathering this material, I dropped in periodically on classes and chatted with the women during coffee breaks. The first week or so there was a lot of good-natured kidding about age that reflected their deep concern with the subject.

During the third week, the self-assurance of the women began to rise perceptibly. There were fewer lame jokes about age, more serious attention to help-wanted ads. They debated the pros and cons of working in a small or large office. Going into the last lap, they sifted the ads for jobs paying a minimum of fifty-five dollars a week. They were choosy with good reason. They had much more to offer employers than they had dreamed a few weeks earlier.

After eight weeks of retraining, the women were typing fifty-five words a minute, on the average, and were taking shorthand dictation at the rate of ninety words a minute. Those speeds are well above the requirements for Civil Service and ordinary commercial-office work. I asked Mrs. Mostel how long it takes young girls starting from scratch to match the speed and precision her mature pupils attain after forty two-hour sessions. Mrs. Mostel was an instructor in high school and at Long Island University before she went to Greenwich House in 1954.

"A girl needs eight months in business school or three terms in high school to approach that typing speed," she answered. "Equivalent proficiency in shorthand rarely is found in less than a year of business school. It's no contest in precision and accuracy. It doesn't matter whether a woman is forty or sixty or how long she hasn't worked. If she once had good skills, practice will bring her back to a high peak of efficiency in an incredibly short time."

A similar report came from Joseph Sully, who teaches the bookkeeping class, which meets only twice a week. "Bookkeeping methods have not changed in fifteen hundred years, and as soon as the gals brush up on a few standard procedures, their progress is so fast you can't keep up with them. What they remember is worth five years of actual experience."

Greenwich House has found that a woman who has had up-to-date, if irregular, contact with a business atmosphere feels more certain of making good on a job than a woman who has been out of the competitive race a long time. Mrs. Selma Winkelstein had not worked as a typist for twenty-odd years when she registered for the course in September, but she had been employed on and off as a research assistant. After attending classes for eight days, Mrs. Winkelstein answered an ad for a typist-receptionist job in a doctor's office.

"I didn't get the job, but I was second on the list," she said cheerfully. "That's pretty good for an old retread. I'll go after the next opening I see near my home in Brooklyn."

A more typical reaction was expressed by Mrs. Alice Kottman when I spoke to her during the third week of the course. Mrs. Kottman, the attractive wife of a high-school teacher with a son in medical school and a daughter in college, last worked as a secretary twenty-three years ago.

"I don't suppose I have to tell you what a struggle it is to put two children through college and professional school on a teacher's salary," she said. "I should have done this a year ago, when I first saw an article about Greenwich House in the paper, but I thought the whole thing was hopeless for me. The progress I've made is beginning to give me a sense of achievement, but I hope it's not torn down when I look for a job."

Employers everywhere are screaming for competent help and they are going to be in a worse fix unless they heed an appeal made by President Eisenhower on Labor Day. "We cannot afford to squander our manpower through a prejudice which obscures the values of maturity, responsibility and constancy found in older workers," the President declared.

Such discrimination undeniably is widespread, particularly when it comes to hiring women to fill vacancies. Federal and state employment agencies report that two thirds of their job listings carry age ceilings, usually thirty-five for women and forty-five for men. Companies with pension plans defend their preference for youth on the ground that the premiums are prohibitively high for new employees past the age of forty. People cling to the notion that age reduces a worker's productivity. Then, too, there's the fact that the male animal likes to look at pretty girls, a law of nature that never will be repealed by efficiency charts.

It will come as a blow to the tired businessman to learn that his perspective must be adjusted to figures compiled by the United States Department of Labor. From the welter of statistics one fact clearly emerges: mature women workers are indispensable to the nation's business complex. The average age of the 20,000,000 women who comprise nearly one third of the labor force today is thirty-nine. In occupations other than office work the average age is well above forty. Yet, in the office field, where the largest

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number of women is employed, the average age is thirty-one.

The common assumption that most women in the United States work merely to mark time until they get married also is given a jolt by the statistics. Single girls are a minority in the business world. Fully one quarter of all the married women and one third of the widows and divorcées hold steady jobs. In the last five years, 3,000,000 wives have returned to work and the proportion of self-supporting widows inevitably will mount. Actuaries estimate that one wife in every four will be a widow at fifty-five. There's a good chance that many of them will go to work, since high income taxes are making it increasingly difficult for husbands to leave them in comfortable circumstances.

In a study pertaining to discrimination against older workers, the National Association of Manufacturers published figures which seemed to prove that encouraging progress had been made in a dozen years. In 1939 the N.A.M. asked 2500 companies to rate their employees past forty as superior, equal or inferior to younger people on the basis of performance, attendance, safety and work attitudes. In 1951, a similar poll was taken of 3600 companies, but in that one an older worker was defined as being older than forty-five. Here are the equal or superior percentage ratings employers gave older workers in each category:

	1939	1951
Performance	84.6	92.7
Attendance	82.5	98.1
Safety.	86.2	97.4
Work Attitudes . .	94.8	99.2

The fine recommendations given to older workers indicated that employers were aware of the values mentioned by President Eisenhower in his Labor Day speech. The same comments regarding women popped up repeatedly in the questionnaires: Older women don't watch the clock or goof off in the powder room nearly as much as girls, waste less time yacketing about clothes and dates, don't show up for work in tizzies over tiffs with boy friends. Since older women already have had their children, they save the expense of training replacements for girls getting married or taking maternity leaves.

Above all, older women have a deeper sense of responsibility toward their jobs. Too many girls, knowing they can get another job easily, are slipshod and arrogant. Older women try harder to please because they need their jobs and realize they will have trouble getting placed in a hurry if they are fired.

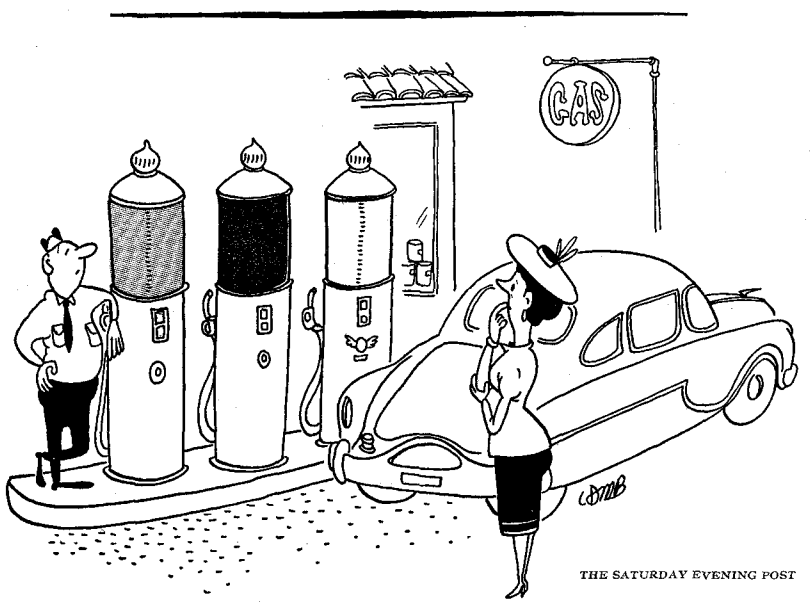
But there's a joker in the deck. Most surveys pertain mainly to workers who have been with firms for many years. Employers tend to disregard their own findings when taking on new people. They freely admit that youth, then ability, are rated in that order in screening applicants. When middle-aged people are hired, it is only because there is no alternative for the severe shortage of competent—underline competent—labor.

Things are tough all over, but the dearth of office workers is aggravated by both good and bad effects related to our social history. Although the national population increased by 19,000,000 between 1940 and 1950, there aren't enough girls in their early twenties today to fill the demands posed by the tremendous expansion of business. The low birth rate of the depression-ridden 1930's is the explanation, of course. Further, soaring marriage and birth rates and college enrollments are keeping young women out of the labor market.

That's only half the story. The No. 1 complication driving executives crazy is the stupefying increase of paper work in recent years. To cite a typical example, a retail shoe chain with eighty employees needs a full-time bookkeeper and a file clerk just to handle tax reports, Social Security payments and sales reports required by Government agencies. It's small wonder the over-all total of office workers has doubled since World War II, when red tape began tying business into bowknots.

In 1951 the Department of Labor asked four cities to participate in a pilot project designed to dig business out of the paper snowstorm. Women who had not worked for many years were the only available source of immediate help. A retraining program was drawn up to tap that large reservoir of experienced, if somewhat rusty, talent. In Cleveland the board of education agreed to hold classes, in Denver ten national organizations joined in a community drive and in Milwaukee a bank adopted the idea. The government had no trouble getting the ball rolling in New York. Greenwich House already had an identical plan in response to an appeal from an old private agency which was concerned with the problems of working women long before the Department of Labor got into the act.

That same year, 1951, the New York House and School of Industry was celebrating a bleak centennial that seemed to symbolize the end of its usefulness. Founded by wealthy socialites "responsive to the low, sad music of humanity"—to quote an old brochure—the institution had introduced the then-modern concept of giving on-the-job training to needy widows and immigrant girls. The only trades open to self-respecting women a



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Whatever happens

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...with Ed Dasso of Oak Park, Illinois

"Call Ed Dasso!"—These are the magic words whenever a community project in Oak Park, Illinois needs help. Whether it's the Cub Scouts, Safety Council or a church organization, folks know they can always count on Ed for an outstanding job.

Naturally, Ed is a leader in his chosen profession, too. As an agent of Allstate, the auto insurance company founded by Sears, he is a member of Allstate's Honor Ring sales group. And his 20 year career with Allstate includes many other distinguished awards. It's no wonder policyholders place complete confidence in Ed's personal advice and service. Ed and his fellow Oak Park agents offer a really *better* value, too! Allstate's rates are usually lower* than those of most other leading companies. And Allstate is famous for fast, fair claim settlements.

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century ago were domestic work and fancy sewing, and the rewards of virtue were not bounteous. The annual report of 1869 revealed that fifty-one seamstresses averaged eighty-two dollars for the year; 215 domestics averaged eighteen dollars.

The New York House and School of Industry was a distinguished pioneer in women's welfare, but its program did not change through a century of turbulent transition. Only a dozen elderly needleworkers were using its facilities when the board of directors asked Greenwich House for advice in finding a new activity.

Greenwich House was founded in 1902 by the late Mrs. Mary Kingsbury Simkhovitch, a proper Bostonian who gained recognition as an outstanding social worker. After her marriage to a professor of economic history at Columbia University, Mrs. Simkhovitch opened her famous settlement house in Greenwich Village, an area then more notorious as a slum than a center of creative art. Her major efforts were devoted to improving housing and working conditions for immigrants in the community, but later Greenwich House offered free courses in drama, music and art that attracted students from all over the country. A few months before her death in 1951, Mrs. Simkhovitch enthusiastically agreed to co-operate with the New York House and School board in a project geared to the special problems of self-supporting older women.

Maxwell Powers, director of Greenwich House, conferred with labor people, geriatricians, adult educators and employment agencies. "Everyone agreed the field we selected had to satisfy four conditions," Powers explains. "It had to be one in which many women once had been trained, to get a broad base of participation. Brushing up residual skill couldn't be a long process because the women needed fast relief from economic pressures. The work couldn't offend their pride or tax them physically. Most importantly, it had to be a field with a labor shortage calculated to break down the prejudice against age. There was only one answer to all four conditions—office work."

Women are engaged in so many trades and professions nowadays—the 1950 census listed 446—that we tend to forget what the situation was before World War II. Most women who are more than forty-five today had a choice of only three respectable occupations when they were graduated from high school—office work, teaching or retail selling. At that, employers were just beginning to trust women with business ledgers and letters. Offices now are almost as exclusively feminine domains as beauty parlors, yet it was not until 1930 that women outnumbered men for the first time.

Greenwich House regarded the office refreshers strictly as a one-shot experiment, but the results were so encouraging that the class was added to the permanent curriculum. There are so many applicants now for the eight-week courses, given five times a year, that enrollment is limited to women past forty who have had formal training in the touch system in typing, Gregg or Pitman methods of shorthand or have had experience as a full-charge bookkeeper. Those accepted pay only a three-dollar registration fee. Greenwich House finances the program on an annual appropriation of $10,000 from its budget.

"We don't like the idea of imposing restrictions, but they're essential if we're to give the women the fast brush-ups they need to solve immediate problems," Mrs. Mostel says. "We waive the forty-year age limit, of course, for younger widows with children and wives whose husbands are incapacitated. We stick to it in other cases because there are so few agencies helping middle-aged women. The middle-aged, like the middle class, often are overlooked in welfare service.

"We accept only women with previous training because it takes a beginner a year of concentrated study to acquire the speed and accuracy that qualifies her for a job. The women who come here can't wait that long. They need money right now. It broke my heart a few months ago to turn down a seventy-nine-year-old woman who hadn't worked in fifty years. She was a sight typist and she knew only an obsolete shorthand method. Had I taken her, the entire class would've been held back."

In response to an emergency, however, Greenwich House started a basic typing course last September on a trial basis. Wanamaker's Department Store in New York had closed, throwing out of work many saleswomen who were too old to get jobs in other stores. The class for these ex-Wanamaker's employees met twice a week for four and a half months. Results have been so encouraging that it has been decided to continue the course. I sat in on a class and it was painful to watch a few gray-haired women struggle to co-ordinate their fingers on the keyboard. Others, though, were batting along at a pretty good clip of thirty words a minute. They were approaching the minimum of forty words a minute required by Civil Service, which has no ceiling on age. (*Continued on Page 108*)

"I got it a little mixed up, Honey—
we're going over there for dinner."

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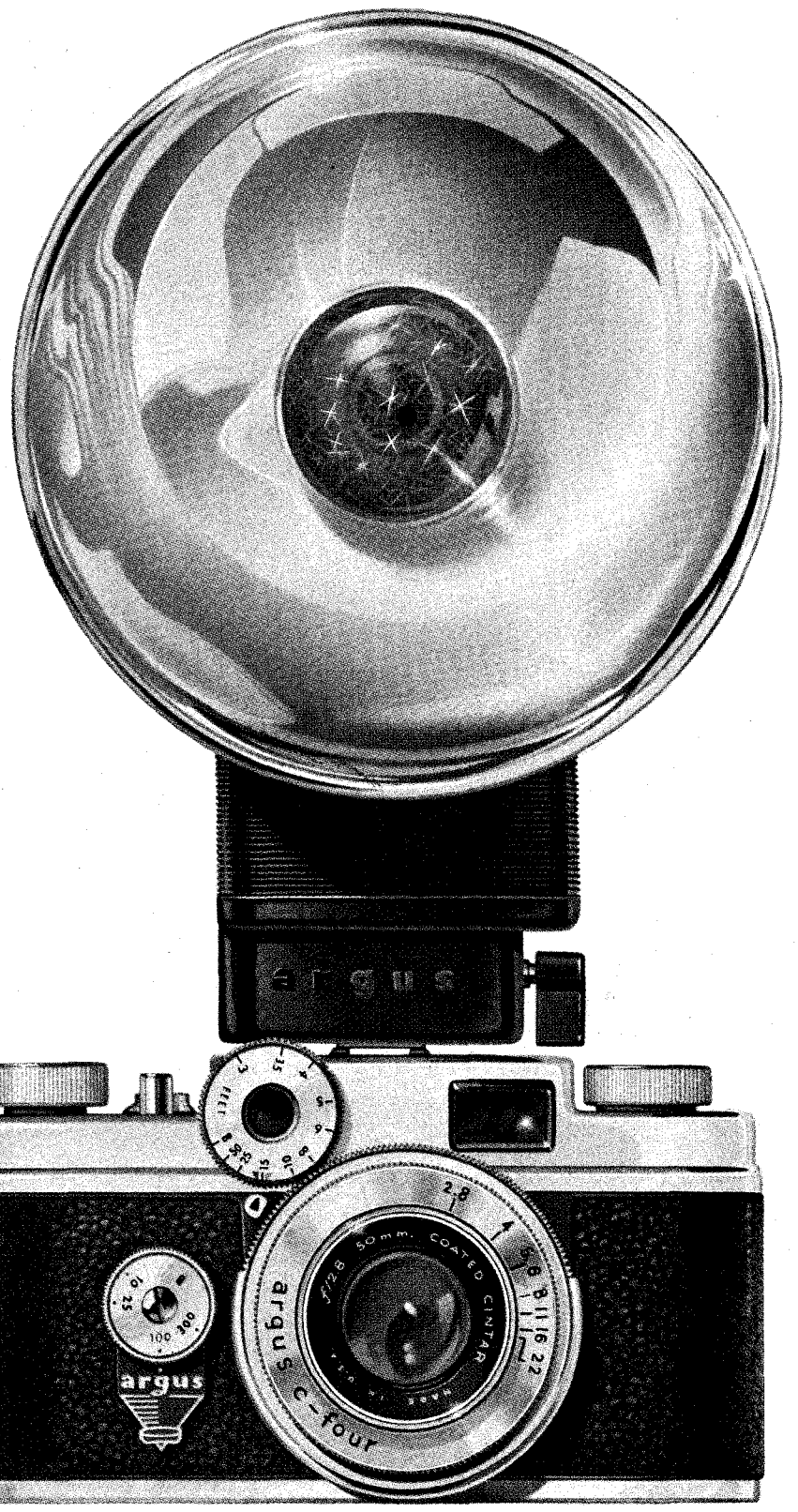

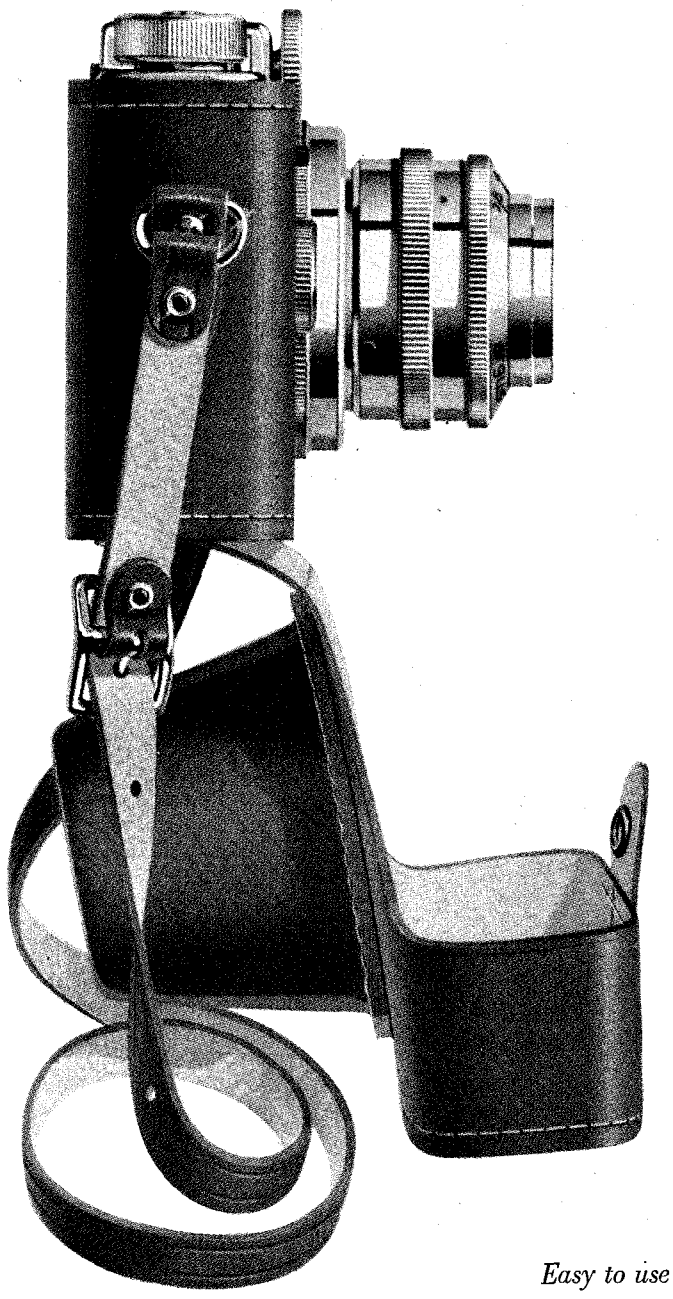

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(*Continued from Page 106*) Mrs. Mostel interviews all applicants to weed out those with undesirable attitudes or frivolous motives for taking the course. Each woman must have an urgent incentive for working—to support herself or aged parents, to send children through college or, in the case of widows, to get small apartments of their own and eliminate the tensions of living with married children.

"Then comes the part they hate—a test of their skill," Mrs. Mostel says. "They get panicky when I ask them to type a few lines or take a short dictated letter. They're so rusty they're afraid of flunking, but I'm not looking for speed. I just want to make sure they once had formal instruction. If they did, speed will come back with practice. It's like the knack of riding a bicycle. You never forget a mechanical skill."

The sudden transition from a domestic to a business environment is impressed upon the women at every turn. Gabbing and smoking in class are prohibited; repeated lateness is cause for dismissal. Women who wear sloppy clothes or flashy costume jewelry are taken aside and given pointers on their appearance. Classes are held early in the morning and afternoon, smack in the middle of household routines. "When women complain that the hours interfere with taking care of children, I ask how they expect to hold a steady job," Mrs. Mostel says. "If proper arrangements can't be made for small children, I discourage women from taking the course. Children are their first responsibility, no matter how badly they need the money."

Technical instruction is sprinkled liberally with pep talks and Dutch-uncle advice. Here are some random remarks made by Joseph Sully during a bookkeeping class: "Don't let new machines throw you. They're a cinch to operate. You can get free lessons from the manufacturers. . . . People are more relaxed on the job now than when you last worked—everyone but the bookkeeper. You have the responsibility of protecting the boss' money. . . . I won't presume to tell you ladies how to dress, but I want to remind you a bookkeeper's appearance should reflect reliability. A simple suit is your uniform. . . . Don't get on your high horse when accountants check the books. They're not snooping for mistakes. They can help you give a prompt, accurate answer to the one question the boss always asks: 'Where do we stand?'"

The women are advised repeatedly that their age can be a distinct advantage if they apply for jobs with small firms. The ideal setup is a one-woman office where an employer needs an assistant with mature judgment to assume a good deal of responsibility. That approach is more realistic than trying to buck the handicap operating against older women in large companies. Organizations with big staffs claim that personality conflicts multiply when women of disparate ages are thrown together. Given a choice, they'll take young girls every time to decorate the premises.

Companies with pension plans have a far more valid reason for preferring to hire girls. There is no question that an older woman who is added to a pension program increases the employer's expense enormously. The Department of Labor reveals that the premiums necessary to provide retirement pay of $100 a month at sixty-five amount to $326 a year for a worker hired at the age of thirty. Thereafter, the cost skyrockets. The annual premiums are $508 for people hired at forty, $939 at fifty and $1486 at fifty-five.

As always, there is another side of the story. Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell recently declared, "If economic life becomes too hard for older people, they will form the most potent group this nation has known and will force some kind of public program for their survival. This is a possibility industry must face immediately. Will it find places for older workers and make profits from their production or be taxed much more heavily than now in order to sustain them as nonworkers?"

Social Security costs for nonworkers over sixty-five are more than $4,000,000,000 this year. By 1970 the bill will be in excess of $11,000,000,000.

"Taxes eventually may break down the prejudice against older workers, but right now women are completely justified in feeling the cards are stacked against them," declares Mrs. Marguerite Chapman, supervisor of special placement in the New York State Employment Service. "I'm sorry to say many employers are justified, too, for their attitude. All older women want white-collar or white-blouse jobs, but most have nothing to offer an employer. The harsh truth is that they couldn't get good positions if they were twenty-five years younger, because they have no training for anything. It's high time they realized this is a highly selective age that demands special skills."

In a changing, chaotic world, though, it is a comfort to know that the fundamental things apply as time goes by. At the Greenwich House *Kaffeeklatsch* in October, two "girls" were overheard comparing notes on their bosses.

"He's a nice-looking man, still in his sixties," one was saying. "We have a lot in common and I think he's taking an interest in me. Who knows, one of these days ——"

THE END

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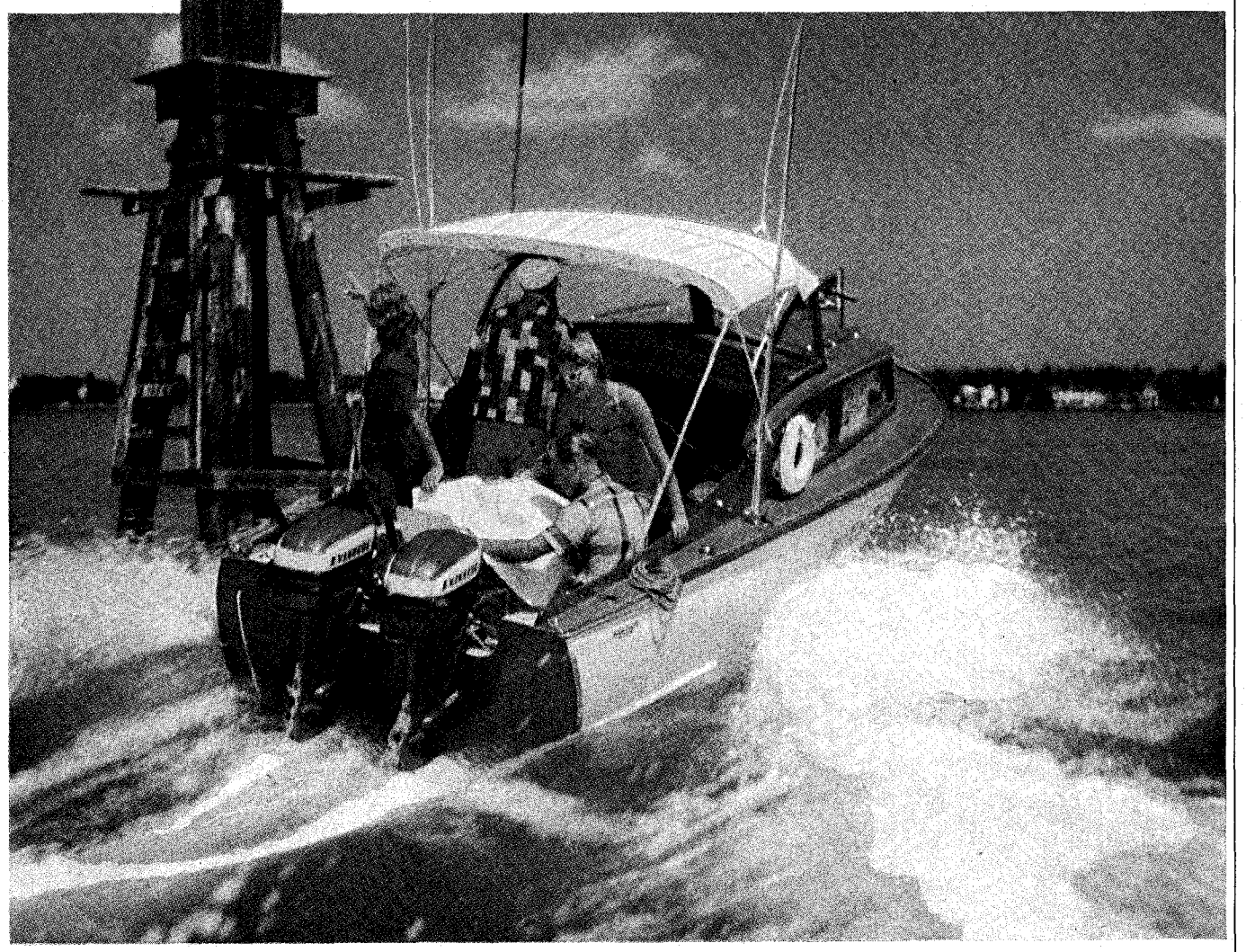

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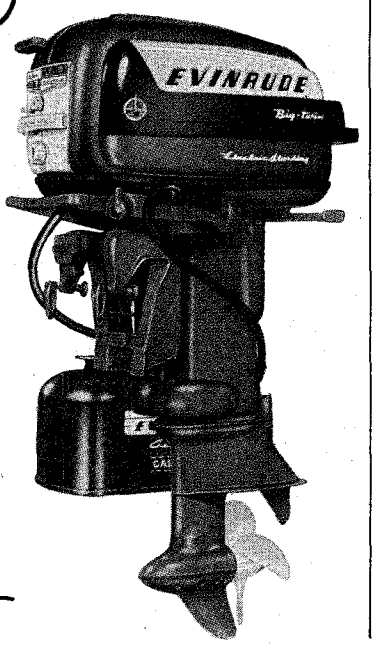

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The Ballplayer and the Lady

(Continued from Page 31)

Turley, of the Yankees, has an overpowering fast ball, but can't always get it over the plate.

Here, too, Harshman is different. He doesn't pile up strike-outs through sheer speed. The respected No. 1 catcher of the White Sox, Sherman Lollar, explains, "Harshman throws more different pitches than any other man in our league. He has a good live fast ball, a fair curve, a slider, a palm ball—and the best screwball in the business. On his good days, he gets all five of these pitches over the plate." It is small wonder, then, that on Harshman's good days the hitters are constantly swinging where the ball isn't.

Jack Harshman has been bouncing around in professional baseball since he was seventeen years old, mostly in the high minor leagues. For years this tall, lean, big-boned Californian was tabbed as a potential Lou Gehrig, or at least a Johnny Mize. But he failed time and again to prove himself as a hitter, despite some prodigious home-run blasting. He belted 192 homers in the minors, and has added six more in the majors.

The most recent one came last July, and brought him a 2–1 win over Herb Score, Cleveland's brilliant rookie left-hander. Jack was a real Indian killer in 1955. A Chicago sports writer suggested that the New York Yankees should vote Harshman a World Series share, since Jack did so much to keep the Indians from beating out the Yanks again for the pennant.

Jack's record against New York—his jinx team so far—was only one-and-one. On the other hand, he led all American League pitchers in wins over Cleveland, whipping them five times while losing only twice. His victories included three five-hit games, a four-hitter and a three-hitter—the latter his July duel against Score. All together, Harshman pitched forty-nine and one third innings against the Indians last season, and gave up just thirteen earned runs.

Harshman credits his remarkable transformation to Larry Gilbert, former general manager and half owner of the Nashville Vols, who retired in May of 1955 after forty-six years in the game. However, Jack is one husband who sincerely feels that the basic inspiration for his success has been the little woman.

There may never have been a baseball wife quite like Frances DeVee Oldham Harshman. She is pert, pretty—and candidly ambitious for Jack. Her terse, matter-of-fact husband refuses to blow his own horn, but this uninhibited little blonde has been doing it for him ever since they were married in 1950.

There are those who think Dee works too hard at trying to advance her mate. She concedes, "Some of the other players' wives may not entirely approve of me. But I think many wives are too complacent. Jack has been kicked around a lot. I don't want him ever to forget I'm for him."

She originally was against Harshman's conversion to pitching. This big switch began late in the 1951 season, when Jack was playing first base in the Southern Association at Nashville. He was there on option from the New York Giants, with whom he had already had a couple of disappointing trials.

"People thought I was crazy back there in 1951 when I insisted that Harshman's only real chance was to be a pitcher," says Nashville's Larry Gilbert, who sent to the majors many players, including Buddy Myer, Tommy Henrich, Johnny Sain, Les Fleming, Bob Rush, Hal Jeffcoat, Russ Meyer, Eddie Morgan and his own sons, Charlie and Tookie.

"Here this fellow Harshman hit forty-seven home runs for us in 1951," Gilbert adds. "He set a league record with six grand-slammers. He drove in 141 runs. And still I wanted to make a pitcher of him. Well, I was thinking about all the 108 times he fanned. And his lousy .251 batting average. Terrible! Sure, he knocked in 141 runs, but he did it on only 136 hits. As a fielding first baseman, no complaints; as a hitter, he would never do.

"But the clincher to me was his good live arm," Larry concludes. "Don Osborn, our 1951 manager, had him throw batting practice one August night in Sulphur Dell. I watched from my office above the stands, and I've been enthusiastic about Harshman ever since."

As it happened, Harshman had filled in as a pitcher in a couple of games near the end of the previous season at Jacksonville. Dale Alexander, the Jacksonville manager, asked Harshman to help out temporarily when a shortage of able-armed pitchers developed. However, Jack had no thought of going on as a pitcher. He was stunned by Gilbert's proposal.

So was Dee Harshman. She freely confesses today, "Mr. Gilbert's scheme completely shocked me. When Jack seemed to go for it, I was hurt. I sulked in our hotel room when he made his first start in the final game of the season against Memphis. Jack always does better when he knows I'm at the park. But he won that game. Not only that, he hit a home run with the bases full—his longest drive of the year."

This was almost five years ago. Now Dee says, "I can't imagine Jack as anything but a pitcher."

In 1952 the Giants moved Harshman up from Nashville to Minneapolis, where the pitching experiment didn't seem to work out too well. Still playing part of the time at first base, Jack was ineffective on the mound until late summer, when he won five games in a row and pitched a one-hit play-off victory over Kansas City. Leo Durocher summoned him to New York in September, although Harshman's record for the season had been only six-and-seven. It was Jack's last chance with the Giants—and he knew it.

"The Giants were still in the race, three games behind the Dodgers with less than two weeks left," Harshman remembers. "Leo took a gamble and started me. Some of the fans were on him before the game ever began. Warren Hacker, of the Cubs, picked that day to throw a three-hit shutout."

A few days later Harshman started and lost a second game for the Giants, cooking his goose with them once and for all. In 1953 they dealt him back outright to Nashville, whose Larry Gilbert is a close friend of the Giants' farm director, Carl Hubbell. At Nashville again, Harshman finally found himself.

Hugh Poland, now a Giant scout, who managed Nashville that year, calls Harshman "the coolest, least excitable athlete I've ever known. Regardless of the situation, when I had to take him out of a game, he never said a thing or made any sign of protest."

That's Harshman, all right—but not Mrs. Harshman, as may be illustrated by an unreported incident of the 1953 campaign.

The episode arose from a game in Memphis, with which Nashville was engaged in a losing battle for the pennant. Harshman and the Vols were leading the Chicks, 3–0, in the last of the sixth, when a double by Bill Killinger scored two Chicks with two out. Thereupon manager Poland lifted Harshman, who departed without a murmur. Memphis went on to win, 6 to 3, with four runs in the seventh at the expense of the usually reliable Nashville reliever, Pete Modica.

None of the baseball writers second-guessed Poland on his change of pitchers. Dee Harshman, however, teed off on poor Hugh in the lobby of the Hotel Claridge after the game, berating him for "prematurely" yanking Jack. "I knew Jack wouldn't say anything, but I just had to," Dee recalls now.

At any rate, Harshman had a great 1953 record at Nashville, winning twenty-seven games—including four postseason play-off victories—and losing only seven.

"You'd think he'd warm up that stethoscope!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Despite this performance, he aroused surprisingly little interest among major-league observers.

Frank Lane, who finally got him for the Chicago White Sox, says, "The Harshman case is an example of why general managers can't always accept managers' or scouts' reports as gospel. Our scouts in the South weren't too keen about him from the start. But his record continued to attract my attention. I took a ten-day option with Larry Gilbert to buy him. This was in late July of 1953.

"I sent two more scouts down to Nashville to look at him. 'Not fast enough for the majors,' they reported. Luke Appling, our manager at Memphis that year, admitted Harshman was a good double-A pitcher, but said it was doubtful he could win in the big leagues. I told Gilbert it was unfair to hold him up. We would waive our option.

"Still, Harshman kept winning," relates Lane, who recently left the White Sox for the St. Louis Cardinals. "I decided to have a look-see for myself. At Memphis early that September, pitching against a predominantly right-handed line-up and throwing the somewhat lively pellet they use in that league, Harshman showed me plenty."

On his return to Chicago, Lane telephoned Gilbert. "Maybe there's something wrong with me, but I don't see why anybody would pass up this fellow," Lane began.

"Well, I'm glad you saw for yourself. Now you don't have to take my word for it. But I'm talking to Cleveland now."

Lane had to wait for Cleveland to pass or exercise its option. On the day the Indians' option expired, Lane called Gilbert at 6:30 A.M. In a matter of minutes the deal was closed. The price: $25,000.

Lane adds, "In the fall when I met with our scouts, I stated clearly that I had purchased Harshman on the strength of what I had seen myself. If Harshman failed, the expenditure would have to be charged to my stupidity."

For some time the answer was in doubt. When the 1954 season opened, manager Paul Richards—now with Baltimore—had Harshman earmarked as the No. 2 man in the White Sox' pitching rotation, right behind Virgil Trucks. However Jack showed so little in his first two starts that Richards cooled off on him abruptly. Over a twenty-five-day stretch in April and May, Harshman got to pitch exactly one and one third innings.

Dee Harshman sees a direct relationship between Jack's early troubles and the fact that in spring training camp, manager Richards and coach Ray Berres attempted to switch him to a full-overhand style of pitching.

"We think an exhibition game between the White Sox and Milwaukee late that May was what saved the situation," Dee explains. "Jack was due to work and we decided it wouldn't do any harm to go back to his old three-quarter style. After all, it was good enough to win twenty-seven games for Nashville the year before. And the new method he'd been taught was definitely uncomfortable for him.

"Well, Jack pitched five innings of shutout ball against the Braves, and gave up only two hits. I think Mr. Richards was convinced. He gave Jack a starting chance shortly afterward in a regular game in Washington. Jack pitched a shutout."

Harshman went on to make Lane's gamble look mighty good the rest of the season, registering fourteen wins against eight losses. There were such high lights as a sixteen-strike-out job against the Boston Red Sox, and a sixteen-inning shutout over the Detroit Tigers, in which Harshman outlasted Al Aber, 1–0. Jack also ran up a string of thirty-four consecutive

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scoreless innings, spoiling his own streak when he made an error covering first base which led to unearned runs.

Last year the White Sox had an excellent chance to win their first pennant since 1919, but they faded in the closing three weeks, unable to match the Yankees' September surge. The Indians also overhauled them. Manager Marty Marion said later, "We didn't have too many who met the final challenge. I guess you've included them all when you mention Nellie Fox, Bob Kennedy, Jack Harshman, Dixie Howell and maybe one or two others."

Although Harshman finished strong in 1955, dropping only two decisions in the last two months, he didn't start that way. For a while he appeared to be making an unwilling bid for the unofficial title of hard-luck pitcher of the year. Actually his teammate, Billy Pierce, who lost four 1–0 games, wound up with a stronger claim to this designation. However, the hitting support Harshman received was generally less than overwhelming—that is, after his second start of the season, when the White Sox tied the modern scoring mark to give him a win over Kansas City, 29–6.

Jack ended up the 1955 season with a modest eleven wins and seven losses. In fourteen of these games—of which he won eight—the White Sox scored a total of only thirty-two runs for him, or just a fraction more than two per game. He took four one-run decisions, and twice it was his own bat that provided the margin.

Although Harshman did not have a large victory total last year, he continued to show the potentialities of a big winner. He was fourth in the league in average strike-outs per game, behind Score, Turley and Pierce. The year before, only Pierce topped him. And Harshman last year had the fifth best ratio of hits allowed per game, with a figure of 7.24.

His over-all effectiveness was somewhat reduced, though, by the fact that he averaged nearly five walks per game. Harshman realistically puts most of the blame for his defeats on control lapses rather than bad luck.

For instance, he went into a game in Baltimore last August with a carry-over streak of eight and one third hitless innings, run up during his preceding start against Washington. Harshman picked right up where he had left off, holding the Orioles hitless into the third inning. In that frame, however, Jack loaded the bases on walks with one out. Then he had to concentrate on getting the ball over the plate, with putting stuff on it secondary. Dave Philley promptly knocked him out of the box with a grand-slam home run.

Dee Harshman has an explanation for Jack's occasional control difficulties. "During the first part of the season Marty Marion couldn't decide on his first four or five pitchers," she declares. "So Jack didn't work in any set rotation. It has been proved to him that he does much better when pitched every fourth or fifth day. When he wasn't getting those regular starts, he lost a little of his control."

Don't underestimate Mrs. Harshman. She knows plenty of baseball. Jack is constantly asking her to criticize his pitching form. Sometimes he has her sit behind home plate when the other team takes batting practice, in the hope that she will spot new weaknesses in the enemy hitters.

This blue-eyed girl was fairly well versed in the game even before she married a ballplayer. She grew up with six brothers in Rapid City, South Dakota, and was a softball player herself. Dee and Jack met in Minneapolis, where she was working as a secretary after a previous marriage ended in divorce.

Dee Harshman is a registered nurse, an accordion virtuoso and an airplane pilot. She has logged 850 solo hours in her own plane, having started on flying when she was twelve. The only one of these accomplishments which has been of much direct value to her as a baseball wife is her nurse's training. For the rest, Dee observes, "Jack can take music—provided it's jazz—or leave it alone. He doesn't approve of my flying at all. My chief interest now is trying to understand as much as possible about my husband's profession."

There is much to understand. Harshman takes a very scientific approach to pitching. According to his fireballing exteammate, Virgil Trucks, this is the reason why Jack has come along so fast. "I wish I'd started to study the hitters as early as he did," says Trucks, who was traded to Detroit last fall. "I'd probably have won a lot more than 160 games in my thirteen years in the league. When he isn't pitching, he's taking mental notes on those hitters—I mean all the time."

Some of Harshman's pitching weapons came naturally. His screwball, which plagued the batters increasingly last year, was self-taught. So was his slider. Jack maintains that there is nothing very extraordinary about this. "A lot of players develop good pitches just fooling around, yet never become pitchers," he says.

The first thing a new car runs into is money.

SHANNON FIFE

"Dave Williams, of the Giants, has the best curve I've ever seen. Bama Rowell"—a onetime Braves' outfielder—"had the greatest knuckle ball."

In his freshman year, Harshman sneaked the third strike past many hitters with his tricky "slip" pitch, also known as the palm ball. This delivery became a specialty of some White Sox pitchers under Paul Richards. Richards says he picked it up from Fred Johnson, an old right-hander who butterflied the ball to the plate in the Southern Association for almost twenty years.

"When I was catching for Atlanta, Johnson used to mow our hitters down, although he eased the ball up to the plate real nice and big, and it looked like there was nothing on it," Richards relates. "I spent months trying to get him to show me how to throw that pet pitch of his. He'd just go through a quick pantomime and say, 'Oh, there's nothing to it. You just throw like this.' But by watching him closely I finally figured out how to grip it. And Harshman got it down real good."

The object of the "slip" pitch is to throw off the hitter's timing and make him swing too soon. "It's thrown exactly like a fast ball, except with a stiff wrist," Harshman explains. "The job is to control it. If not overused, it keeps the hitters just a little off stride."

This is all Harshman asks of any pitch. He doesn't think in terms of blowing the ball past the batters, despite his high strike-out ratio. "The object is to hurt their timing a little," he declares. "Most of the time they're going to hit the ball. You just try to keep them from getting that good swing at it."

On the July day in 1954 when he had sixteen strike-outs against the Boston Red Sox, fifteen of them came in the first seven innings. He needed only three more to tie the modern record of eighteen, set by Bob Feller in 1938. But Jack didn't play it that way.

"No idea of a record was ever in my mind," Harshman insists. "How could it have been when our lead was only five to two going into their half of the eighth? My only thought was to get them out.

"I had been using the 'slip' pitch more than ever. So I suddenly switched to my fast ball in the eighth. I thought it would upset their timing and keep them from taking a good cut, because they hadn't seen it much that day. And that's the way it worked out.

"When Matt Batts, our catcher then, learned after the game how close I'd come to the strike-out record, he yelled at me, 'Why didn't you tell me you had fifteen in the eighth?' I told him, 'I didn't give a damn about that.' And I didn't. I wanted the win. A record would have been an honor. But Feller and Dean and those other great pitchers—they had proved themselves. Who was I to be crowding in?"

Jack Elvin Harshman is of English-German-Irish stock. He was born on July 12, 1927, in San Diego, California. His dad, Melvin Harshman, is a detective sergeant on the San Diego police force. The father was no baseball fan during Jack's childhood. His chief interest was boxing, and he taught the boy how to take care of himself. Prize fighting is still Jack's second sports love.

In baseball, he was a first baseman all the way, beginning at Brooklyn Grammar School in San Diego. By the time he was a sophomore at San Diego High School, he already had his cap set for big-time baseball. A lanky, graceful, wiry boy—Jack is six two and weighs 190 today—he declined repeated invitations to come out for football and basketball. He didn't want to take a chance on an injury which might ruin his baseball prospects.

Jack was a Southern California standout in his senior season of 1945. He led his school to the city championship with two home runs in an 18–11 victory over Hoover High, which was Ted Williams' alma mater. The Brooklyn Dodgers and the St. Louis Cardinals offered him tempting bonus propositions. The Dodgers would have financed him through a college of his own choosing, then paid him a bonus after graduation.

"But I knew I was going to be a professional ballplayer," Harshman says. "It seemed silly to waste the Dodgers' money and my time in college." As for the Cardinals, he was afraid he might get buried in their huge farm system. So he signed instead with San Diego, of the Pacific Coast League, getting $3000 on the spot and a promise of an additional $4000 if and when he was sold to the majors.

Harshman got into a few games for San Diego as a seventeen-year-old high-school graduate in 1945, went away for a year of Navy service, then resumed his career as a first baseman. He was a sort of minor-league Babe Ruth. Harshman had tremendous power—he once propelled four straight blooper pitches by Rip Sewell out of the park in a Nashville exhibition game in 1951. At Victoria, in Canada, where San Diego farmed him in 1947, he hit thirty-six homers. The Victoria club held weekly baseball clinics for youngsters, and at one question-and-answer session the boys were asked, "Who was the greatest home-run hitter of all time?" The answer came back, "Jack Harshman!"

However, that same season Harshman struck out 132 times. This was typical of his career in the minors, where his lifetime batting average was only .263. In his last five years as a regular first baseman his strike-outs totaled 541.

In 1948 Harshman became the property of the New York Giants, who paid San Diego a fancy $65,000 for him. They took a brief look at Jack late in 1948, and in 1950 they had him open the season at first base. He lasted for only nine games, during which he hit .125.

Frank Lane, of the White Sox, was in New York at this time, trying to peddle first baseman Gordon Goldsberry to the Giants for $35,000. He was sitting in Giant owner Horace Stoneham's box when Harshman smashed a home run over the roof in right center field.

Turning to Lane, Stoneham shouted above the noise, "You mean to tell me Goldsberry can hit like that?" He promptly lost interest in buying Goldsberry. Lane lost his sale. Stoneham might have been able to use Goldsberry, as it turned out. That towering homer proved to be one of only four hits Harshman got with the Giants that spring.

Although he never made the grade as a first baseman, Harshman feels that the experience has been of some benefit to him as a pitcher. "Playing every day as long as I did, I have an idea of what the batter might be thinking as I face him. I was always overanxious when I knew what was coming. There are times now when I'm positive the hitter is expecting a fast ball. O.K., I'll give it to him—only I won't lay it in there. It may be low and wide or high and tight. There's a fine chance he'll go for it.

"But the big secret of pitching success is changes of speed—with control. When you have to rely on your fast ball to get the batters out, you're in trouble. I know I used to love to hit against pitchers who just reared back and threw hard."

When he isn't pitching, what Harshman likes most is a medium-rare steak or one of Dee's spaghetti dinners, followed by an evening at home watching television with his wife and eight-year-old LaVeen, Dee's daughter by her first marriage.

Wintering in San Diego, he is fond of deep-sea fishing outside the harbor. He has an off-season job as an inspector at the Ryan Aeronautical Company. Harshman and his father bought adjoining lots two years ago. His dad built his house during the past winter, but Jack's is still in the planning stage.

Not until he reached the American League did Jack get to know his famous fellow townsman, Ted Williams, who is nine years older than Harshman. "I had always wanted to meet Ted," he says, "but I didn't feel I should be the one to open the conversation. One day he came alongside me and asked me about a coach he had known in San Diego, a man named Mike Morrow. It was Ted's way of getting acquainted with somebody from his home town.

"You know, when Williams comes to the plate, usually you just watch silently and marvel at his art. But there is one kind of bench jockeying—I won't say what it is—that particularly annoys him. The players hesitate to use it, though, and can't help feeling guilty when they do, because of his greatness both as a ballplayer and as a person."

This year Harshman is one of three White Sox pitchers—the others are Pierce and Dick Donovan—whom Manager Marty Marion named as definite starters even before the club went into spring training. So Jack should get the chance this season to show his full pitching potential.

Ask Harshman what has been his biggest thrill in baseball up to now, and he'll tell you, "Beating Turley and the Yankees, three to two, last June."

Why?

"Because I drove in two runs."

This is the ultimate proof that the ex-first baseman is now a full-fledged member of the brotherhood of pitchers. The inviolate rule of the fraternity is that they'd rather talk about their hitting.

THE END

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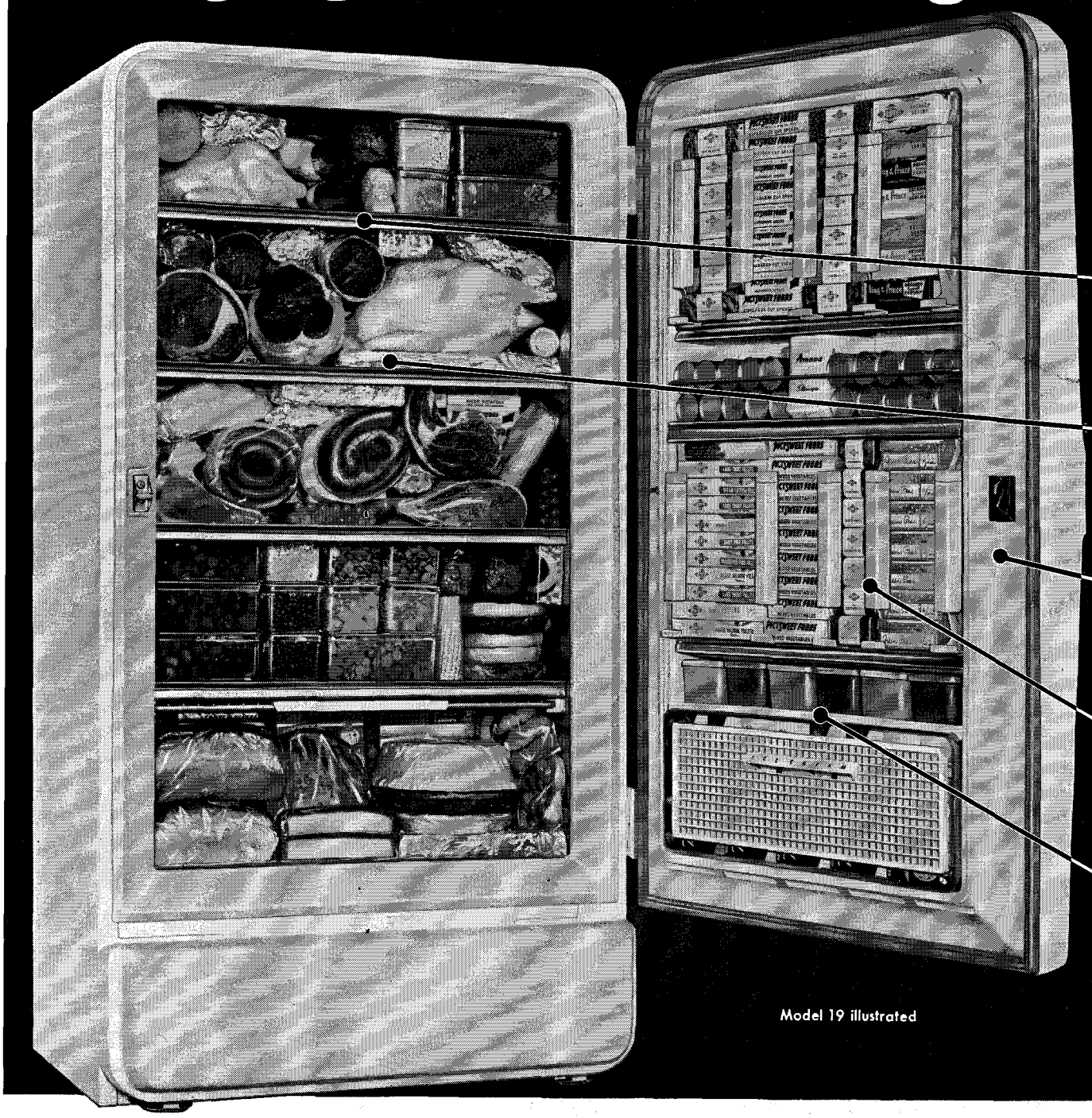

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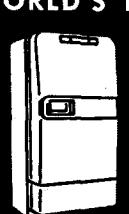

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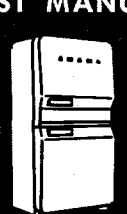

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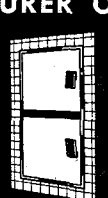

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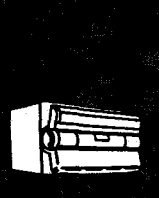

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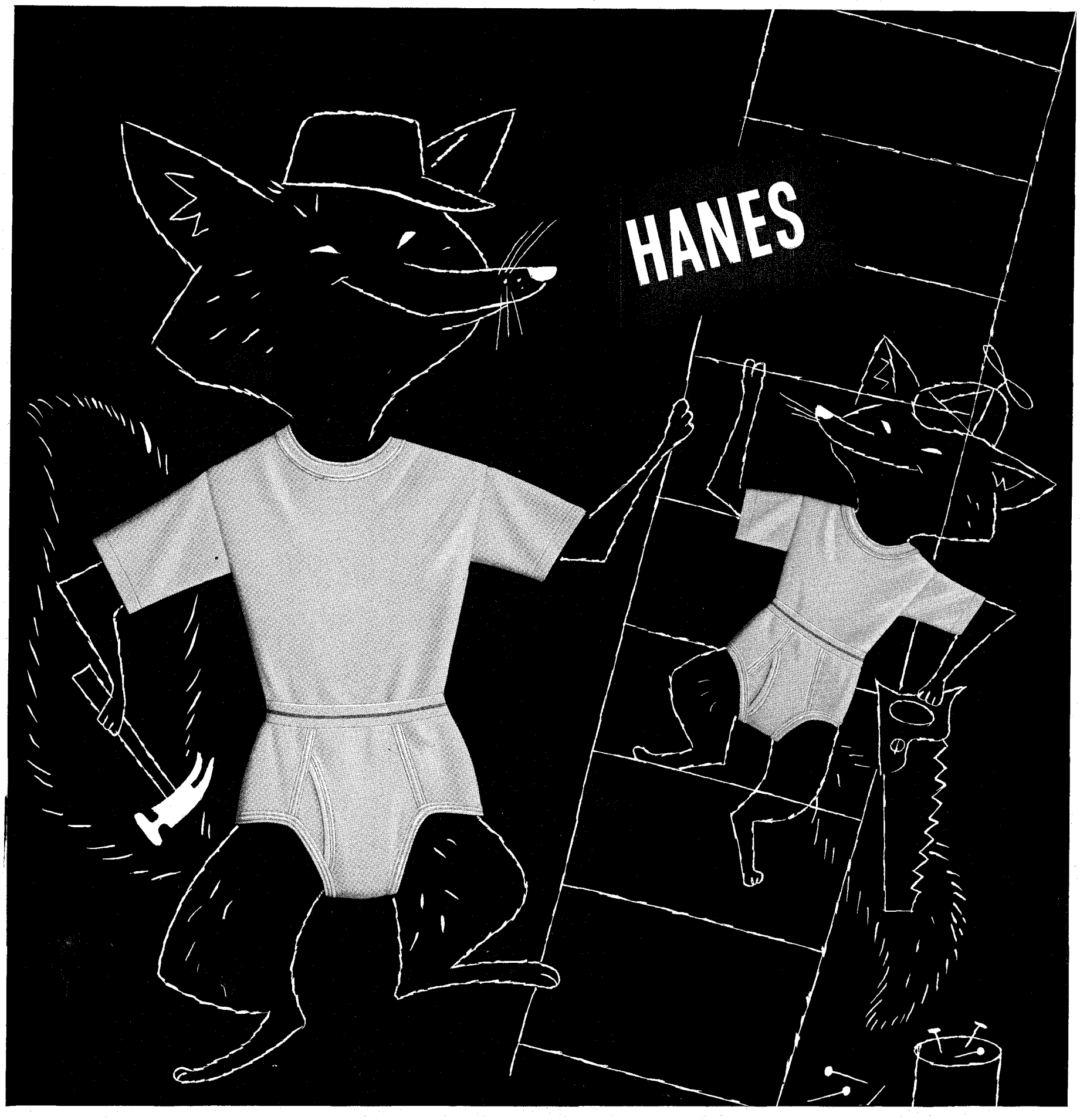

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They Fly the H-Bombers

(Continued from Page 33)

A voice, very loud and tough, yelled, "Hey, you—you in the civilian clothes!"

I stopped dead. An air policeman in a slicker stepped over in front of me, holding his M-1 ready for use. "Ramp pass."

I opened my soaked topcoat and fumbled out the green celluloid pass which was clipped to my suitcoat lapel. The AP looked at it closely. "How about the matching papers?"

I fished my wallet out of an inner pocket and we examined the papers that went with the green celluloid pass, but still the man with the M-1 wasn't satisfied. "You got anybody here can vouch for you?" he demanded.

Major Clements, aircraft commander of the B-52 the air policeman was guarding—an officer the AP knew by sight—finally convinced him that this was an innocent magazine writer, let him alone. Those AP's at Castle are tough—and I'm glad they are. That B-52 we were standing beside cost the taxpayers $7,000,000, and it would have taken a good *saboteur* about twenty seconds to plant a demo charge which would have blown it to hell and back, once it was airborne. Some people call the air police, Ramp Tramps. Not me. I think those guys are key men. It's one thing to get aboard and fly a B-52 for glory and country; quite another to plod up and down in the rain, with an M-1 on your shoulder, eight hours at a stretch.

Major Clements led the procession on the preflight check. The copilot carried a large book and read off the checkpoints. Clements found each one with a flashlight, examined it very quickly and intently, and passed on. Being under the wing of a B-52 is like being inside some crazy kind of warehouse. During the checkout, they have the big Fowler flaps in the full down position—which exposes the innards of the wing, a bewildering mass of motors, wires, levers, cables and gismos which defy description. When you are out at the end of the wing, looking at the engines, and at the fuselage in the distance, it takes a certain amount of imagination to convince yourself that it is an airplane. The engines look too small. It just isn't possible, you think, that those tiny engines will yank that big hulk into the air at all, much less push it up so high that a man has only eighteen seconds TUC—time of useful consciousness— if he loses cabin pressure without being protected by an MC-1 space suit.

I'd put on an MC-1 in the survival school, and I can endorse the feeling of all the men I talked to in SAC. "Above fifty thousand the MC-1 is a life-or-death matter," one observer told me. "Personally, I'll take my chances on an explosive decompression. Might as well go out fast as die by inches."

There's no point in trying to describe the MC-1 or the fine details of how it works. Suffice to say that the thing is full of rubber bladders laced to your body skin-tight, and when the suit goes into action in an emergency these bladders all inflate and the lacings grip you like a million pairs of pliers. However, even in the uninflated state, the MC-1 is very uncomfortable, and the helmet with its closed face plate gives anybody with claustrophobia the heebie-jeebies. If anybody tells you that the crew of a B-52 has a ball flying up there above 50,000 feet, looking at the wonderful cloud formations and feeling like eagles, and so on, remind him that the observer and the navigator share a tiny observation slot just big enough to give them a view of the jet engines. They sit in their MC-1's in this roaring, gadget-infested room for maybe twenty hours straight, doing nothing but making hundreds of complicated computations and decisions at high speed. And, of course, if the chips are ever down, it will be the duty of these men to find and destroy their assigned targets. This is fun?

The pilots of a bomber have traditionally been the ones to get all the glory—and, frankly, they have deserved much of it—but the man who has the roughest deal in the B-52—as in any other bomber—is the tail gunner. The pilots and navigators and the rest of the crew up front have things to do every second. The tail gunner—more than 100 feet away from them, locked in his own tiny, pressurized cockpit—has very little to do but sit and think. Sitting and thinking above 50,000 feet in the tail-gun position of a B-52 is work for the men. The gunner is completely isolated back there, in flight. There is no way for anybody to get to him in an emergency, because the narrow, sharp-angled, tortuous passage beside the big wheels and through the many bulkheads is not pressurized. If a tail gunner loses his cabin pressure or gets hit by an enemy bullet, or if any one of dozens of small unpleasant things happens to him, the poor guy has had it. And even if he doesn't get hurt, the tail of this mammoth B-52 thrashes around in rough air like a great big buggy whip. You've never really been airsick, they say, until you've been airsick in the tail-gun position of a B-52.

Clements finished his check in the rain. He found a few things which could be fixed, but would have to be fixed in flight, inside the airplane.

He spoke to a soaked line chief, "You willing to fly with us, and do a little work?"

"Yes, sir!"

"You better go change your clothes then. If you go up wet, the stuff will freeze on you in the belly of the airplane."

"I ain't got time to change," the line chief said. "Lemme get my kit. Be right there, major."

I caught Doc Weholt's eye in the light of the maintenance spots. Doc knew what I was thinking, but he didn't say a word about the line chief or his problems. He grinned, and delivered the ancient gag familiar to all SAC men, as he stared up at the monstrous wing of the B-52. "I said it to Orville. I said it to Wilbur. And I'll say it to you. This contraption will never fly."

Twenty minutes before take-off time I sat in the automobile of Maj. John Kelly on the edge of the flight line. Kelly was chief trouble shooter for the mission. If any of the airplanes aborted, Kelly had to get it fixed somehow or provide another airplane, known in the trade as "a taxi spare," to take its place. So far, there'd been one abort, and Kelly had provided one of the taxi spares. He was sitting in the front seat with, as he said, all the fingers on his hands crossed, and if his shoes hadn't been so tight he'd have crossed his toes.

"Listen," said the master sergeant beside Kelly. "I think they've started to fire up."

I listened. They had. A Pratt and Whitney J-57 jet engine makes a terrible sound. It starts with a sizzling, goes into a whine and winds up sounding like dynamite. Line crewmen were getting nauseated from working near the engines until somebody invented sound-deadening headgear. The one bright spot is the fact that rats and mice can't stand a J-57 engine. According to the cooks, there isn't a mouse or rat left at Castle. They've all fled into the desert for the duration.

The six B-52's which were flying the mission pulled out of their parking places, one at a time, and began trundling past us in the dark. As they came abreast you saw the huge black hulk of the bomber with the faint ruby spot on its nose where the pilots sat in their night light. As they turned away, through the ghostly blue lights of the feeder runway, you could look into the cheery oil-lamp glow of their eight engines and smell the fumes very strongly.

"They're going off one minute apart tonight," Kelly said. "One minute isn't even enough to get the motors stabilized properly."

"Then why don't they take longer?"

"This one is for the money," Kelly said. "This is how they'd do it if we thought the Bisons were coming."

I'd heard a lot about the Bison, the USAF's code name for the Russian intercontinental jet bomber. There was a large detailed drawing of what our intelligence thought a Bison looked like on the wall of the 93rd Wing HQ. The Bison had huge turbojet engines—very probably of a new and superior design—embedded in the roots of its swept wings and it could carry the new Russian H-bomb. The B-52 men respected the Bison. They called it "a dangerous airplane," which, coming from professional intercontinental bombers, meant they felt the Bison could get through with its load. Not pleasant to contemplate, but at least realistic.

Kelly glanced at his wrist watch. "O.K., Harvey. They'll be taking off in another minute or so. If you really want to get a good look, you'll get out of the car."

Outside in the rain, the forty-eight jet engines of the six bombers made the base sound as if it were being parboiled over the grandfather of all Bunsen burners. It was pitch dark at the end of the runway. Then one of the bombers turned upwind into take-off position, its lights looking like automobile headlights, and the sullen snore of its engines sharpened to a hot whine and went on up to the dynamite category. The pilot held the B-52 with brakes for a moment, and then, very slowly, it began to roll. The airplane passed us about twenty seconds later, its jet scream crashing in among the hangars, rain whirling in glittering sheets into its wing lights. We saw it lift off the ground, very flat, and lose itself in the murk; and a second plane was already rolling, at full power, behind it.

They didn't quite make the target time on their rush take-off. Four planes got off a minute apart. One took seventy seconds, another a minute and a half—but eight minutes after the first B-52 began to roll, all six planes were airborne. Maj. Gen. Bill Eubank, boss of the 93rd Bomb Wing at Castle, had taken no chances with this mission. He'd put his best boys in those six bombers: Col. Pat Fleming, deputy wing CO, and No. 2 man at Castle was leading. The rest of the planes were handled by squadron commanders and experienced instructor pilots. It is no secret that the men at Castle are hand-picked, on the basis of their records, from all over the Strategic Air Command. Every man on this base is a top pro. But the men in those six airplanes, climbing away in the night, were the top of the top—the best in the world.

"O.K.!" Kelly yelled from the car. "Show's over! Climb in! You'll want to get back to the BOQ for some sleep if you're going to the debriefing at four!"

I lay down in my room a few minutes later, with my alarm set for three o'clock in the morning, but I couldn't sleep. The wind worried the windows like a nervous dog, and water snored and sucked in the downspouting. I could imagine those bombers up there—in the moonlight now, very probably—getting set for heaven knows what. It would be very uncomfortable in the B-52's above 40,000 feet. Boeing still hadn't licked the problem of keeping everybody warm. The pilots, sitting high in the nose, were very comfortable at a given heat setting. But the observer and navigator, sitting with their feet against the bottom of the fuselage—the metal there is twenty below zero—would be shivering with cold. It was a tough one to solve. If you turned on enough heat to keep the observer warm, you automatically barbecued the pilots.

Temperature wasn't the only thing to worry about. Even a simple thing like eating a sandwich was a major operation. One observer had taken his oxygen mask off between bites above 40,000, and the next thing anyone knew, he was slumped forward unconscious on his radar console. Luckily, the navigator noticed the emergency, and the plane was dived down to low altitude at once. Lack of oxygen is dangerous because it is so insidious. A man suffering from oxygen deficiency feels fine—even exhilarated—and then suddenly he goes out like a light.

Bombing in a B-52 certainly has come a long way from the days when B-17

"The witness will please confine himself to answering the question."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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pilots came back from Germany "with two burning and two turning," or, as they said, on a wing and a prayer. Things were much simpler then. If you wanted a bomber pilot, you more or less plucked some rosy-cheeked lad from a Piper Cub, ran him through two-engined transition; then popped him into the driver's seat of a shiny new Flying Fortress and wished him godspeed for Naziland. If he dodged the flak and the FW-190's, all was well.

The B-52 pilots I'd met were certainly no rosy-cheeked youngsters. Some were gray-haired, some were bald, some had middle-aged stomachs and a few even wore glasses. You don't run down in the early morning, kick the tires, whistle at a passing flight nurse, and thunder aloft in a B-52. The pilot's handbook is a massive two-volume document about the size of two New York telephone directories. By the time a man can be trusted with a B-52 he's no spring chicken. He's got maybe 5000 hours in heavy bombers, much of it in combat, and when he's flying he's working.

Take mid-air refueling—that business where the bomber comes up to the tanker plane and a steel boom is rammed into a receptacle and thousands of pounds of JP-4 are force-fed into the bomber's empty tanks. Sounds simple enough, but really it's a nightmare. I spent some time talking with Capt. Ernie Campbell, who teaches mid-air refueling at Castle. Ernie probably knows more about mid-air refueling than anyone else alive, and is more adept at the techniques. You had to play it cool, Ernie said, particularly in the clutches, when you needed the stuff to get home on. Refueling in the B-47—the smaller jet bomber which the B-52 is replacing—was no piece of cake, Ernie said, particularly over the arctic. JP-4 spilled out of the hose and froze on the windshield so you could no longer see what you were doing. The copilot, behind you, who could still see a little bit out of the top of the canopy, would then "talk you in." Could get very "hairy" if you were the nervous type.

But refueling a B-52, if I've been correctly informed, is like trying to thread a needle in the dark while standing up in a hammock. The hookup point is behind the pilot's cockpit, completely out of sight. In order to make a connection the pilot must fly so close under the tanker's belly that he can count the smaller rivets in its seams—tip his head back until it rests on his shoulder blades—and follow a complicated pinball lighting system: "Green you're in . . . yellow you're slipping out . . . red you've lost the damned thing."

Ernie Campbell can handle this sort of business as simply as blowing the cuff off a beer, but others, even the combat vets, find themselves sitting in a pool of their own sweat after a few minutes of watching the pinball lights. Help, fortunately, is on the way. Boeing has a brand-new jet tanker on the production line. It will fly way up high, and the hookup problem will be much simplified. When SAC gets a full supply of these new KC-135 jet tankers, the B-52's can really dig out and go—anywhere, any time, at just about the speed of sound.

I didn't know very much about the B-52 because nobody talks about its performance, but I had picked up the fact that it would run off and leave an F-86 Sabre jet at the B-52's best altitude. That's really balling the jack. An F-86, until very recently, held the world's jet-speed record. Actually, the B-52 Stratofort is pushing very close to the practical limit of jet-powered aircraft. Above 70,000 feet, a jet runs into the Ozone Layer—a stratum of ozone-rich atmosphere caused by gamma rays and other high-powered energy bombarding the air from outer space. You dare not pressurize a cabin with this ozone because it is poisonous for humans to breathe. As a matter of fact, the stuff is so thin you probably couldn't pack enough of it into the cabin unless you devoted a great deal of your total power to pressurizing—which, of course, you can't afford to do. So the bomber of the future will very probably have a sealed space cabin, and derive its power from rockets, which do not depend on external oxygen for their combustion.

Air bases, it has always seemed to me, tend to develop a personality quite similar to the personality of the commanding officer, and Castle was no exception. Gen. William Eubank is a young-looking white-haired guy with a friendly grin, lots of energy, and the old bare knuckles if he needs them. The base is like that. People grin at you when they pass, even if they don't know you, but they don't dawdle around—because there's lots doing at Castle. Besides being the home of the first combat-ready B-52 wing in history, Castle is also the nest from which all B-52 crews will be hatched for the rest of SAC. The 4017th Combat Crew Training Squadron, under Col. Bill Smith, is now giving complete and detailed training to pilots, navigators, observers and gunners. Smith is an old pro jet pilot and a cool, hard-working perfectionist. He and his hand-picked instructors have already put the 93rd Bomb Wing in business. They were working on the 42nd Bomb Wing Crews when I was at Castle. And they will continue to train more crews from now on, to keep pace with the B-52 production, which Boeing is stepping up at both Seattle and Wichita.

The modern parent has to spare the rod because his son is riding around in it.

DAN BENNETT

General Eubank asked me to stop by his office if I had any gripes or criticisms, and tell him in person. I had no gripes, but I did have one criticism. It seemed to me that this base, with its wing of B-52's and its SAC training squadron, would be just about the No. 1 target in America if the Russians ever decided to go hunting. There was enough power at Castle to flatten all the major cities in the U.S.S.R., so it was fairly reasonable to suppose the Bisons would look for Castle even before New York City. If they got Castle and the other SAC bases, they could knock off New York at their leisure.

"Tell me, General Eubank," I said, "why does the Strategic Air Command locate its most valuable base within eighty miles of the seacoast? We know the Russians have long-range subs and guided missiles. To clobber Castle, all they'd need to do would be to surface and fire."

General Eubank said anybody could work up a good ulcer worrying about the various aspects of security. Total security of a SAC base was impossible. The only sure way to protect the Strategic Air Command's jet bombers, General Eubank said, was to disperse them so widely and thinly that no mass air attacks, no combination of sabotage methods, no matter how well organized, could wipe out a critical percentage of the total power. This would mean having fewer bombers per base. Maybe only a squadron instead of two full wings, as was now the case on some bases. It would mean building many new bases—which would be very expensive. In the meantime—or perhaps from now on—there was very little choice. You had to use what you had on hand and take a few calculated risks.

My alarm went off at three o'clock. At ten minutes to four I was in Wing Headquarters, waiting for the pilots to come back from their mission and debrief. The room was warm and bright, and there was a long table loaded with baked ham, sliced chicken, cake, milk, coffee and a couple of bottles of that mellow GI bourbon which every crew member is entitled to one slug of—if he wants it—after coming down from a tough mission.

Doc Weholt was presiding at the festive board; Doc had been on one of the "taxi spares" and hadn't made the flight, after all. Now he was opening his famous "portable dispensary"—a large black case full of every medication likely to be needed by sick, weary, excited or otherwise disturbed Air Force people. Doc's portable dispensary was well known at Castle. He kept it with him at all times and treated his patients when and where he found them—no charge, of course. It took an incredible amount of effort, and he lost sleep by the carload lots; and his wife, with a certain amount of understandable bitterness, referred to the operation as "Doctor Weholt's Private Practice."

"Hey, Doc," I said. "Got any word on the mission?"

"One little item," Weholt said. "The tail gunner on Lt. Colonel Byerley's plane looked out his window and saw this big sheet of of fire going past. Must have been about two hundred feet long." Weholt grinned. "No sweat. It was an engine fire. Byerley shut off the engine and kept fighting it. He hit his primary target, and then the lights all went out, and they lost the cabin pressurization. So the colonel came home. No use pressing the luck."

The door opened and Col. Pat Fleming, who'd led the mission, stepped into the briefing room. He was a tall, rangy man with a pale face, eyes red-rimmed with fatigue, his dark curly hair matted from hours in a crash helmet. Colonel Fleming, even after a night aloft, had a boyish look. He had a flat stomach, carried himself with the easy co-ordination of a good pro boxer, and talked in a quick, soft, slurred voice. You didn't realize how mature Colonel Fleming was until you got a good look at his eyes. Then you knew that this was no boy. This was a man with nineteen confirmed victories over Japanese fighter planes—when Pat was a Navy pilot—a man who'd flight-tested the hottest experimental planes the USAF could devise for years; a man who now had more jet-bomber experience than almost anyone alive.

"How did it go, Colonel Fleming?"

"Not bad." He grinned at me. "You might as well save your breath, Harvey. If you want to know what happened on this mission you'll have to read it in the newspapers." Fleming turned to Doc Weholt. "How about a couple of no-go pills, Doc? I've got a lively little family at home, and I want to get some sleep this morning."

As it turned out, Colonel Fleming's advice—given facetiously—proved very practical. I did read about the mission the next day in the newspapers. I don't know how it leaked, but it leaked all over the state of California. It was bar gossip in Merced. The taxi driver who drove me into town had the full picture. He and a dozen others.

In a nutshell, what happened was this: the B-52's had taken off from Castle and climbed out toward the coast through heavy clouds. But somebody had tipped off the jet fighters of the Air Defense Command in advance. Radar-nosed Sabre jets were stacked up in the soup, waiting to pounce on the bombers, and pounce they did. The B-52's were heavy with fuel, were climbing relatively slowly, and the jet fighters hit them from high altitude at blinding speed. The jet jockeys were jubilant. They'd "shot down" every single B-52 that took off from Castle. Big deal!

But it wasn't such a big deal, really. The B-52's climbed higher as they flew out toward Hawaii; they topped the overcast at 40,000 feet and kept on climbing in the bright moonlight until they were as high as they could get. Then, at this fantastic height, 500 miles off the California coast, the B-52's turned back toward San Francisco and went to combat power. For once the weatherman had been right. They had a 100-mile-an-hour jet stream wind on their tails. They came in on the coast like great, high-flying bullets and their observers picked up the San Francisco complex on their radarscopes, crouched forward and began to track the target with the deadly little handles of their k-system bomb sights.

Now was the time for the jet fighters to hit—now, when the B-52's were coming in at max altitude and max speed, just as the Russian Bisons would come if they ever attacked.

What happened? All six B-52's hit the California coast. Then Colonel Byerley's crippled plane aborted. The five other bombers bored on into the heart of America, hitting key targets by "radar drops." They turned south and clobbered Albuquerque in the middle of a heavily defended Air Defense Identification zone. Then they came home to Castle. They had "destroyed" every target on their list and had radar film to prove it. Not a single fighter had got anywhere near them!

Yet the fighters were up. Those jet jockeys knew the B-52's were inbound, and they were waiting, red-hot for a "kill." There is no mystery about their failure. The planes they were flying just didn't have the stuff. The B-52's were too high and moving too fast to be intercepted by the best fighter planes in current squadron service.

The Air Force has a night fighter—the delta-wing Convair F-102A—which might have knocked down the 52's if it had been there in force. Unfortunately it couldn't be there in force because there were only a handful in existence—and they were at Edwards Air Force Base, undergoing flight testing and would not be in the hands of fighter squadrons for months. Gen. Curtis LeMay, boss of the Strategic Air Command, is well aware of the potent weapon he has in the B-52. The Alsop brothers, in a recent column, stated LeMay's position in a nutshell: "One of the great secret dramas of the struggle over this year's budget was caused by LeMay's bold demand for an urgent program to produce no less than 1900 B-52's. His purpose was to replace his B-47's—the shorter-range medium bomber—with planes of true intercontinental range."

LeMay's request was denied. Perhaps, if the men who turned thumbs down had ridden with Col. Pat Fleming and his men in those six high-flying B-52's out of Castle Air Force Base, the decision would have been different.

There is a postscript to this story that I wish I didn't have to write. Shortly after I returned from Castle Air Force Base, my phone rang. It was Major Bill McGinty, chief of the Book-and-Magazine Section of the Air Force, a close friend. "Frank," Mac said, "you better take a brace, boy. I've got some bad news."

I said, "What is it, Mac?"

"Pat Fleming was killed this morning over California," Major McGinty said. "The B-52 he was flying in exploded at 35,000 feet."

THE END

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Treasure at Tandem Key (Continued from Page 43)

seen that she was also a worried woman—and probably a darn nice one, in her way.

She proved his conjecture instantly. "How right!" she repeated numbly. Then she laughed heartily—at herself. "Who the devil are you?"

"Name's Adams. People call me Crunch. Skipper of the Poseidon. Matter of fact, we're under charter to Pete Shade."

Wonder, who had listened impatiently, said, "What?"

"Small island," Crunch told her. "You were bound to bump into my mate and me."

That did it. Des must have run the moment he was out of sight, because Pete was coming down the path, his eyes questioning. Whatever Des had told him had brought him on the double. But Des had certainly not said anything about Mrs. and Miss West.

Pete saw the girl first. He tripped. He caromed off a coconut-palm trunk and recovered. He stopped. His greenish-brown eyes lighted up with joy. Then the color left his face, giving his eyes a peculiar appearance. He next saw Mrs. West, and his color—too much of it—surged back. He looked at the girl again. He looked at Crunch.

"Hello." Pete said it with an effort to achieve a normal register. It came out as one of the oddest sounds Crunch had ever heard.

Wonder looked at the ground. "Hello, Pete."

"I brought her here," Mrs. West said firmly—or almost firmly, for her confidence seemed to be ebbing—"when she thought she was being taken to Nassau."

Pete said, "I see."

Crunch considered the emotionally buffeted Texan and the shattered, lovely girl. He seized Mrs. West by the arm.

"Come along," he said to her in a tone of command comparable to her own. "Sun's over the yardarm ——"

She hardly heard. "I must speak to Peter!"

"Come," Crunch repeated, bearing down on her biggest biceps. "Cocktail hour." He began to propel her. She was a woman who could ordinarily use mere bulk to resist physical forms of pressure. In this case, however, she realized that neither heft nor stubbornness would avail.

She looked at him, her face slightly flushed. "You are hurting my arm somewhat," she said.

"I know," Crunch nodded. "The bar's just a short ways—up here."

She moved a few steps, glanced back at her daughter—who had ceased staring at the broken-shell path and was now eying Pete with, if not a smile, at least the start of one—and at the Texan, who was simply standing in front of the girl, breathing a little heavily. Perhaps it was all he was able to do at the moment.

She said, "Maybe we'd better." She began to walk. He released her arm. . . .

"I'm not used to being pushed around," she continued, as she sat—not too unwillingly—at a table in the Inne's barroom. She peered at him—this time through a lorgnette.

Crunch grinned. "Sorry as the deuce, Mrs. West. Seemed to me they needed privacy."

Angelo came up and they ordered drinks. Mrs. West's eyes, accustomed to the dim illumination of the bar, now made a tour of its adornments. "Bizarre!" she said.

Then she fell into silence. When the drinks came, she tasted her Martini and said, "Incredible! Quite passable!"

When Alcott Drammel, Orson and their passengers entered for their preprandial drinks, she said, "Boisterous."

By then, she had ordered a second cocktail. She seemed to realize that Crunch was still beside her. "What," she asked, in a patently polite attempt to make time-passing small talk, "does Mr. Shade do with your chartered boat?"

Crunch made sure there was noise enough to cover his answer. "Hunt treasure."

She answered instantly, "Black gold, you mean?"

Crunch was momentarily bewildered. "Why, no. I ——"

Mrs. West chuckled. "Oil, of course! After all, Peter's a geologist. If he's hunting anything, it must be oil! Of course it could be uranium, I presume. My husband's mad about it! The stock, that is! Is there uranium in the Bahamas?"

"I mean, Mrs. West, sunken treasure. Pirate loot. Not minerals or oil. Doubloons, pieces of eight."

She had been about to sip her drink. She arrested the act. "Are you serious?"

"Pete's serious, all right!"

"Has he lost his mind?"

Crunch shook his head. After some consideration, he went unobtrusively to a far wall and brought back the framed rhyme. He sat down with Mrs. West and read aloud, but in covert tones:

"My treasure lies beneath the sea,
But in the sea my treasure is not;
Where the brave may see, when they
cannot sea
Till the oaken caskets round it rot."

Then, rapidly, he told her about his and his mate's luckless loss of their customer, their meeting with Peter Shade and the progress of the search. He left out the solution to the rhyme, but nothing else.

The account enthralled Mrs. West. It also gave Crunch a chance to put in some excellent references in behalf of Pete—such as the matter of his nerve in the face of a mako shark. The telling, furthermore, helped pass time, and thus secured Pete opportunity to patch things up with the dazzling Wonder.

In that, Pete was at first seemingly successful. The wind was cold; the sun had set; he helped her into her fur jacket and escorted her to the Poseidon, where there was shelter. By the time they were snug, they had finished the preliminaries—the semibroken phrases, stammerings and shock.

"It's nice seeing you," Wonder acknowledged.

"Been a thin time," he agreed. He kissed her. This he did in the manner of a man who has kissed the same girl often before, deeply enjoyed it, and decided it would make a suitable lifetime occupation. It was a kiss that lasted until the twilight had perceptibly increased.

Afterward, Wonder said, "Gee!" It was not a Park Avenue expression, it reflected little of the *haut monde*, but it was heartfelt. She then cried moderately, and next redid her face—which was a waste of time, since he kissed her again, sharing the fighting chair with her. When he ceased, it was dark.

"What are we going to do?" she asked. "I thought we'd never see each other again! You were so sore at mother!"

"On account of George!"

"I know," Wonder said. "Couldn't we ——"

"What?" He sounded hopeful.

"Well. You're supposed to say it. Elope. Couldn't you get a job somewhere—far off—maybe Australia—where

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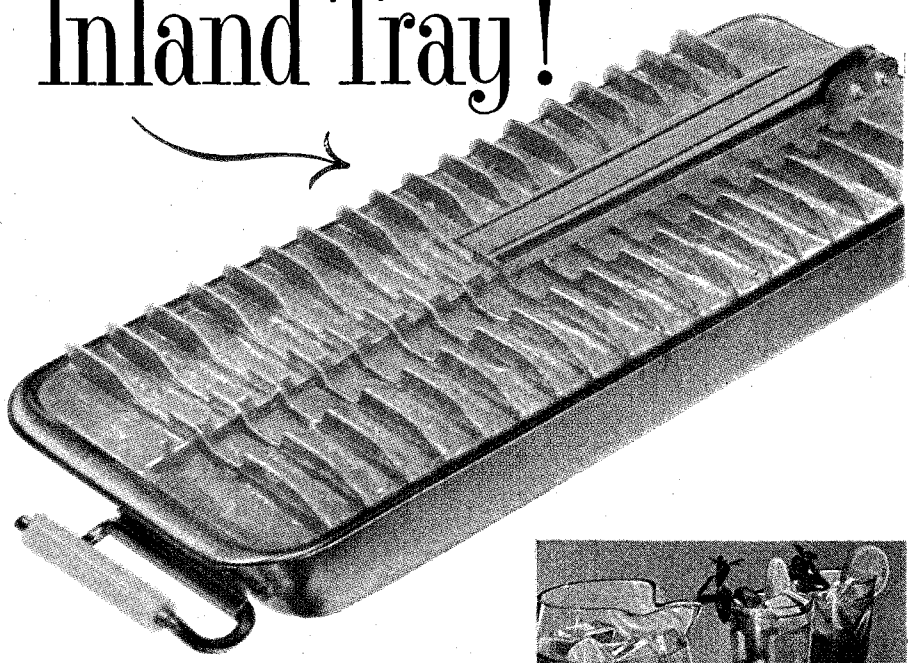

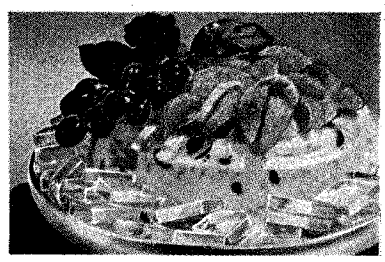

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mother would hate it, and George be too busy to go, and you could be just a geologist—with a wife and a family?"

Pete Shade—a man nervous beyond most—warmed to the thought briefly; then said, "But suppose I couldn't get a job?"

"I doubt," Wonder replied, "that my folks would disinherit me, even though I ran away to Australia. Even with you. Besides, you can't be cut off by George."

"I don't mean money. I mean, suppose we went there and I never amounted to anything?"

"Would it matter? Must you amount to something?"

The idea of a paradise in Queensland was beginning to trouble the young Texan. "To be married to you," he said, "I would have to amount to at least something!"

"Couldn't I make up my own mind about that?" Wonder looked up urgently, hoping to be kissed again. When he kissed her, she had a sense of possession—and of being wanted—that was extremely reassuring.

He was not, however, looking at her just then. His eyes were on remote horizons and he felt tense. He spoke presently, though all he said was "Besides!"

"Besides, what?"

"Well. When you think about it, look at us now!" He did gaze at her then, and, she sensed, with warmth, even passion. But he went on, "Tandem Key isn't Tasmania. But it's a long haul from Texas and pretty far from New York. So what? I came here to think, to find myself, to find out what was the matter with me! I came to be alone. I've been here not even a month and, wham! your mother steams into port and takes over. With you slung on her shoulder like a—a ——"

"A slave girl?" Wonder coldly suggested. "A prize ham?"

"Well, she did it, anyhow. You didn't come here by yourself."

The exquisite blonde, tall and slender, whose hair was like a tray of diamonds, replied with understandable vigor, "Certainly not! You said you didn't want to see me—maybe ever! You said it, wrote it in a letter, also put it in a telegram! I didn't tape-record our conversation, but I do have the letter and the wire—both slightly tear-stained! Pete! For heaven's sake! Are you going to put imaginary obstacles in your way—and ours—forever? Sure, mother got me here by a trick. She was just trying to make up for the harm she did before now! She's sorry. But can't we accept reality, ever? I'm here, you're here, we know we love each other ——"

"Of course," Pete agreed. "But what kind of man do you love, who loves you? Is he worth it? That's what I've got to know! And the present situation"—he rose and deck-paced in the somewhat limiting cockpit—"hardly convinces me I'm a self-propelled, independent, effective human being!"

It began to sound, Wonder sadly told herself, very much like their last encounter.

They soon made up again, briefly, but the subject somehow turned once more to George, and once more Pete began pacing the deck and wringing his spiritual hands. In the end, she said, rather coolly, that they had best sleep on it and talk in the morning. She added that the sailor who was waiting with the yacht's tender was probably half frozen and that her mother would be on board, waiting dinner. He took her to the Government Dock and solemnly saw her off.

Then, because his emotions were tumultuous, he went for an extended walk—which was why he missed Wonder's mother when, reluctantly, she departed from the Inne, insisting she needed no escort.

Mrs. West went down the sinuous, murky street in a way that was as near to trudging as any step she might ever employ. Her head was bent and her feet occasionally shuffled in the shells. She was preoccupied. She'd never had any sons, even any nephews. Her husband had always been absurdly easy to dominate in areas Mrs. West considered essential. In other areas, of course, he was pigheaded to the point of idiocy. Those regions, however, she had long since learned to leave unmolested.

She did not notice, as she walked, that a man—a rather large, very dark man—followed her at a distance or that, whenever she paused to look ahead, to shake shells from her shoes or just to cogitate, the man stepped behind a tree or bush.

She supposed there was some kind of streak in men—perhaps in all men—that made it necessary, simply for their egos, to resist influence, however sensible, from anybody, (*Continued on Page 119*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's still coming in blurry, dear."

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(*Continued from Page 116*) man or woman. Her husband had often impressed her that way. Certainly Peter Shade seemed cursed with an oversupply of such resistance. That boat captain—Mr. Crunch—had made her understand that Peter, though he loved Wonder, was very complicated and full of pride. It was all most difficult.

She stopped to remove more shells from shoes unfit for walking on anything less smooth than marble. The man behind her whistled three times, weirdly—a low trill. Mrs. West thought there were owls about—and she was right in her recognition of the sound.

She considered George Shade. He was influential, of course. Commandeering, but who had a better right? Who had more need to be commandeering? All those corporations and interests! Certainly Peter Shade had no reason to be so resentful. And yet, there was that day George had raced out in the ranch corral and caught the horse that had just thrown poor Peter, and ridden him right up to where Peter was still sitting, writhing a bit, and made the horse rear over Peter—and then laughed! Of course, everyone had laughed—and admired George. Even she. But, from Peter's standpoint, it wouldn't be quite so—showy! After all, Peter had tired out the horse before the stirrup broke. It was just that sometimes George overdid things, she told herself.

She reached the dock and walked out on it in the dark. The wind blew hard, and her print dress flickered like a flag. The yacht's dinghy wasn't waiting. Wonder had doubtless used it to get back on board and the sailor who'd rowed her back aboard was probably eating.

It wasn't far. "Just call for the dinghy," Captain Ames had advised for such a situation. Mrs. West called. She was a splendid caller. Her voice boomed out into the wind magnificently, but she had a feeling that the wind picked it up as if it were a paper bag, carried it across the harbor parallel with the Marytay, and hurled it over the low, nasty-looking neck of land that led to the southern part of the key. By and by, she was sure. No doors opened on the yacht. No new lights switched on. Nothing happened at all. She looked back along the dock. It was pitch dark under the rattling trees.

She would have to go back to the hotel—which, she felt, would be rather ignominious. She didn't want to face Peter just then. She wanted to see Wonder first. And she had refused the offer of an escort. She looked along the dim-lit dock and saw, presently, a small rowboat bobbing in the chop. It contained oars. A little spur of dock lower down led alongside the boat, and she could see how one undid the painter. She had not, after all, spent every summer on the lake, only to be stumped a few hundred yards from her goal. She untied and climbed into the rowboat; a sailor could return it immediately.

She rowed out into the harbor, almost enjoying the adventure. She quartered into the wind and the boat behaved nicely. It banged and splashed, but she could tell from lights on shore that she was making the proper, crabwise progress toward the yacht's stage.

She was not startled, not even interested, when a dark, thumping motorboat edged out from underneath another dock and headed her way. Soon, however, it began to get too close for comfort in the choppy water.

"Sheer off, you idiot!" she yelled.

She was somewhat alarmed when the boats bumped, and hers was seized, manhandled briefly and taken in tow. Even so, her alarm was at first slight. A very high wind was blowing and, though the harbor was sheltered so that it ran no heavy sea, anyone would find it hard to navigate a rowboat.

Doubtless, Mrs. West told herself, some kind natives had seen her difficulty and were merely giving her a lift over to the Marytay.

She shipped her oars and wrapped her fur jacket more tightly around her shoulders. There seemed to be two men in the boat ahead. No use calling to them; the tearing wind would merely bring her voice back in her face. Possibly they could make her hear, but they seemed to have no intention of trying.

The dim dock lights which she had just left began to drop astern. The lights of the yacht, on her other hand, also moved astern. Perhaps her unnecessary helpers intended to take her well upwind, so as to ease back down to the yacht.

She was annoyed for a moment. She liked lakes and rivers, small bodies of water. The sea confused and somewhat frightened her. It also made her ill, though no amount of tossing in a canoe or rowboat had that effect on her.

The craft ahead thumped and pounded into the gale. Spray flew over the bobbing bow of her skiff. The water felt very warm compared with the night air. Overhead, stars rocked in a cloudless sky, but there was no moon and the shores, retreating on every side, seemed utterly dark save where a window winked or the riding light of a moored craft made circles in the black plush.

It came to her gradually that she was not being towed to a favorable position for an easy drop-back to the Marytay. She was being taken away—kidnaped, in short. Her kidnapers had not bothered to make their snatch—she believed that was the word—personally. It would have been difficult, under the circumstances, to have leaped into her boat, bound her and transferred her to the craft ahead. She or somebody might easily have fallen overboard in such an attempt. But it was quite simple to take her skiff in tow.

Her first thought was to cut the rope. But she had nothing better to cut it with than a small nail file in her pocketbook. In any case, the severing of the rope would merely result in her recapture, boat and all.

She next considered an even more cogent problem: Why did anyone take the trouble to capture her in such a fashion? It could not be a professional kidnaping in which she would be held for ransom. She fancied there were no professionals of that sort in the Bahamas, and nobody could take her far from the island in such weather by such means or hold her long in hiding on Tandem Key. She was wanted, in consequence for some short-term purpose.

Mrs. West took only seconds, once on that train of thought, to guess the purpose. Captain Crunch had told her, hardly an hour before, of a similar attempt to capture Peter Shade and force him to explain the presumed clue to the alleged Endibbie hoard. Captain Crunch had also—rather furtively—showed her the doggerel which contained the supposed clue. And there had been various persons, boisterous and uncouth, in the bar at the time.

Mrs. West therefore concluded that she was being carried upwind, toward the harbor mouth, for the purpose of extortion, not of money but of information which, in actual fact, she had not been given. She allowed herself some moments of reflection on the resultant probabilities: she would be towed to some beach beyond the harbor, seized violently, and then subjected to increasingly drastic methods designed to make her answer a question which she could

• •

The Clock

By Helen Rowe Henze

No clock carries the weight
  Of the disappearing day,
Time goes steadily through,
  No haste and no delay.

Moment by moment goes
  Nor hurries on too soon,
Joins with eternity
  From noon to night to noon.

Soul, observe the clock:
  Time does not agitate,
The hour behind is gone,
  The hour ahead can wait.

• •

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not answer—and would not, she was sure, even if she could.

The obvious thing to do was to escape from her present predicament before it worsened. The circumstances were, in any case, increasingly unpleasant. She was getting soaked through and chilled to the bone.

She could not any longer see what the men were doing in the boat ahead; it was safe to assume they could not clearly make out her activities. These soon became purposeful and swift.

There were loose floor boards in her borrowed dinghy. The painter of the boat dragged in the sea, her captors having made fast a double line of their own. She tied the oars to the painter. She pulled out the floor boards and propped them up over the center seat. Gritting her teeth against the cold, she swathed the high end of the boards with her fur jacket and made it fast with a scarf. These flapped in the wind and provided a reasonable facsimile of her hunched silhouette.

Then came the ticklish part. Waiting for a hard scud of wind, she let herself down over the stern into the water. As her legs felt the beneficent warmth and the tow rope threw a hard strain on her arms, she dropped in the oars and let go. She sank in the dark, rough, salty water and held her breath. It was her hope that the additional drag of the trailing oars would compensate for her lost weight, and that the flapping fur fixed to the uprooted floor boards would give a vague visual impression that she was still on board the dinghy.

When she came up she could hear the pounding motorboat as it receded. She had figured it to be some hundreds of yards to the sheltering sandspit that protected the harbor and, having vast natural buoyancy as well as much experience in swimming in lakes, she expected to be able to make shore. Her unfamiliarity with Bahamas waters brought her a pleasant surprise. After she had swum a few rods toward the black shore line, she struck bottom. She had not realized that most of the harbor was shallow and that she had been towed in a channel. She was able, thereafter, to wade to shore. It took her some time on dark paths, however, to make her way, panting and dripping, to a lighted native cottage.

Crunch, Des and Pete Shade were finishing their belated dinner in the dining room of the Inne when Wonder abruptly appeared, accompanied by Captain Ames, of the Marytay. Wonder was merely vexed, when she entered the dining room. She introduced the captain before she asked, "Where's mother?"

The three men, who had risen, looked at one another.

"She left for the yacht long ago," Crunch said. "Didn't she ——"

Wonder said, "No. I thought she was here. And it wasn't like her not to send word. We've been waiting dinner!"

Crunch suddenly felt the cold fingers of fright. He had told Mrs. West all about the treasure hunt. He had even showed her Endibbie's framed rhyme. Had he hung it up again, as surreptitiously as he had taken it down? He could not remember. And then he could; he had left the object on the table—open proof he had been explaining it to Mrs. West. Orson had been in the bar, Doctor Sayliss, several others.

Wonder was looking worried too. "Mother may have tried to row herself out and upset. It's rough. But she can swim like a duck. So ——"

"Let's get going!" Crunch said. "We have a searchlight on the Poseidon! But—somebody may have grabbed her?"

"Grabbed mother!" Wonder repeated incredulously.

Crunch was thinking fast. Doctor Sayliss had eaten early. As far as he could recall, Alcott Drammel and his mate had not had dinner at all. But they were not in the bar either.

"It's my fault," he said heavily, "if your mother's in trouble."

"Trouble?" Wonder repeated anxiously. "How could she possibly be in any trouble, unless she upset a boat?"

"I didn't have time to tell you ——" Pete began.

At that point the door of the hotel burst open. Curtains blew. Mrs. West, in a gingham house dress a size too small, stormed into the dining room, followed by the British commissioner, a smallish man, very much distressed. Mrs. West's hair hung down her back in a damp braid. She wore a man's tennis shoes.

"Thank heaven!" Wonder cried. "We just realized you'd tried to row out—and upset!"

"Upset, my eye!" Mrs. West boomed. "I was kidnaped!" She turned. "Commissioner, I think you better find out who's missing around here, right away!"

The commissioner nodded. He seemed dazed. "I'll have Mr. Hatson make a check immediately!"

"Do so!" the large woman nodded. "Thanks for the dry outfit." She turned to the astonished group. "Hot coffee, first! And then, for mercy's sake, some food. I've swum miles, waded more miles, and I'm famished!" Her eyes found Crunch. "Young man, I should have let you escort me after all! Two unidentifiable brigands in a tubby little boat tried to snatch me!"

She sat down heavily at the table and, between gulps of coffee, followed by mouthfuls of turtle steak and baked yams, described her capture and escape. Wonder and Captain Ames joined in the meal.

When Mrs. West's appetite was somewhat assuaged, she took Crunch, his mate and Mr. Shade to task. "You should have reported the first attack!" she said severely. "The commissioner was quite indignant that you failed to do so."

"We were trying to keep things quiet," Pete explained.

"If I were less hardy, less able," Mrs. West responded with some justice, "your neglect might have caused me a great deal of hardship! Even my life, young man!"

"We could hardly foresee, Mrs. West, that you'd ——"

"My fault," Crunch repeated.

And Mrs. West chortled, "It's over! And from now on, the commissioner will see that you have a little protection. I arranged that! Matter of fact, I somewhat enjoyed the whole affair! What lunkheads, to think they could merely tow me wherever they wished, without any effort on my part to deal with them!"

Crunch noted that Pete looked ruefully at Wonder, and that Wonder looked back with a certain pride in her mother, and a visible degree of scorn for the carelessness which had led to her mother's adventure. *It isn't Pete's fault, at all.* Crunch thought. . . .

He was surprised, however, when, later in the evening, Pete sought him out in his room, a completely crestfallen man. Pete knocked, came in quickly, shut the connecting door and apologized for disturbing the skipper and his mate.

"What I want to know," the Texan said, "is whether or not it would be possible for us to start for Miami tonight."

Crunch looked at Des, who had been lying on his bed reading a magazine. Des shrugged.

"Be a right rough trip," the mate stated.

"I want to get out of here, now. Before morning." Pete walked back and forth in the room a time or two. He was pale. His hands shook. "I've packed," he went on. "I'll pay you the full month's charter."

Crunch said quietly, "The treasure ——"

"You guys can come back and finish the hunt! To me, it isn't important any more. You saw what happened."

Crunch nodded with some understanding, but not exactly with sympathy. "Terrific girl, Wonder West."

"I'm talking about her mother! Of course Wonder's terrific. I said so! Look what happened, though! Mrs. West hired detectives, who found out where I'd gone! She hired a yacht. She bulldozed Wonder into coming here by pretending they were on the way to Nassau. George couldn't have done a better job managing my private life!" His head shook slowly. "Not even old George! Then what? You tell her how we're spending time these days."

"Sorry about that," Crunch said quickly. "I—well, I liked her. And it didn't seem harmful. She'd have found out anyhow, if they'd stayed around long. Whole island knows. My big mistake was taking down that rhyme. Orson or somebody must have realized I'd told her, and got to work ——"

Pete interrupted angrily, "That's not the point! The point is: mother took charge! The minute she was in the game, she ran it! Fooled the dopes who tried to tow her away. Swam ashore. Got the commissioner. Spilled the beans. Arranged protection." The Texan kicked a wastebasket far and high, and watched it land with no satisfaction. His voice was near to hysteria: "Can't you see yet what I'm up against?"

Crunch said, "No." When Pete stared, he added, "I mean, I can't see why you feel this particular episode affects you. It was my fault. And Mrs. West was merely—darned smart!"

"O.K." Pete sat down and tapped his feet restlessly. "You don't know George. I can't explain how I feel. You don't have any idea what it's like to feel bossed, managed, controlled, pushed around, all your life. I can't take it. And I won't. If you guys won't run me back, starting tonight, I'll fly in the morning."

"We'll run you back," Crunch said quietly. "It's your charter." He turned to Des. "How long will it take you to pack?"

"Half an hour."

Crunch looked at the Texan. "We'll be all set, then, in a half hour."

Pete said, "Thanks," and walked back into his room.

The Poseidon bucked the invisible seas. It was very dark. Every time the cruiser rose on a wave, the three men steadied themselves for the swift descent, the frequent smack of her sturdy bows. Wings of water, visible in the running lights, would then be flung past the windows, pale and huge against the tumultuous Gulf Stream. At the same time barrels of spray would sweep shatteringly against the windshield; water would run and race on the glass before the ship lifted again, the sea cleared, and they had a brief, oscillating view of the clear sky and the stars.

Crunch throttled down for the third time. "Going to be daylight before we reach Miami!" he yelled above the wind. "Northerly always kicks up a mean sea in the Stream!"

Pete, who had never before traveled by night in a heavy sea on a small boat, grinned uneasily. "So long as we're moving away from Tandem Key, it's O.K. with me when we get in!"

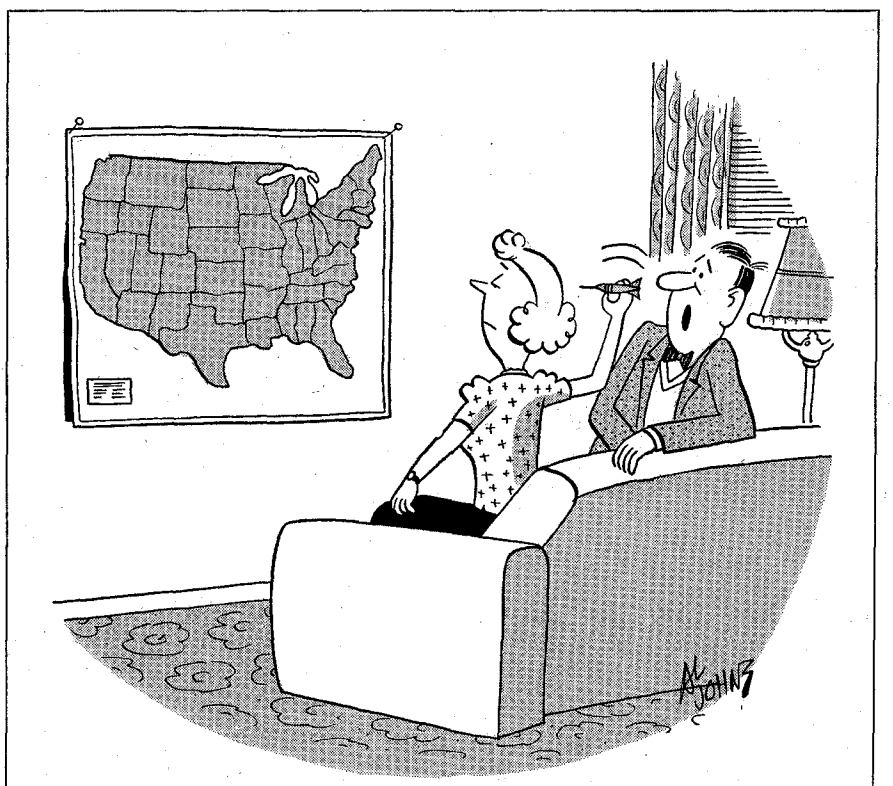
A series of moderate waves followed; then a monster, which seemed to lift the Poseidon like an elevator, hold it like the fulcrum of a seesaw, push it backward and then slam it forward and down. Crunch looked at the compass, turned the wheel and set the boat back on course.

Des came up and shouted, "I'll go below and make some coffee—if I can hold the pot on the stove!"

The skipper nodded.

Pete tried, after a while, to lie down, bracing his feet, gripping a strutlike support of the canopy. He kept himself on the bed, but it was not a way to rest.

The skipper's spirit ached. He found himself being angry at the turbulent sea, and tried to relax. He couldn't. This was, after all, one more failure. One more stroke of bad luck. He had his money for the month—something. But Pete Shade was running (*Continued on Page 122*)



"Maybe I'm just being sentimental, but I was hoping you'd put a little more thought into where we'd go on our honeymoon."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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vi'ta·min (vī'*ta*·mĭn; vĭt'*a*-), *n.* Also **vi'ta'mine** (vī'*ta*·mĭn; -mēn; vīt'*a*). (L. *vita* life + E. *amine*.) *Biochem.* Any of a number of constituents of foods in their natural state, of which very small quantities are essential for the normal nutrition of animals, and possibly of plants. They are not generally produced in the body and must be derived from outside sources.

vitamin A, $C_{20}H_{29}OH$, occurs esp. in fish-liver oils, butter, and eggs, it plays an important role in vision and also is essential for the integrity of certain cells; its lack causes night blindness and hardening of certain tissues and failure of young animals to grow.

vitamin B, (the vitamin B complex) includes a large number of substances which have different chemical structures and actions. They are grouped together because all are soluble in water and can be obtained from the same sources. This group includes:

(1) **vitamin B_1,** *aneurin,* or *thiamine,* $C_{12}H_{17}ClN_4OS$, the antineuritic or antiberiberi factor, found esp. in cereals, nuts, yeast, and animal food products. It is essential for the proper utilization of carbohydrates. A severe thiamine deficiency state is called beriberi. It is characterized by the accumulation of pyruvic and lactic acids, particularly in the blood and brain and the impairment of the cardiovascular, nervous, and gastrointestinal systems.

(2) **vitamin B_2, vitamin G** *riboflavin,* or *lactoflavin,* $C_{17}H_{20}N_4O_6$, a growth-promoting factor, found esp. in whey, eggs, and green leaves. Essential for cellular metabolism. Deficiency of riboflavin manifests itself by inflammatory changes of the skin and mucous membrane of the lip and the corners of the mouth.

(3) *Nicotinic acid,* or *niacin,* a crystalline acid, $C_6H_5NO_2$, and its amide *nicotinamide,* or *niacin amide,* $C_6H_6N_2O$, which prevent pellagra; found in meats, milk, leafy green vegetables, peas, and beans:—called also the *"P.P.* (pellagra-preventive) *factor."* Nicotinamide is an essential part of the enzyme system concerned with hydrogen transport (oxidation) in the living cell. Pellagra, the deficiency state of nicotinamide, manifests itself in symptoms of glossitis, stomatitis, insomnia, anorexia, weakness, irritability, abdominal pain, burning sensations in various parts of the body, numbness, forgetfulness, morbid fears, and vertigo.

(4) **vitamin B_6,** *adermin, pyridoxine,* or the "rat antidermatitis factor," $C_8H_{11}NO_3$, essential to human nutrition, found in meat, fish liver, wheat germs, etc. Pyridoxine plays an important role in protein metabolism, by transferring amino groups from one compound to another. This vitamin plays an important role in antibody production. Although pyridoxine has been assumed to be essential to man, this has only recently been proved. The value of pyridoxine was determined after a series of infants had convulsions when fed a formula in which sterilization had destroyed the pyridoxine. However, when a heat-stable form of pyridoxine was added to the formulas the trouble was corrected.

(5) Vitamin B_{12}, is obtained from liver fractions. It is vitally concerned with the production of red blood cells. Failure of the body to utilize this vitamin results in pernicious anemia and other disturbances of the blood and nervous system. It is necessary for normal tissue formation and its lack interferes with growth.

(6) The "chick antidermatitis factor," or *pantothenic acid,* $C_9H_{17}NO_5$, a substance extracted from various organic tissues, and promoting growth, as of yeast. Pantothenic acid has a vital function in cellular metabolism, part of which is enzymatic acetylation. Pantothenic acid also plays an important role in the coenzyme action of cells as it is a component of coenzyme A. Pantothenic acid is also important in the synthesis of antibodies.

(7) *Biotin* (formerly called **vitamin H**), $C_{10}H_{16}N_2O_3S$, an acid that is a growth-promoting factor, occurring esp. in yeast and liver. The biochemical role of biotin may deal with protein synthesis, carbon dioxide fixation, and transamination.

(8) **para-** (*or* **p-**) **aminobenzoic acid,** $C_7H_7NO_2$, a growth-promoting factor, found esp. in yeast and bran. It is a unit in the structure of folic acid and may function in conjunction with that vitamin. PABA deficiency has not been observed in man, and there is no evidence to suggest that this substance is a dietary essential in man.

(9) *Choline.* This vitamin is important as a source of methyl groups for the synthesis of amino acids and as a precursor of acetylcholine. It also fosters the conversion of neutral fats to phospholipids in the liver. This aids in the transport of fatty acids.

(10) *Folic acid,* plays a role in nucleoprotein metabolism, possibly by assisting in the formation or utilization of thymine and other purines and pyrimidines. Folic acid and vitamin B_{12} play essential roles hematopoietically (blood formation and maintenance). Folic acid deficiency may occur secondary to gastro-intestinal disease due to failure in conversion of various folic acid conjugates ingested in food into the free state or the failure in converting the vitamin to its active biological form —folinic acid—a process which requires ascorbic acid (vitamin C).

(11) *Inositol* is tentatively classified as a B vitamin. Inositol is required in the diet of animals for their proper nutrition and growth.

vitamin C, (L-) *ascorbic acid,* or *cevitamic acid,* $C_6H_8O_6$, the antiscorbutic vitamin, is abundant in fresh fruits, esp. citrus fruits, tomatoes, and vegetables, and occurs in animal products. A deficiency of vitamin C causes scurvy—a condition characterized by weakness, anemia, spongy gums and a tendency to bleed easily. Mild forms of this condition are quite common. Vitamin C is an important factor in acute stress, for stimulation of the adrenal cortex releases adrenocortical hormones accompanied by a depletion of adrenal ascorbic acid. Fresh fruits and vegetables lose much of their vitamin C content on storage and in preparation unless there is adequate refrigeration and cooking is reduced to a minimum.

vitamin D, is antirachitic and regulates the phosphorus-calcium metabolism. There are several varieties, prepared or occurring naturally in fish-liver oils, egg yolk, etc., as **vitamin D_1** and **vitamin D_2,** or *calciferol,* $C_{28}H_{43}OH$, an alcohol formed by irradiating ergosterol. Lack of vitamin D results in loss of calcium and phosphorus and is the direct cause of rickets in infants and osteomalacia (softening of the bones) in adults. In moderate amounts, vitamin D promotes retention of calcium and phosphorus and maintains concentrations of these elements in the blood that will permit deposition of lime salts in the formation of bone.

vitamin E (formerly called **vitamin X**), whose lack in animal causes infertility and muscular atrophy, is abundant in the leaves of many plants and in oils from seeds. Its role in human nutrition has not been established.

vitamin K is the antihemorrhagic vitamin, the variety **vitamin K_1,** $C_{31}H_{46}O_2$, occurring in the leaves of alfalfa and other plants, vegetables, fish meal, etc. **vitamin K_2** is similar to it. Evidence suggests that vitamin K is an essential component of the enzyme system controlling the formation of prothrombin in the liver and its conversion to the active clotting agent thrombin.

The terms **vitamin P** and *citrin* have been applied to a substance (now believed to be a mixture of flavones) isolated from lemons and paprika, thought to promote the resistance of the capillaries to hemorrhage.

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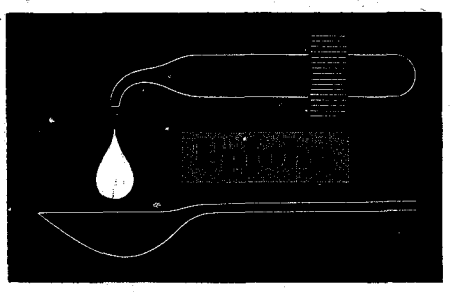

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(*Continued from Page 120*) away again, and the fact gave the night a dismal cast.

Funny—Shade. Crunch's thoughts went over the days since their first encounter: His mind's eye saw Pete floundering among the men-of-war. Pete lying on his bed after being slugged and almost kidnaped. Pete swimming down at the mako because he "couldn't stand" seeing the ocean stained with the skipper's blood. A man of extraordinary courage—running away. Courage enough to swim into a hole where there was a big mako, expecting to swim into blood.

Crunch murmured, "H'm-m!" The word was ripped away by the wind, thrown into the black, spasmodic darkness. It represented surprise. He had thought vividly of the blue hole and himself turning it red. That thought had reminded his numb, dreaming mind of seas turned brilliant yellow-green by the cans of dye issued during the war in the Navy and Coast Guard. A man lost at sea, on a raft, or in a lifeboat, could mark acres of water yellow-green with such a can of dye. Then an airplane, searching, could see the dye marking, if not the speck of a human being, a tiny raft, a boat.

But the picture had come into the skipper's mind with another connotation. He had been trapped by the shark in a deep hole. At that time he had been looking for another hole—the outlet of a fresh-water lake. What had caused his exclamation was the thought that if a can of marker dye were dumped in the fresh-water lake near its deepest spot—near its outlet, provided that could be discovered—the dye would in due course mark the sea off Tandem Key at the precise spot for which they had been searching.

A good idea. Too late to put it in effect. He glanced around at the daybed with the thought of telling the plan to Pete. But Pete, as if he had felt the skipper to be thinking about him, had already left the bed and was moving gingerly toward the controls, his hands finding firm holds before his feet came forward cautiously, like the feet of a climber on a cliff.

"You think I'm yellow, Crunch?"

He had yelled it. His face, in the dim rays of the binnacle, was furrowed with self-doubt. His eyes were friendly, seeking approval. *That*, Crunch suddenly thought, *was his trouble. Pete always needed approval.* He could not bear to be thought inadequate or mistaken. Yet the people from whom he had sought approval—his brother, primarily—were not the kind to yield it. It was childish, but Crunch had seen much older men—important men, the heads of corporations, banks, big firms—who had the same, childish need of approbation.

Pete had waited. "I guess you do!" he bawled over the sea roar.

"Think you're a coward? What do you mean? I know you've got tiger guts when it comes to danger."

"I mean—Wonder. All that."

"I thought," Crunch answered truthfully, "she was probably the finest woman I've ever seen, with one exception. The exception, I married."

"You did?" Pete was momentarily delighted. Then his pleasure ebbed as he realized that he was putting slow, hard miles between himself and his girl. "You didn't get to know her mother!" he shouted, after a pause.

"Now well, possibly."

That was all Crunch said, and it was evident, from the younger man's tormented expression, that it was far from enough. Pete hung on, rocked with the boat, thought a while and asked, "What would you do—in my shoes?"

Crunch answered what first entered his head, "They're your shoes. Stand in 'em."

Pete didn't reply. His lips moved, however, and Crunch thought he was repeating the phrase over and over and over, as if it were a magical formula he had just learned, wholly new, altogether unfamiliar.

Des brought coffee. They drank it in caught moments of balance. Pete tried a trick at the wheel, but found he was an insufficiently apt pupil to learn to keep the course. Des then spelled Crunch, who went below, lashed himself to a bunk and slept for a few miserable hours.

Pete wouldn't try to sleep that way. "Give me claustrophobia," he said.

The sea heaved and heaved again; the wind howled in the rigging; the stars gyrated and the night seemed to last forever.

Dawn, when it came, took another forever to change from the first unreliable hint of itself to a salmon-spangled horizon that birthed the sun. Thereafter, the Stream was deep, deep blue, almost purple, with white-crested waves, and the sky was as neat as a polished blue porcelain bowl. The trip became an adventure in a handsome world rather than a nervous battle in a lidded caldron.

"Be in," Des told Pete briefly, "in three more hours. Wind sure slowed us down. Rotten crossing."

Pete nodded and went out into the cockpit, where he stood, pale and worried, his leather jacket fluttering against the two sweaters he wore underneath. Once in a while his lips moved, but the few words he spoke were inaudible. The sun, he realized, was warming him up; he found a seat in the lee of the cabin and rested himself. By and by, absently gazing at the cerulean sky, he sighted a speck coming toward them. *Bird*, he thought. He soon amended it. *Plane*. For quite a while he watched it. Then, abruptly, he sprang to his feet, rushed into the cabin and returned with the glasses. He gazed at the oncoming plane and his jaw set like concrete.

Crunch noticed. "Plane? Probably Paul taking somebody to Tandem Key."

Pete yelled down the hatch, "Hey, Des? Can you take over? I want Crunch to look at a plane!"

Des appeared shortly, his eyes sleep-heavy. Pete handed the glasses to Crunch. "What do you see?" His tone was frantic.

The plane was not on exactly the same course as the Poseidon, owing to the fact that a plane can fly a straight course if the wind is parallel but a boat must reckon on the Gulf Stream. The plane turned now, however, and descended—obviously to inspect the Poseidon—a move which, Crunch thought, was decent. Any small boat that had been at sea through the past night merited inspection by any passing aircraft; some boatmen were not even qualified to take their craft through such water in the dark.

So the plane came down and in and Pete yelled, "It's a Gudson, isn't it? Two motors? Painted gold and purple? Can you see lettering on the side? It says 'Texas,' doesn't it, in big letters, with the Lone Star flag?"

"Right every time," Crunch answered. He took the glasses from his eyes and looked at Pete. "Your brother?"

"My brother, George. His plane. I bet Mrs. West got him on the yacht's ship-to-shore phone after she left the hotel! Lord knows what she told him! But old George took off!"

"He could hardly make it from Texas, could he?"

"He must have been in New Orleans. He was going there for a convention about now. Imagine!"

"Frankly," Crunch replied loudly, "I can't."

Pete took the glasses and looked again intently. The plane came close and circled. Crunch could see its pilot fairly well; a big man wearing a ten-gallon white hat, who waved and nodded and smiled; who zoomed up to resume his course when he was satisfied that the Poseidon was all right.

Pete fell back into a chair and sat still for a moment, watching as the airplane winged south and east toward Tandem Key. His eyes were baffled, haunted. He flicked them toward Crunch and away, in seeming despair. He rose, after a moment. A pail had come loose during the uproarious night and was jammed under the fighting chair. Pete kicked it violently. It hit the stern and rolled away toward Crunch. The skipper put it back in its place.

Pete called something that Crunch could not hear. He came closer and repeated it. "Maybe I'm a fool even to ask, but would you guys go back? Could you stand more of a guy like me?"

Crunch hid a sensation of exultancy. "Possibly," he said.

"I'm mighty ashamed of myself. But all night I've been thinking about that 'Stand in your own shoes.' That's what I never do! My nerve oozes away. Maybe, though, I could try one more time. Maybe I should? If you'll take me back. Can you? I mean, can you turn around?"

Crunch looked at the young man with eyes as hard and blue as smelting fire. "Can you?"

Pete was baffled, then shocked. "Turn myself around? I can try."

Crunch walloped him on the back so hard that Pete nearly fell. But he didn't fall. Instead, he gave Crunch a half-sheepish, half-valiant salute.

The skipper raised his voice to a bellow, "Des?"

The mate whirled from the hard-held wheel. Crunch made a gesture, familiar among fishing men: with a flat palm he described a half circle. Des was momentarily surprised. He glanced at Pete and back at Crunch; he raised his eyebrows inquiringly. Crunch made a second gesture, a circle of forefinger and thumb which meant, "O.K.—plus."

Des grinned—his first happy expression in a long while. Then, calmly, he planted his feet and began measuring the sea with a view to coming about.

TO BE CONTINUED

Cold Weather Ahead! (Continued from Page 25)

irregular amounts of energy which is entirely absorbed as heat in the higher atmosphere. This energy—and again I state the matter in a crude and oversimplified form—includes:

1. ULTRAVIOLET RAYS: Part of the energy from the sun consists of short-wave ultraviolet rays. The energy from these rays is most effective when there is a decreased average number of sun spots.

2. CORPUSCULAR RADIATION: A second part of energy from the sun consists of corpuscular—charged particle—radiations that come into the earth's atmosphere as electric currents. The energy from this type of radiation is most effective during periods of high sun-spot activity.

As we get more of one or the other of these forms of energy from the sun, correspondingly different large-scale weather patterns apparently are induced in the earth's atmosphere. For example, strong outbreaks of ultraviolet rays from the sun tend to heat the earth's equatorial zone and leave the polar regions comparatively cold. This causes the winds to circulate around the earth in a more or less regular pattern of zones. In the subtropical zone of the West Indies, Central America, Mexico and Florida—between latitudes ten and thirty degrees—we have winds blowing from the east as a rule.

Then, in the middle latitudes from about thirty-five to sixty degrees, which includes most of the United States and Southern Canada from Memphis, Tennessee, to Churchill Harbor on Hudson Bay, we have westerly winds most of the time. This zonal pattern of winds tends to give us a steady movement of moisture-bearing storms from west to east across the United States and results in cooler, wetter weather, particularly in summer. Above latitude sixty in Alaska and Greenland and the polar regions the winds again are found to be light easterly.

But when there are strong outbreaks of corpuscular radiation from the sun the wind pattern around the earth changes. Corpuscular radiation tends to heat the polar latitudes, particularly in winter, thus lessening the contrast between the arctic and the tropics. This causes the zone of westerly winds blowing across the United States, for instance, to shift northward into Canada and closer to the arctic.

At the same time, strong high-pressure areas are formed in the latitudes of the United States and Canada with winds circulating in a clockwise sense around each one. This tends to break up and block off the normally steady zonal wind from the west and to encourage northerly and southerly winds—usually more southerly in the eastern part of the United States.

Meteorologists call this a "cellular," or "blocking" pattern of winds to distinguish it from the zonal pattern. When the blocking pattern prevails, we are likely to have extreme weather contrasts in the middle latitudes—say, from North Carolina to Maine—but, on the average, we shall have warm, dry weather, particularly in the summer.

What this boils down to is that the forty-year periods of lowered sun-spot activity should be predominantly wet and cool in the latitude of the United States, while similar periods of high sun-spot activity should be predominantly warm and dry. But within this long eighty-year cycle, we must remember that there is a twenty-year cycle in which we can expect alternate periods of about ten years of wetter and cooler conditions and ten years of warmer and drier conditions. These periods depend upon whether we are in the phases of the twenty-year cycle which are more predominantly ultraviolet or corpuscular in character.

Most severe drought conditions in the United States, as well as the warmest weather in the eastern part of the country, occur when the solar corpuscular phase of the twenty-year cycle coincides with the more active half of the eighty-year cycle. (*Continued on Page 124*)

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(*Continued from Page 122*) That happened during the dust-bowl drought period of the 1930's as well as during the recent warm, dry spell of the mid-1950's which is now drawing to a close.

At this point it would be convenient to say that changes in the activity of sun spots cause the changes in our climate, but nobody has yet proved that to be true. All we can say is that during the time in which records have been kept the changes in our climate closely parallel the changes in activity of the sun spots. And, since we have considerable, if not positive, evidence as to the length and character of sun-spot cycles, we can then forecast with some confidence what the future holds for our planet.

Just as an example, I told students in one of my classes in 1946 that if any of them owned real estate around the shores of Great Salt Lake they had better get busy and sell it, because that body of water, which had shrunk from 2200 square miles in 1877 to 1100 square miles in 1940, was soon going to start spreading out again. Today the water level already has risen enough to flood the shore areas.

Off the Eastern coast, surface waters of the Atlantic Ocean have warmed up amazingly in the last twenty years—by as much as seven degrees in winter in the Gulf of Maine—and the codfish that once were plentiful on the Grand Banks are moving northward toward Greenland. Some people have assumed that the old fishing grounds will be deserted forever, but there is no doubt in my mind that the waters off New England will soon be cooler again and that the cod will return toward their old haunts.

Many similar predictions could be made safely, I believe, on the basis of statistics showing that we recently have been through a climatic cycle very similar to that prevailing from 1770 to 1800, and that we are entering a new forty-year period in which the sun spots will be in an inactive phase. The following summary shows how the longer periods of high and low sun-spot activity have worked out since 1755, when we began keeping reasonably consistent records:

About 1755–1795

The mean annual sun-spot number averaged 60.55.

The Eastern United States experienced generally warm winters and hot summers. Rainfall records were not kept. As always, there were short periods in which the weather ran contrary to the general trend of the forty-year period, which was particularly warm in the last two decades.

About 1795–1835

The sun-spot number averaged only 24.33.

The weather turned abruptly colder, first in Western Europe and later in the Eastern United States. (No records are available from the Western United States, but presumably the cooler, wetter period began there about the same time it started in Europe.) Europe had extremely cold winters from 1800 to 1810. The Eastern United States experienced record cold from 1810 to 1820, and 1816 was known as "the year without a summer." In the 1820's there was a brief warmer period.

About 1835–1875

The sun-spot number shot up to an average of 61.33.

Severe cold prevailed during the 1830's and continued into the early 1840's, after which moderation set in. From about 1850 to 1870 a period of moderate warmth prevailed, but this period generally did not have the hot weather that was experienced in the later decades of the previous century. Rainfall was moderately heavy from 1830 to 1850, after which the climate was warm and drier—very dry around 1860. The turn to cool, wet conditions started in the Western United States about 1860, ten years ahead of more eastern areas of the country, just as is happening at present.

About 1875–1915

The sun-spot number was down to an average of 31.80.

The weather turned cooler and much wetter in the first two decades, after which there was a gradual tapering off. But it remained rather cold, particularly in the polar latitudes, until about 1915.

About 1915–1955

The sun-spot average leaped up again to 57.

The climate in the latitude of the United States was becoming generally drier and, following 1925, it became much drier. There also was a marked increase in temperatures, which intensified after 1920, particularly in the polar latitudes.

Now, in this period, which many of us remember well, let's take a closer look at just what happened. The maximum years of the shorter sun-spot cycle since 1880 had been the years 1883, when the count was 64; 1893, when the count was 85; and 1905, when the count was 64. But by 1917 the count had gone up to 104. It dropped in the 1920's to a maximum of 78 in 1928, but in the 1930's it soared again and the maximum in 1937 was 115. This trend continued in the 1940's, and the maximum was 152 in 1947.

In this period the sun was sending out strong corpuscular-radiation currents which warmed the polar areas. The result of this rising trend of sun-spot activity was not registered everywhere at the same time. The first effect always seems to be felt on the west coast—and in Western Europe, as well—whereas the maximum change in climate in the eastern part of the country is delayed by at least ten years through the next sun-spot cycle, when the corpuscular radiation again becomes dominant. In the 1910–20 period the Northwestern states first began having warmer, drier weather. Rocky Mountain glaciers had been slightly receding since about 1850, but from 1890 to 1910 the recession had halted and they regained a little lost ground. Then, after 1910, they retreated again and, during the mid-1910's and mid-1930's, they melted away much more rapidly than previously. The water level in Great Salt Lake and other nonoutlet lakes went down at an accelerated pace, while even in the Great Lakes the level became so low that by 1940 boats had difficulty in navigating some of the connecting channels.

Meanwhile, the normal path—between latitudes thirty-five (Oklahoma City) and sixty (Southern Alaska)—of the prevailing westerly winds that carry rain-bearing storms across the United States was shifting northward into Canada. The Southwestern states first registered warmer, drier years, and this trend was intensified after 1925 as the climatic change slowly extended northward and eastward through most of the country.

The shift of the westerly zonal wind pattern to the north resulted in establishment of the subtropical high-pressure belt in the Southern and Central United States. This pressure pattern blocked the movement of moisture-bearing winds into much of the country from either the West or the South and led to the dust-bowl drought disaster of the 1930's.

During the last ten years, it is important to note, the most active phase of sun spots in the twenty-year cycle (1930–1950) coincided with the peak of solar activity in the eighty-year cycle (1875–1955). This coincidence probably produced the extreme blocking pattern of the general wind circulation that has made the climate both hotter and drier than previously recorded in the Eastern United States.

As this trend approached a climax in the Eastern states in the early 1950's, southerly winds brought increased temperatures and drove warm water northward from the Caribbean area to the North Atlantic. In Greenland, the glacial terminals retreated far enough to expose a graveyard and other evidence of viking culture that had lain buried under ice for centuries. In Iceland and Europe (both in the Alps and Scandinavia) glaciers melted at a record pace during the 1930's and early 1940's, and in America there were jokes about alligators and flamingos migrating from Florida to the Hudson River.

"Aw, gee! It was supposed to be a surprise!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

One result of this changing climate was the series of hurricanes that swept up the Atlantic seaboard to the Carolinas, New Jersey and New England in recent years. Actually, there were no more hurricanes than during the two preceding decades. But, starting in the 1930's, the shift northward of the zonal wind circulation pattern, followed during the last decade by breakdown of the zonal into a blocking wind pattern, had permitted these tropical storms to veer away from their normal track toward the Gulf of Mexico. Then the southerly winds that in the Western Atlantic Ocean are a part of the blocking pattern forced the storms northward along the Atlantic coast, where they gained strength because of the warmer surface waters on which hurricanes feed. Some of them caused great destruction in northern latitudes. The Gulf of Mexico area, meanwhile, experienced fewer hurricane-type storms than usual.

In many respects, the sun-spot cycle during the first half of the present century has been much like the cycle observed during the last half of the eighteenth century, and our climate has been very much the same too. But now this forty-year period of high sun-spot activity is drawing to a close. We are entering—some areas already have felt the effect of it—a period of decreasing sun-spot activity.

In the last decade, the first changes have been seen in the Pacific Northwest, where the climate has been much cooler and wetter—a change that was emphasized by the recent disastrous floods in Washington, Oregon and California. This change has been moving slowly eastward on a curving front and in recent years has brought increased rainfall across the northern part of the United States. The colder winter of 1955–56 may be the first sign of a downward trend of temperatures in the Eastern half of the country.

By the same token, the hurricanes are going to be forced back into the subtropics as the steady zonal westerly wind pattern is re-established across the main areas of the United States. In the coming years there will be no longer the predominance of southerly winds required to blow tropical storms northward except in highly unusual circumstances. And such storms as start northward rather than toward the Gulf of Mexico will tend to be blown out over the Atlantic Ocean farther south because of the prevailing westerly winds in the middle latitudes.

Changes such as these in our climate do not, of course, take place suddenly or completely in terms of a certain year. Next winter, for example, might be milder than the past winter. But we can expect sharply colder weather to build up during the next decade, and in the late 1960's or the 1970's we may well see New York harbor freeze over again as it did in the 1830's. That depends on how closely our changing climate continues to follow the pattern set in the early 1800's.

I am confident that the pattern will be followed, but I cannot be positive, because my conclusions are based on statistics covering a period of only two centuries or two and one half eighty-year cycles. It would be highly desirable to study at least five eighty-year cycles in order to draw definite conclusions as to the changing character of our climate and its relation to sun-spot activity. However, I do not find it convenient to wait 200 years longer for the necessary data and, at the risk of being regarded as impulsive, I warn you to lay in a good supply of stove wood and keep your ear muffs handy for the remainder of the twentieth century.

THE END

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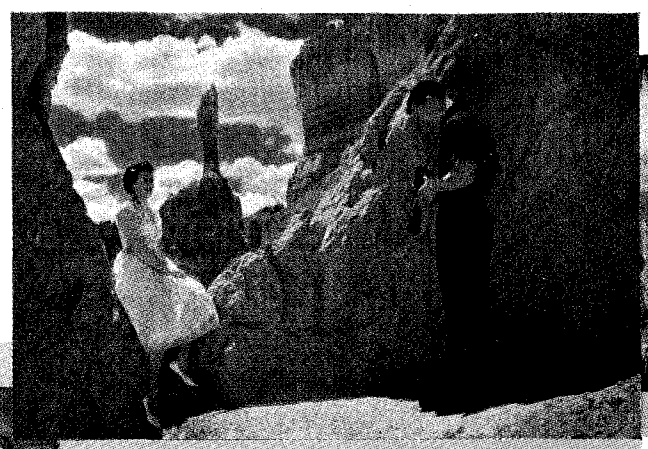

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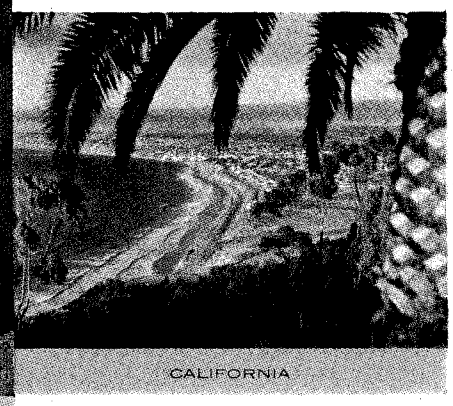

CALIFORNIA

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COLORADO

DUDE RANCHES

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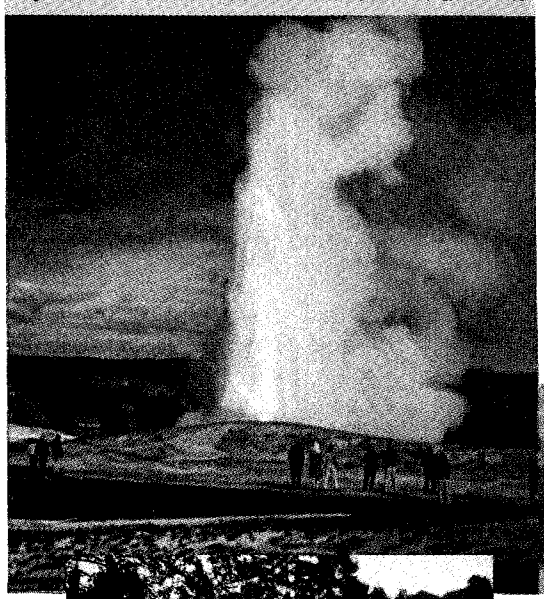

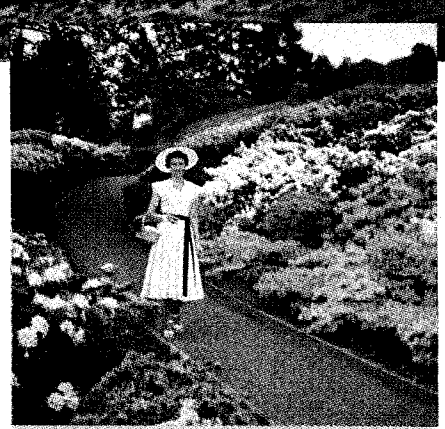

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That Kennedy Boy (Continued from Page 37)

I stopped then and looked away. "All right," I said, "count me in, Eddie."

"Thanks, Chuck," he said simply. "This Kennedy lad is on the fence, y'see, and could go either way. Mother works; father died in those last days of fighting in the Pacific. I'm hopeful we can straighten the boy out, but it will take a bit of doing, so how about setting things up for him to check in with you after school every day for a spell? It'll keep him from running with the gang, y'see, and ——"

In the early afternoon I dusted the piano, swept down, and worked awhile on the glass mirrors. When I went back into the office, a blonde of about thirty sat on the edge of an overstuffed chair.

"I'm Chuck Wiggins," I said. "What can we do for you?"

"I'm Mrs. Kennedy," she said, a light pink creeping into her smooth features. "I—Mr. Murno phoned that he'd made some arrangements with you. About Francis, I mean." The pink deepened a couple of shades and her eyes asked for assurance.

"Oh, yes," I said, parking behind my desk.

Mrs. Kennedy was obviously on her way to work, the white nylon uniform being about standard dress for waitresses in an average middle-class restaurant, but there wasn't anything average about the way she filled it. Strictly not of the Dior regime.

"I hope this won't be too inconvenient, Mr. Wiggins," she said, her eyes holding mine. "Mr. Murno has been very understanding, very patient, and we're hoping that this time ——" She left it there, mingled hope and apprehension in her eyes. Proud, too, I thought, and not apologizing for her boy.

"No trouble, Mrs. Kennedy. Eddie tells me you're working near here and that Francis will take a bus when school is out, stay with us until six, run down to the restaurant for dinner, and then come back until you pick him up around nine."

"It will be wonderful," she said with feeling, "to know that Francis will have a place where he isn't running with a gang. And I do appreciate what you're doing, Mr. Wiggins."

"Forget it," I said briskly.

The Wiggins School had its first recital coming up in six weeks, so about three o'clock I watched Jan Sinclair put her small charges through their tap lessons, and then I worked awhile with the Kelly girl, who teaches our ballet. When I went back into the office the kid was slouching in a chair, a comic book held close to his face.

"Francis?" I asked. It wasn't a good start.

"They call me Spike," he said, still keeping his nose in the book.

He wore a red T shirt, clean blue jeans, sneakers and a slightly belligerent expression.

"The way I have it, you're to be with us for a while, Spike," I said, "so you may as well relax and enjoy it."

"Anything you say, warden." He glanced up to see if he'd got through to me, but I went along with the gag.

"The rest of the inmates call me Chuck," I smiled. "When you get tired of your book, you can wander around and get acquainted." And because there didn't seem to be any point in making a challenge of it, I left him and went back to the acrobatic room and began to lay out the equipment.

I guess everyone knows the standard modus operandi in this business. You toss a recital twice each year, and there are some definite factors to be considered. Every kid is paying for lessons and, talented or not, will be in the show. But at the same time we must stage a production impressive enough to bring new students to the Wiggins School, for it is through the recitals that you build toward bigger things. The joker in the deck is that to come up with a fine performance you need a few shreds of talent scattered among the cast, and while Jan's tap class and Kelly's ballet troupes were well endowed, my acrobatics groups boasted but a single peg on which to hang our hopes. He was a clever but conceited redhead named Hartzel Heinz, whose mother parked herself in the front row every practice session and added her advice to mine as I put the kids through their paces.

Putting out the mats, I thought about the redheaded punk and his mother and the Kennedy boy and the assignment Eddie Murno had wished off on me. It looked like a busy month coming up.

When Spike came back after dinner, I had the beginners working on the trampolin, a big rectangle of canvas not unlike a fireman's rescue net. Spike drifted back to see what the thumping was all about.

"Take off the glasses and join the fun," I invited.

Spike tried to feign disinterest, but there's a limit to how long a twelve-year-old boy can hold out against a trampolin. By the time the second lad had taken his turn at bouncing high into the air, coming down on knees, then down on the fanny, then a bounce back to the feet, Spike removed the glasses and fell into line.

A few minutes later, he made his first attempt. He had an obvious coordination that was smooth and firm and under perfect control. For more than an hour he forgot that he was supposed to hate everything around this place. His eyes lighted up in a way that warmed you all the way down, and a wealth of natural athletic ability immediately overshadowed the few previous lessons the rest of the beginners' class had taken. Later he watched the advanced group, his face a study in eager anticipation, but I didn't want him in with them—yet. At nine, Mrs. Kennedy came by and Spike went out to the car.

"Was everything all right?" she asked anxiously.

"We made a start," I said, and because I didn't want to get her hopes too high, I let it go at that, but I had already begun to see into the problem, could put my finger on what made Spike tick. I had plans for this boy.

On Tuesday Spike came back to help me set up the equipment, and he worked on the trampolin awhile before dinner. Wednesday he was calling me "Chuck" and asking about the position of the arms on a forward flip. I demonstrated the flip, then went away, but the canvas thumped steadily back in the acrobatics room until dinnertime. When the advanced class went to work in the evening, I let Spike join in, and all I have to say about how he made out is that Mrs. Heinz was worried. Friday she took Hartzel out of the class and kicked in with the double fee I charge for private lessons—a move calculated to assure her son top billing in the recital. Eddie Murno dropped by on Saturday morning and asked how things were going.

"I've got it figured, Eddie," I said.

"That so?"

"Sure; this isn't very deep. The Kennedy boy has top physical endowment every way but one. He's got a pair of million-dollar pins under him, husky arms, an alert mind, and all the parts tied together with a sharp set of reflexes. But he's so nearsighted he has to have heavy glasses, even for the big print in those comic books. So what happens? Toss a baseball his way and likely it'll hit him in the head. Put him on a football field with the other short pants in the neighborhood, and he can't even see who's carrying the pigskin. What it boils down to is this: here's a kid that should be a big wheel in athletics and wants to badly enough, but a faulty pair of eyes block him out of the play. A frustrating thing, Eddie."

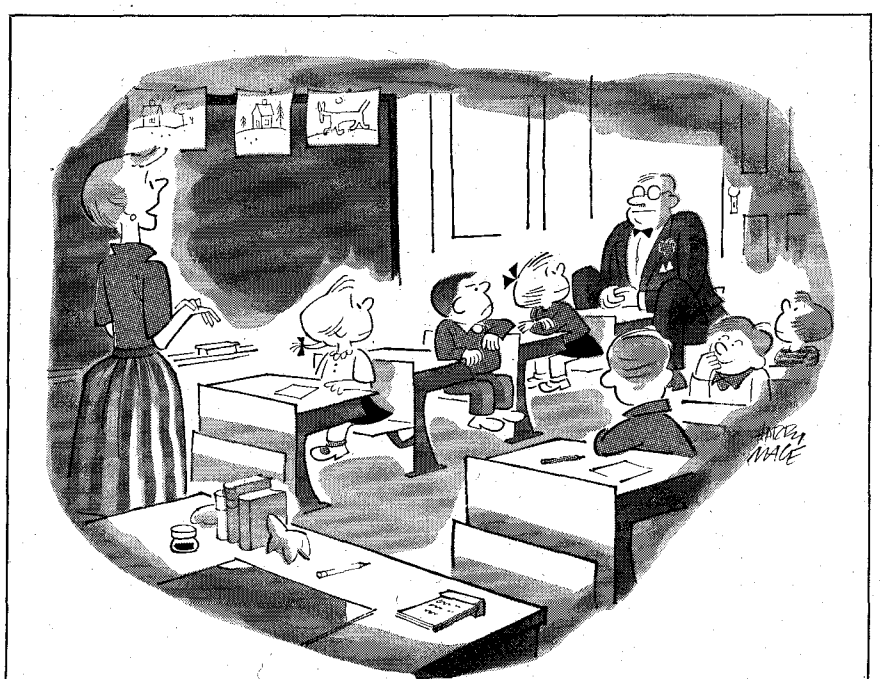
"That's about the size of it, Chuck."

"Sure. So to be a big shot with the gang, he gets tough. He has to take all the dares, snitch the most candy at the corner market, give his teachers the most lip. It's an effort to be somebody."

"And he doesn't have to see real good on that trampolin?"

"Right, Eddie. I've got a gimmick here where Spike can put his natural ability to maximum use and be a bit better than the next fellow. He'll love it. He does already."

"Sounds simple," Eddie admitted, "but, y'see, it's (Continued on Page 128)



"Some of you may have noticed we have a guest today from our Board of Education. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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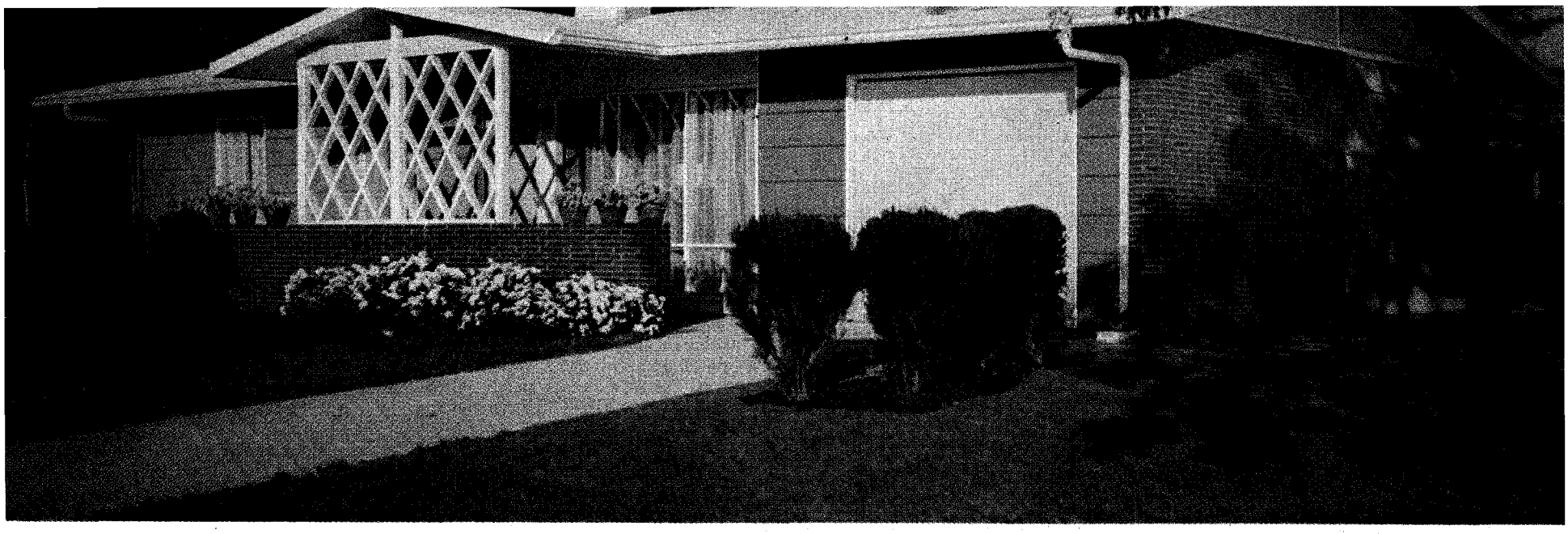

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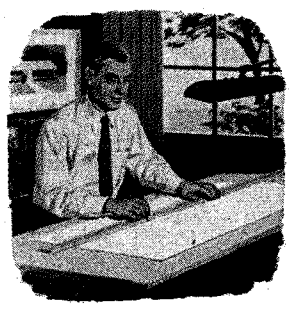

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(*Continued from Page 126*) a mite more complicated than that. I hope ——" Eddie stopped there and picked up his hat. "Has Bloomhart been around, Chuck?"

"Bloomhart who?"

"Fella named Jim Bloomhart. He was a buddy of Kennedy's in the war, and when Kennedy was hit—well, I guess there was one of those emotional scenes, with Bloomhart vowing he'll see that Spike and Mrs. K. make out all right. Which would be fine except ——" Eddie stopped again, crammed his hat on his head and opened the back door. "Maybe," Eddie said hopefully, "he won't be around."

Murno escaped before I could put the finger on him for more information about Bloomhart, but the name came up again that same evening just after I shooed the last of my charges through the door. Spike took a cloth and began to polish the bright aluminum-tubing frame of the trampolin, an obvious pride lighting his tan face, and a couple of minutes later Myrna Kennedy came in.

"Hi, Chuck," she said gaily. "How's my young hopeful tonight?"

"Fine," I grinned, but it was better than that, and she knew it.

Not only on the trampolin—the boy had made a great stride in the direction of social adjustment, a change so marked that it beamed out all around him and reflected in his mother's warm blue eyes. It was the first time she'd called me "Chuck," so I made the obvious step.

"Like to see what he can do, Myrna?"

"I'd love to, Chuck, if it won't keep you too long."

I winked at Spike, and he took to the canvas. You didn't have to be an expert on trampolins to see that this lad had something. The ease with which he turned in mid-air, the co-ordinated drive as his legs sent him high above the canvas—little things that added up to natural ability so strong you couldn't miss seeing it. When he finished he jumped down and found his polishing rag again.

"I'll be through in a second, mom," he said.

I looked at Myrna and nodded toward the office, then followed her in. "For the record," I said, "we don't ask Spike to do any work around here. He just likes that trampolin, I guess."

"I know. One week—just a week, but he's come a long way."

"He has talent," I said simply.

"I meant in other things." Her eyes held mine firmly and her hand touched my arm. "It's his whole outlook—the way he talks and smiles, and just everything. It's wonderful, Chuck."

"Well, I don't want to try to parlay first names into a moonlight setting, but if you're not doing anything tomorrow, how about arranging a picnic or something? It'll be Sunday and the three of us might take a ride out to the desert or ——"

Her eyes stopped me—her eyes and those smooth white fingers tightening on my arm.

"I'm sorry, Chuck. Jim Bloomhart is taking us to the ball game. Jim was with Francis' father all through the war, and it was his dad's wish that Jim help look after Francis. Often the letters mentioned that if—well, that we could depend on Jim if anything happened."

"Take a rain check," I said lightly.

I wanted to ask more about Bloomhart and why Eddie Murno didn't seem very sold on the guy, but it would have been awkward to press the issue. An hour later I dropped off to sleep still trying to figure out just how much of a baseball game an extremely nearsighted lad would see.

On Monday the bottom fell out. Spike came in with a fresh comic book and flopped down on the mats to read. He gave me a cool "Hi" and didn't look up. I couldn't figure out what I might have done to alienate a small boy that much, but whatever it was, the kid was hurting plenty, and it was clear that he didn't want any part of the Wiggins Dance School. I gave him room and hoped he'd work out of it, but the chill was still in the air on Tuesday, so I sat down next to him for a chat.

"Spike, you were plenty interested in this setup last week," I said simply. "You were doing fine on the trampolin and had made a good start in tumbling; then suddenly you change. Why?"

"Dancing is for sissies," he said.

"I don't think I follow you, Spike."

"Men play baseball or football," he said slowly, "or they do some boxing. Guys that dance are sissies."

A little of what Eddie Murno had hinted was beginning to make sense now. I struggled for just the right tone and said, "You could get an argument on that, Spike. Plenty of he-men movie stars are ex-hoofers. Some were even in ballet."

"So they're sissies."

"Not necessarily. People do what they like or what their physical limits dictate. Face it, lad; for you a lot of sports just aren't in the book. Your choice is between an activity that doesn't depend upon good vision or a life of comic books and a permanent mad-on at the world. I'm not trying to be brutal; I'm trying to help you see the picture."

He looked up then, his eyes finding the trampolin, and I knew he wanted to believe me. Then he propped his book up in front of his face and settled down once more.

"Suit yourself, lad," I said, starting for the door, "but you're going to find that life is what you make it, not what a lot of wise guys tell you it has to be."

A little later I heard him working out on the trampolin, and I grinned as I polished the wall mirrors.

Spike was all right again until the following Monday, and things went like that for the next month. We'd have progress with a capital *P* from about Wednesday on, but a confused and moody lad the first part of each week.

Spike's skill on the trampolin went steadily up and I was about as pleased as Mrs. Heinz was displeased. She'd bring Hartzel for his private lesson; then hang around and watch the advanced class go through their routines, and a week before the recital she managed to remain until Spike and Myrna left, then sent Hartzel out to the car.

"That Kennedy boy," she started in, "exactly how much do you know about him, Mr. Wiggins?"

"Well, he's developed into a fine performer on the ——"

"That is not what I mean, Mr. Wiggins," she said firmly. "What about his background? Where does he come from?"

"The Wiggins Dance School isn't important to national defense," I said, trying to kid her out of her gripe; "we don't have an FBI file on any of the students."

"I believe you know quite well what I'm getting at," she said, sweeping up her purse. "It isn't good business to let someone like that replace paying students. I'm sure other parents will feel about this as I do, and I shall give you a week to think it over. Good night, Mr. Wiggins."

Then she was gone and I stood there with her ultimatum burning in my ears. I told myself that the grocer has to put up with such as Mrs. Heinz. So do the cab driver and the dressmaker. If I wanted to stay in business I'd have to bend a little.

The day before our recital, Murno dropped in, so I gave him the picture on Spike and the Bloomhart situation.

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"It's tough on the kid," Eddie admitted ruefully. "This Bloomhart is a jerk, y'see, one of these pseudo tough guys with a yen to flex his muscles all over the place. For years now he's had this standing date to take the lad and his mother on some kind of outing each Sunday. There's no legal action I can take. Myrna's maybe not so sold as she used to be, but in the background there's still the agreement between Bloomhart and Kennedy when he was dying. She's torn between two loyalties, y'see, and one of these days she'll see things more clearly, so if you can just hang on for a while ——"

"I wouldn't let go for anything," I grinned. "Meantime, here's a ducat to our show tomorrow night. Come around."

"Well, thanks, Chuck." Eddie turned the ticket over in his hand. "The boy will look pretty good up there?"

"Real good. I want you to see him."

"Sure thing. And, say, if you can part with another ticket—well, I know someone else who might be interested."

I gave Eddie the extra ticket and he went his way. Saturday afternoon we began to haul props over to the high-school auditorium we'd rented for the night. Spike worked with me straight through, stopping only for a bite to eat and later to change into his costume. By seven I had things ready to go, and busy mammas bustled about getting their hopefuls ready for the big moment. Then Mrs. Heinz called me off to the side, one of our printed programs in her trembling hand.

"Mrs. Heinz, I decided on an even split," I said quickly. "Hartzel is billed as a single act in tumbling; Kennedy has the solo spot on the trampolin. That way ——"

"I do not consider that satisfactory, Mr. Wiggins," she said icily; "my son sharing the spotlight with a delinquent."

"Slow down," I said firmly. "'Delinquent' is a hard word. Fate gave the boy a shove and he started shoving back, but that's over now. What has young Kennedy done to you?"

"Now, Mr. Wiggins," she said softly, the attack shifting a little, "no need to get upset. You can simply announce a change and let Hartzel do his trampolin routine as well as the tumbling. That way we won't have to bother the other parents with talk about the kind of boy you've had hanging around your school and ——"

I stopped listening. She could do a lot of damage with the wrong kind of publicity, but there were other sides. Three of them. I thought about Myrna Kennedy and about Spike's struggle to adjust to society. And behind them was Eddie Murno—Eddie, who's given a lot of years to a great many kids in this town. I couldn't let them down, even if I risked losing the dance school.

"Nothing doing," I said. "The program stands as is."

"Not quite, Mr. Wiggins," she stormed. "You have no solo act in tumbling. Hartzel shall not participate."

She steamed off to collect her son, but she wasn't in any hurry to depart. She talked to several mothers right then, and I could imagine how the phone wires would hum in the morning, but I tried to pay no heed as I went about my work.

At seven-thirty I sent the mammas out front and checked the house. Mrs. Kennedy was on hand and I guessed that the man with her was Jim Bloomhart. Eddie was there—a tall, striking, well-groomed woman next to him—and the hall was filled with proud parents and numerous youngsters, many of whom would soon be enrolled at the Wiggins School, I hoped.

At eight we raised the curtain and Jan's beginning tap class tripped out to face the footlights. Then a ballet group, some baton work and the advanced classes. I had Jan Sinclair fill in with a professional tap routine in place of Hartzel's tumbling, and while she worked in front of the curtain we moved the trampolin into place behind. I wanted to tell Spike that a lot depended on him. A fine performance would brand Mrs. Heinz as merely a jealous mother in the eyes of other parents; if Spike blew this chance I could very well go down with the ship. But he was too small a lad to shoulder any extra troubles, so I patted him on the back and we raised the curtain.

He was only great! His routine began with simple sits and knees, and worked up to forward flips, back flips, full twists, and all the rest—every movement smooth and sure, and a pleasure to watch. They were gasping in the audience as he soared high above the canvas with seeming lack of effort, and when he finished with a forward flip off onto the hard flooring and ran into the wing they gave him a tremendous hand. The ovation swelled and I sent him out for a few quick flips, and then we lowered the curtain in a finish that left them hungry for more.

Backstage we had our half hour of bedlam as proud parents struggled to prolong the moment of success. When things quieted down, I set to work folding the legs under the trampolin, and Spike was beside me, his face bright with triumph.

"Getting late," I said. "Your mother was out front with Bloomhart. They'll be wanting to take you home." I wasn't happy. We'd made a long stride tonight, but in the few minutes it takes to drive home, a fat-mouth named Bloomhart would wash everything down the drain.

"I told mom I was helping you, Chuck."

"All right," I said.

Half an hour later we were piling mats against the other wall when Bloomhart squired Myrna into the room. Bloomhart wore a patronizing grin when introductions were made, and gave me what he thought was a bone-crushing handshake, and then the door opened again and Eddie brought his guest in. Eddie introduced her as Doctor Hazen, and I noted that she already knew everyone but me.

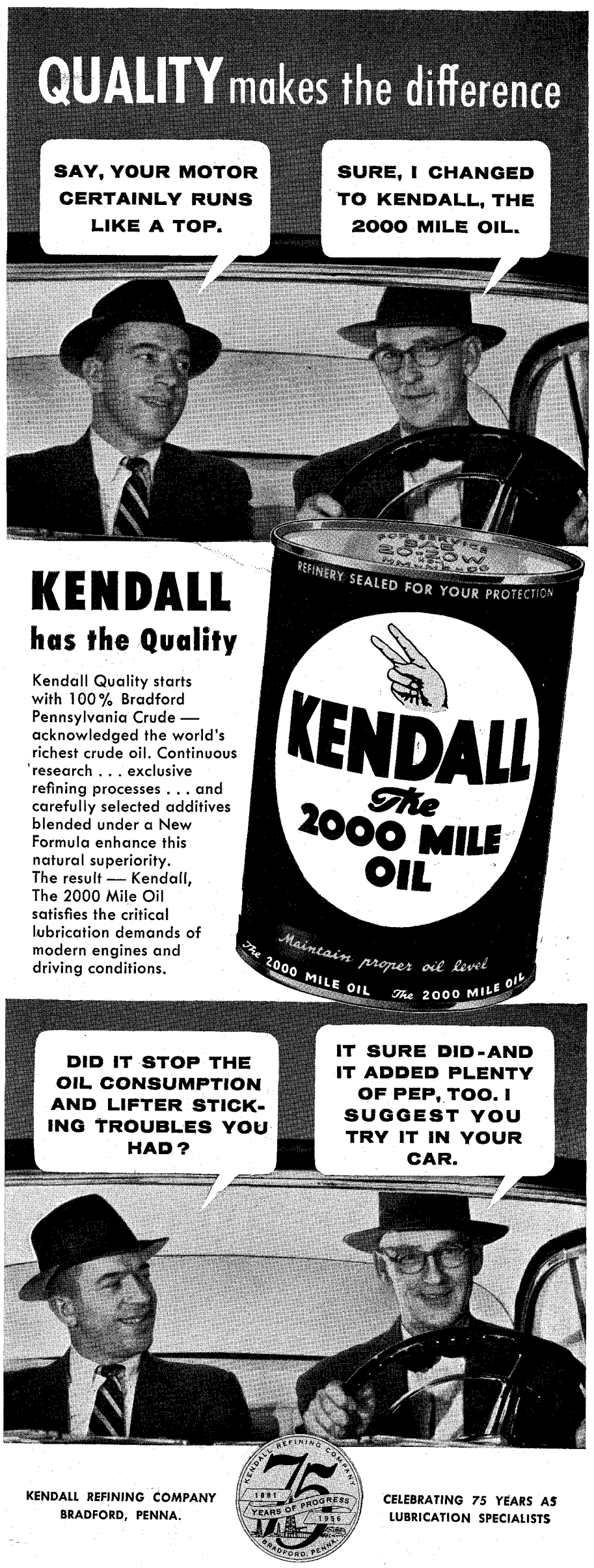
"I enjoyed the show very much, Mr. Wiggins," Doctor Hazen said, and a sincere smile backed up her words.

African Violet

(Saintpaulia)

By GERTRUDE KILKEARY

I've watered from the bottom; I've watered from the top;
I've added pills to water that they're drinking.
Fluorescent lamps, north light and south, my treatment is a flop—
My violets are the genus known as shrinking.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"Thank you, doctor. We were happy to have you with us," I said, and noted that Spike had backed away a step or two.

"We were particularly impressed with your work on the trampolin, Francis," she went on smoothly. "Actually, I've never seen one before and I imagine that a great many of our boys and girls haven't either. I've been wondering if we could persuade you to entertain at a school assembly for us."

"It belongs to Chuck," Spike said, a wistful note creeping into his voice.

Things were growing clear now—why Eddie Murno had asked for an extra ticket and how he'd obviously got together with this Doctor Hazen, who just as obviously was principal or some such person at Spike's junior high. They'd hatched this plan to build the lad with his school chums, a very fine gesture indeed.

"I'll bring it over to the school any time," I said.

"Thanks," Spike grinned. "I'd like to be on an assembly."

"Good. I'll ask the program chairman to give us a date." Doctor Hazen smiled graciously, said good night all around, and Eddie Murno opened the door for her. Before he closed it, he gave me a quick nod that said we were doing fine.

Then Bloomhart put his oar in the puddle. "Great," he chortled; "first they tie you to a tribe of mincing dancers and now they're turning you into a sissy."

"That'll be all from you, blowhard," I cut in.

"The name is Bloomhart!"

He had me by thirty pounds, and I'd have to give away some reach, but there'd be no lasting success with Bloomhart around.

"Blowhard, we've had it. Be on your way," I said softly.

He grinned and slid out of his coat. "All right, dancing boy, let's see you waltz me to the exit."

I led with a left and he blocked it, his fist clipping my eye. I brought in a looping right, but that didn't connect either, and he zeroed in on that eye again. Beyond him I could see Myrna calling to us to stop this insane behavior, and Spike looked on aghast as Bloomhart began to put me to the sword. He charged like an enraged bull and pinned me to the pile of mats, his big fists slamming me half a dozen times before I worked free. He rushed again, his weight carrying me back across the room, but I managed to land a few solid punches as he abandoned defense for a quick finish.

Behind me, the trampolin leaned against the wall. I brought a knee up as I slammed back into the thing, then used the bounce of the canvas and that foot to bring me out fast. I nailed him hard, the full impact of my weight being multiplied by the spring of the trampolin, and it jarred him. I closed with a barrage of rights and lefts before he could cover, and he went down, a tough shell with very soft insides.

When he didn't get up, I tossed him his coat, jerked a thumb toward the door, turned my back, and went into the lavatory to see what could be done about that eye. I heard muffled voices and the outer door closed.

"I guess I haven't been very smart," Myrna said, behind me.

"Where's Spike?" I asked, but before she could answer, a wrench clattered against the trampolin. "All right," I said, grinning. "I hear you."

"We—need a ride home, Chuck."

"Sure. Any time." I dipped cotton and began to work on my left eye, and the blonde came closer. She took the cotton out of my hand and made gentle brushing motions over the cut.

"That rain check—the one for a picnic some Sunday—would it still be good?" I nodded and she said, "Tomorrow?"

"Sure tomorrow! Every tomorrow!" I wasn't feeling the pain any more; just the nearness of Myrna Kennedy and her soft hands. The world was rapidly becoming a very bright and cheerful place.

"I should have realized before," Myrna said. "About Jim, I mean; but Francis' father had written so often and —— But now I know. You and Mr. Murno have done wonders with Francis. I ——"

"He's a great guy, that Eddie," I said with feeling. "Some may have more college degrees, but nobody understands a kid like Murno does. And he works. He works all the time. He's got a hundred spots lined up—a groceryman that's always willing to take on an extra box boy if Eddie asks; an office that can use an errand boy, maybe; or a playground director that will keep an eye on a kid if Eddie says it has to be done. A lot of people in Los Angeles will go all out to give Eddie Murno a hand with his boys."

"Including the Wiggins Dance School," she smiled. She stopped with the cotton and found a tape in the cabinet over the sink. "You risked a lot to help us. I realize that now, Chuck. Bad publicity could have got around and hurt things here at the school. You've been wonderful."

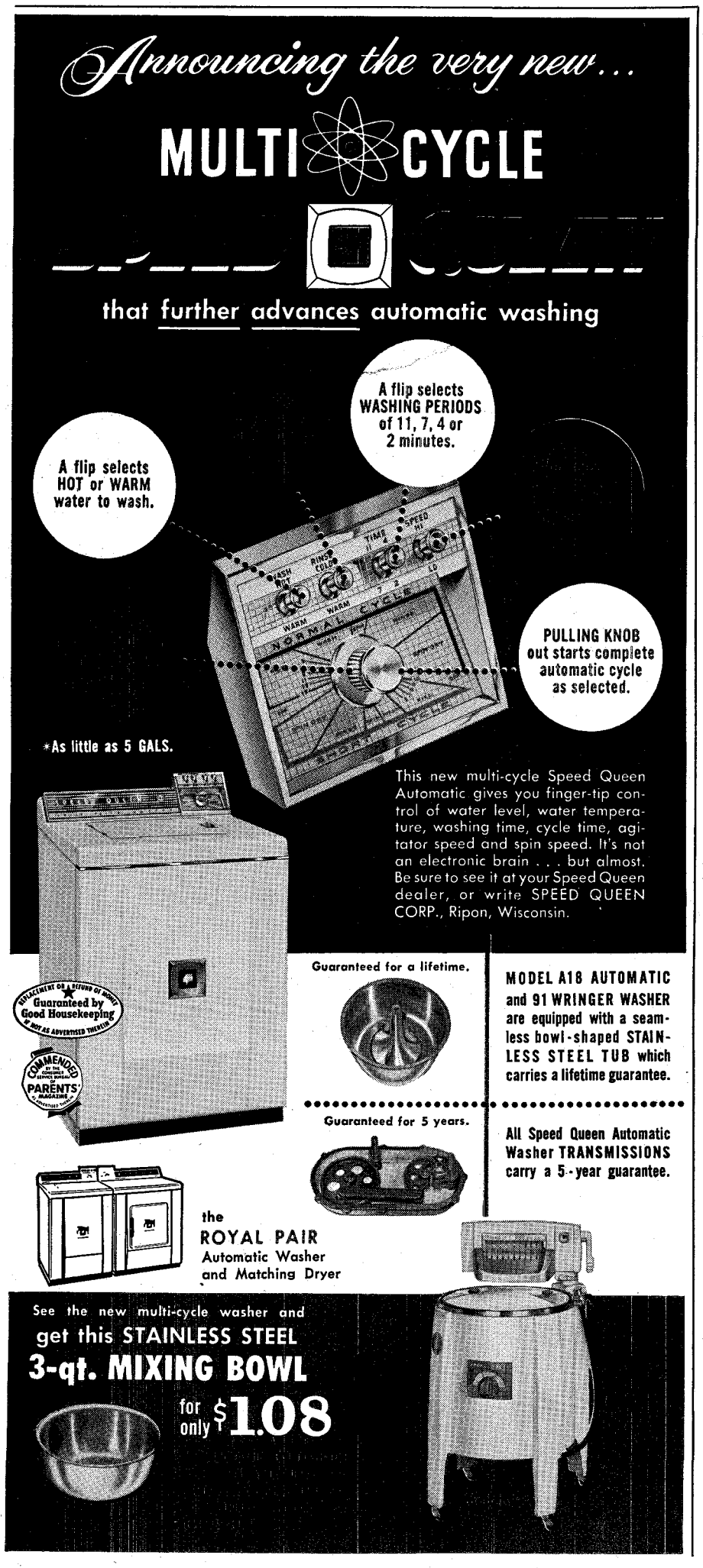
She pressed the tape in place and looked up at me, her firm blue eyes saying all that had to be said.

A warmth welled up within me and I began to see how a lot of years had been wasted, and that they were over now, but I couldn't build on anything but an honest foundation.

"Thanks, Myrna, but maybe I didn't have as much choice as you imagine. I'm not one of these kids born into show business; I grew up over on Avalon Boulevard in a pretty tough section of town. I wasn't built quite as solidly as the other boys, couldn't whip too many of them, but my legs were good and I found a way to impress the gang. I developed into the best snatch-and-run artist on the block, but you can't outrun the law forever, and eventually —— Well, they took me in, and there was Eddie Murno."

"You mean that you—that Mr. Murno ——"

"That's the way it was," I said. "Eddie knew this fella that owned a little hole-in-the-wall dance studio over on San Pedro Street, and ——" THE END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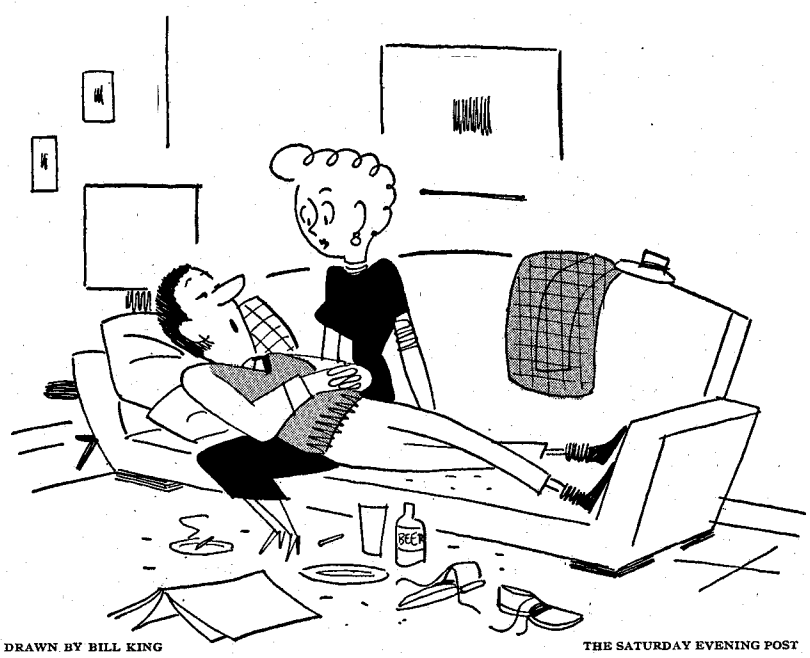

DRAWN BY BILL KING THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm just not ready to settle down yet, Alice."

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The Children of Medicine Mountain

(Continued from Page 29)

Cerebral-palsy patients not only find it difficult to get around there, they are upset emotionally by the overstimulation of noises and crowds. A place like Crotched Mountain should be ideal for them."

The Center's first unit, which has been open since February, 1953, has been for children. A $2,000,000 plant with a $1,200,000 endowment, it has been administering its special brand of mountain medicine to an average of forty-five to fifty young patients, and will make use of the rest of its 100 beds as soon as funds permit. But this is only the beginning. Gregg and his associates have ambitious plans for the future. They are already at work on a $5,000,000 rehabilitation unit for adults, the first part of which will be a farm-and-trade school. Also contemplated are a complete village where handicapped individuals may work and live with their families, and an academy for training and research in this increasingly important field of medicine.

When all of the blueprints have been translated into steel and bricks, Crotched Mountain will, in the opinion of Dr. Howard A. Rusk, head of the N.Y.U.-Bellevue rehabilitation institute, be "the most complete rehabilitation center not only in the United States but probably in the world."

Doctor Rusk and his colleague, Doctor Deaver, who is now principal consultant for Crotched Mountain, are particularly impressed with the vocational-training and employment opportunities planned for the center. "Here again, sheltered workshops in the city are all right," Doctor Deaver remarked, "if the worker can get to them, but often he is too disabled to move about in the city. The biggest need in rehabilitation in America today is for a place where these people can go and stay after having learned to take care of themselves. Gregg's idea for an adult center, a quiet place where they are not only rehabilitated but can remain to work and live and become self-supporting, is an excellent one."

Now, "rehabilitation" is a word of many meanings. It is usually thought of as the process of learning to walk and hold a job again. But it may also mean acceptance of the fact that you will never walk and must master the art of bed-and-wheel-chair living, going on to a job if possible. In either event, Webster's definition of "rehabilitate" is an apt one—namely, "to clothe again with some right, authority or dignity."

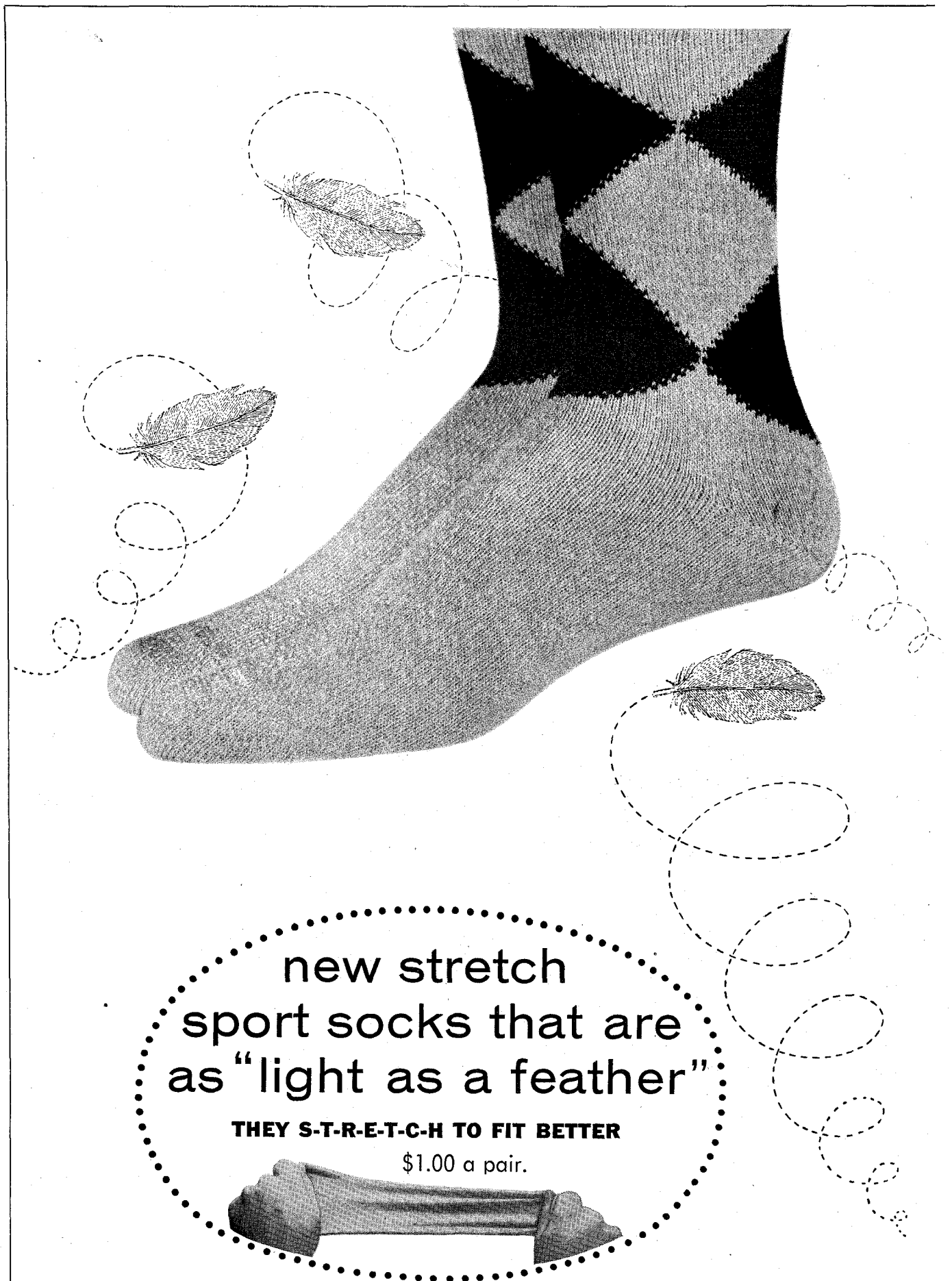
One of the patients we saw at Crotched Mountain was Betty Turner, an attractive, intelligent girl of sixteen who from birth had been paralyzed below the waist, the result of a congenital spinal defect called *spina bifida*. She had been here several times in the past two years, and had recently undergone a series of orthopedic examinations to determine whether surgery could make it possible for her to walk. After long deliberation the doctors concluded that no operation would be of help in her case, and they so informed her, gently but frankly. That evening, in the dining room, Betty broke down and wept. Miss Pauline McCready, the director of the Center, wheeled her down the corridor to the unoccupied schoolroom and they had a long talk.

"I told myself," Betty sobbed, "that it was foolish to think they could ever do anything to make me walk. But I guess deep down inside I still hoped."

There were additional comforting and reassuring conversations with members of the staff, and by the time I saw Betty, a few weeks later, her bright and cheerful nature had reasserted itself.

When I asked her what Crotched Mountain had done for her, she replied, with happy enthusiasm, "Oh, it's done so much I hardly know where to start. Why, when I came here the first time, in July, 1953, I couldn't do anything. I couldn't dress myself or get out of bed by myself. My mother had to do everything for me. Now I can do almost everything for myself. I'm practically independent. What do I want to do next? Well, I'm going to go on to school so that I can become a secretary."

What makes Crotched Mountain so effective in helping Betty and her companions acquire the dignity of independence is a close-knit team approach, combined with a warm family spirit. No child is here long before he becomes aware that each member of the staff is eager to do everything he can to help him gain in strength and ability. The teamwork, while informal, is carefully planned. Miss McCready schedules every patient's day and week to provide as intensive a program of treatment as his condition demands or permits. "We have not been affected by the problem of shortage of professional personnel which so many rehabilitation centers are experiencing," she pointed out. "We have always had a complete staff in every department. This means that if a child needs physical therapy every other day, and speech therapy three or four times a week, he can get it. You can't spread your treatments too thin if you are going to accomplish anything."



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Since all therapy rooms, as well as the sleeping and living quarters, dining room, schoolrooms and play areas are on the same floor, the youngsters move easily through the day's routine. As the dinner bell rings, someone calls out, "Jimmy needs transportation," which means Jimmy needs help in pushing his wheel chair. Immediately a lad with one crutch hobbles forward and Jimmy is soon rolling off to the dining room. This one-floor arrangement also encourages the staff members to exchange information frequently about the problems, treatment and progress of each patient and thus to co-ordinate their efforts most effectively.

The policy of the Center is to admit all types of physically handicapped children between the ages of three and sixteen who are well enough to benefit from rehabilitation and intelligent enough to understand instruction. The cost of fifteen dollars per day is met in various ways. Parents pay as much as they can.

Additional help comes from voluntary contributions, from endowment income or from the state. Service clubs and other organizations have helped support youngsters from their communities.

All are striving toward the single goal of making every child as competent as possible in the simple acts of caring for himself—dressing, using the toilet, bathing, eating, moving about from place to place. But the individual who makes this ADL training—Activities of Daily Living—her special responsibility is a pretty blond nurse named Marilyn Webster. A graduate of Boston Children's Hospital, she has a comradely and understanding way with youngsters, obviously enjoys being with them and is just as obviously adored by every kid at Crotched Mountain. When she walked into the dining room on the morning of her return from a vacation camping trip, every child in the room shouted, "Miss Webster! Miss Webster!" She went around and spoke to each of them and distributed little gifts she had brought back—an unusual bird's nest for this one, a small toy for that one, some brightly colored dried plants, and for Eugene Lalande, whose interest in nature is the interest of a poet, several cocoons and chrysalids to put in his room and watch unfold.

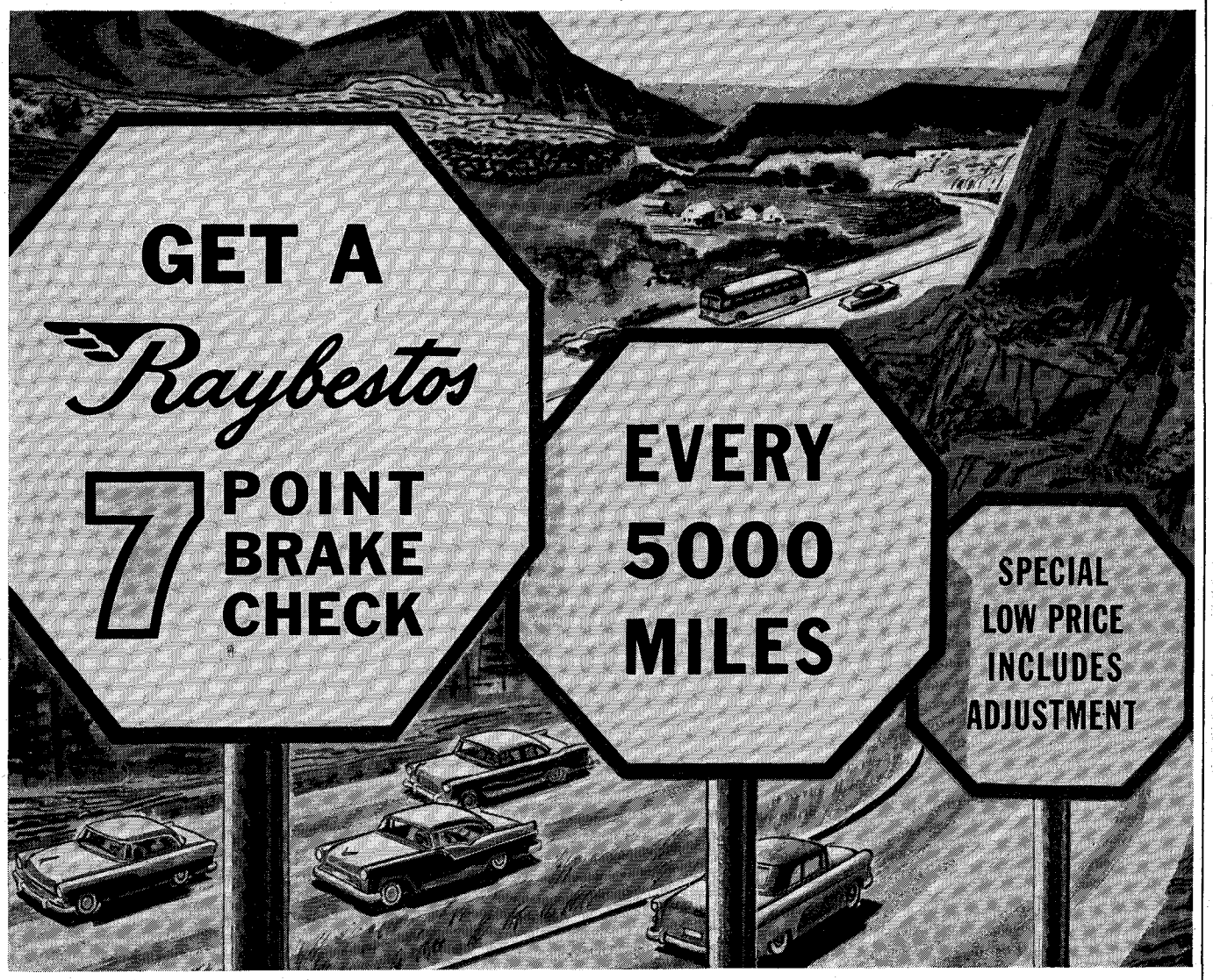
Over in the boys' ward Miss Webster proudly showed me how well Billy Harris, a bright, curly-haired five-year-old, was learning the important ADL lesson of getting from wheel chair to bed. Billy, like Betty Turner and several other Crotched Mountain patients, was afflicted with *spina bifida* and had neither motion nor sensation below the waist. But he is a whiz with the wheel chair, and he now backed it up to the side of his bed, locked the brakes, unhooked the leather chair back and laid a "transfer board" from the chair seat to the bed. Grasping the edges of the board, he stiffened his arms and slowly inched himself backward across this bridge until he was safely on the bed.

One of the most important ADL lessons taught these children with paralysis and loss of feeling in the lower part of the body is control of bowels and bladder. Each child is put on a fixed bathroom schedule, and in time, with great persistence, he achieves reliable control. It is not something he shouts about, but few victories in his battle for dignity and independence mean more to him.

Progress in rehabilitation is often measured by the lift of a drooping head, by the degree of sparkle in an eye, by the change of a child's expression. Sometimes the staff member, working with the child every day, will fail to notice a degree of improvement at once perceptible to a parent, seeing the child for the first time in several weeks. And the mere statement, "How much better he holds his mouth," is in itself therapy that brings the child closer to the next step.

The rehabilitation of Jimmy Blake, age nine, began with the act of holding his head up. His second achievement was swallowing his food properly. These are things most children can do before they are many months old. But cerebral palsy had severely interfered with most of Jimmy's bodily movements, including those of the tongue, throat, neck, arms and legs. His parents are intelligent and well informed—the father is a teacher—and had been seeking help for him ever since his babyhood. They had taken him to some of the country's leading medical centers, but with disappointing results. Early last July they brought him to Crotched Mountain, and when I first saw Jimmy, a few weeks after his admission, he was still a sad little figure, pale and thin and as limp as a doll. He was strapped into a wheel chair so he wouldn't fall out, and his head drooped like a puppet on slack strings. His tongue was out much of the time and he drooled.

Intelligence shone, however, from Jimmy's dark, unsmiling eyes. Even though he could not speak, other tests had convinced the Crotched Mountain therapists that he had normal mentality. So they proceeded with their training. And when I next saw Jimmy, in mid-September, everyone on the mountaintop was rejoicing over his progress. There was now a sparkle in his eyes. He smiled and crowed and tried to say hello. He could hold his head up alone for minutes at a time, he had much better control of his mouth and tongue, and he had put on twelve pounds, a phenomenal gain for a



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child who had weighed only thirty-three pounds a few weeks earlier. The lad still had a long distance to go, but he was on his way and the glow in his face told you that he knew it.

Jimmy was also, on this particular occasion, holding the center of the stage before an audience of nearly 100 visitors. They had gathered for what is one of the most unusual and popular features of the Crotched Mountain approach to its job. It is part of Mr. Gregg's philosophy that the crippled child's path through life will be smoother if the public can see his problems at close range and observe the methods employed to solve them. Hence, a large sign saying VISITORS WELCOME is always outside the entrance, and once a month the children and staff put on a special public demonstration in the big physical-therapy room. Groups from the surrounding communities and any visitors who happen to be at the Center are invited. The event is usually held on the afternoon of Doctor Deaver's clinic day. He spends the morning examining patients and discussing their treatment with doctors from nearby towns who serve as the Center's medical staff on rotating schedules. In the afternoon he acts as a side-line observer and commentator at the demonstration.

Jimmy was first on the program. Because one of his basic difficulties was swallowing, a movement also involved in speech, this part of his training had been assigned to the speech therapist, Miss Marianne Harris.

"Jimmy had what we call reverse swallowing," Miss Harris explained, "and still has it to some extent. Whenever you placed food in his mouth his tongue pushed as much out as it pushed in. His mother had had to pour liquids in, and feeding him solid foods was terribly slow and frustrating."

Miss Harris then showed how, by using a long, flexible, plastic drinking straw attached to a covered cup, she had encouraged Jimmy to suck and swallow. She started with the cup held so high the milk or fruit juice flowed into Jimmy's mouth without effort on his part. Then, as she lowered the cup, he had to suck in order to get a drink.

Next came the feather trick, an exercise in breath control. "When Jimmy came here," Miss Harris said, "he had such poor control of the muscles of his mouth and throat and diaphragm that he couldn't blow a tiny little feather off a box lid held in front of him. Now watch him."

After a preliminary struggle with his unruly tongue and lips, Jimmy puffed, and away went a big feather. He also showed how he could blow out a candle placed at increasing distances on a "candle board" held against his chin.

Jimmy's toughest act was feeding himself with a spoon. Mrs. Kathleen Koulias, the occupational therapist, who took over at this point, first fastened a restraining band around the boy's upper arm to suppress the wild, involuntary movements that make purposeful acts so hard for many cerebral-palsy patients. Braces had been put on his legs for the same reason.

"The principle," Doctor Deaver explained, "is to lock up every joint but one and make the child control that one. When he masters that movement, then you unlock the next joint, and so on."

Now Mrs. Koulias slipped the handle of a spoon into Jimmy's right hand and steadied his arm as he dipped the spoon into a dish of peanut butter. Slowly Jimmy lifted it to his mouth and at the same time began his struggle with that writhing tongue. Glancing around the audience, one could see lips and throat muscles working subconsciously to help Jimmy in his task. And there was a pleased sigh as he finally got the peanut butter down.

"We have to use something sticky enough to stay on the spoon as it wobbles around," Mrs. Koulias explained, "and Jimmy has eaten so much peanut butter that the other children call him Mr. Peanut. But Jimmy doesn't mind, do you, Jimmy?" To which "Mr. Peanut" responded with a slow grin.

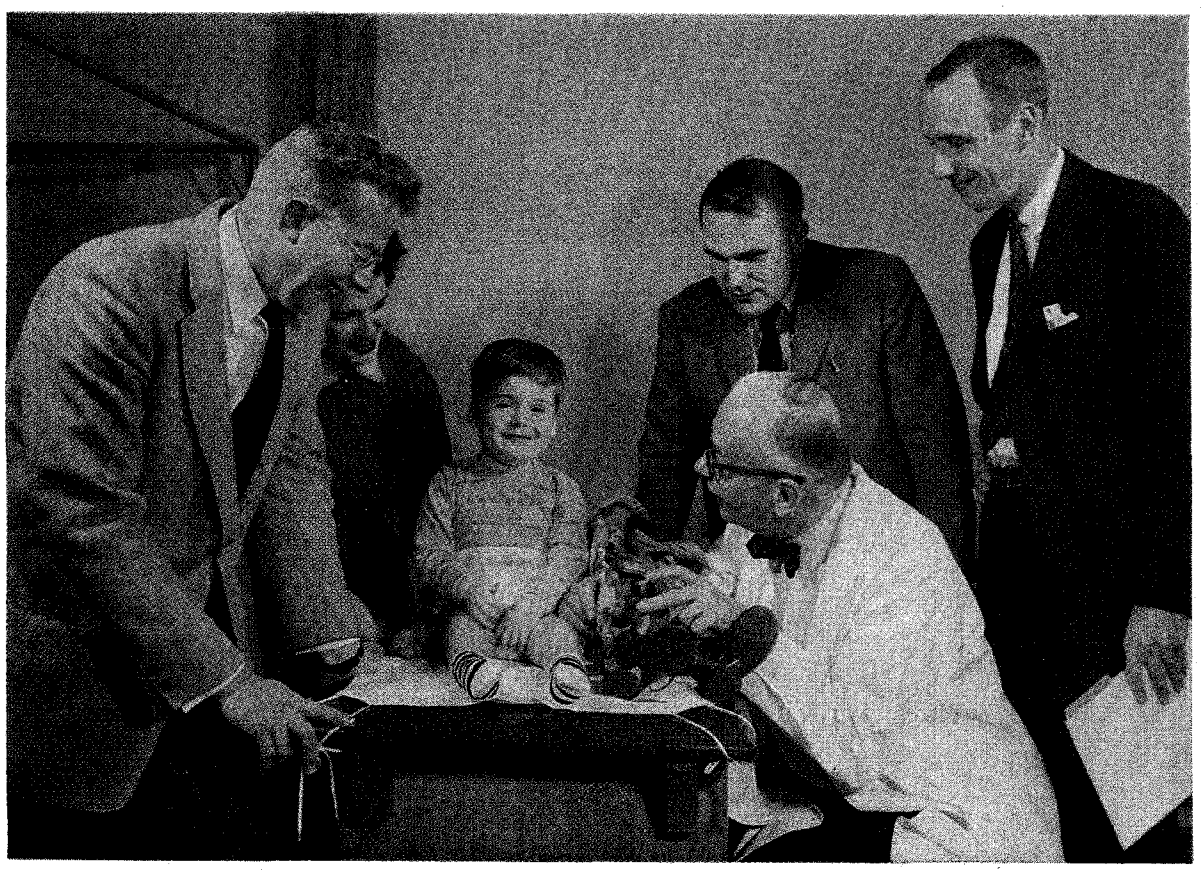
Jimmy had been "onstage" for twenty minutes, a long time for a new performer. Doctor Deaver observed that this alone was evidence of a high mental level. "When a person sees a child whose tongue hangs out all the time, as Jimmy's did at first, he is apt to say the child is mentally retarded," Doctor Deaver remarked. "But no youngster who is mentally retarded would have enough attention span to sit up here on the platform, as Jimmy has done, long enough to do what he has done. Why, some of these kids have more brains than the people who want to put them away in institutions. But you've got to have the patience of a Job to accomplish things with them. And you get results with these children by working with them, not on them."

The next child on the afternoon's program also demonstrated in a heart-warming way the rewards of such patience and teamwork. She was Nancy Woodman, a golden-haired little angel of ten who had been injured several years ago in an accident that left her without control or sensation from her hips down. When she came to the Center early in 1953 she had no interest in anything or any person, herself included. Today she is one of the most popular children at the Center, an officer of the Crotched Mountain Club and a willing participant in amateur plays and other activities.

Nancy, after locking her braces at the knee to keep her legs stiff while standing, illustrated three crutch gaits, each more difficult than the preceding one—the "drag to," the "swing to" and the "swing through." With the "swing through" she could move across the stage as fast as any normal child. Then Mrs. Eleanor Barnard, at that time the physical-therapy teacher, announced that as her final act Nancy would walk up a short flight of stairs—a triumph few paraplegics achieve. For this an extra hand grip had been attached to each crutch, a few inches above the one she uses for walking. Backing up to the first step, Nancy placed both crutches under her right arm, with her hand on the upper grips, and grasped the stair rail with her left hand. Then, with a strong push-up movement, she hoisted herself high enough to let her feet clear the top of the step. By repeating this maneuver she was able to go up one step after another—amid the applause of the audience.

"This little girl learned the crutch gaits and step climbing faster than anyone else in my experience," commented Doctor Deaver, who has given walking lessons to scores of paraplegics. "She has the coordination of an athlete."

Nancy also shows real promise as an artist and poet. And here she has shared with other children at the Center an unusual opportunity to develop those talents. For they have spent many hours watching two distinguished artists at work, and, even better, have become their close friends. Nancy was among the most fortunate ones, for she came to the Center while Miss Elizabeth Orton Jones and Miss Nora (*Continued on Page 136*)



Dr. George Deaver (in white coat) fits a young patient with new braces at Crotched Mountain.

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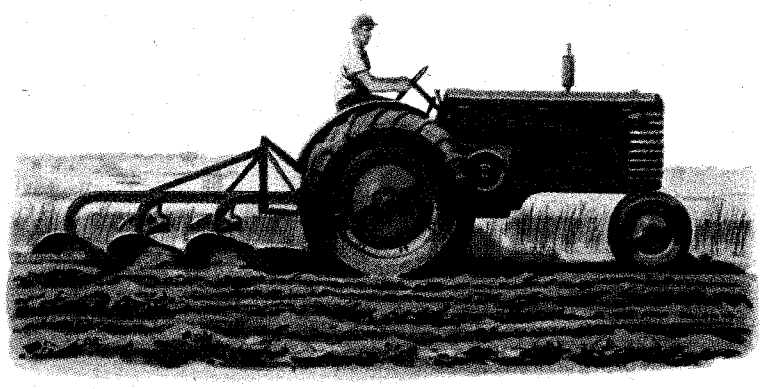

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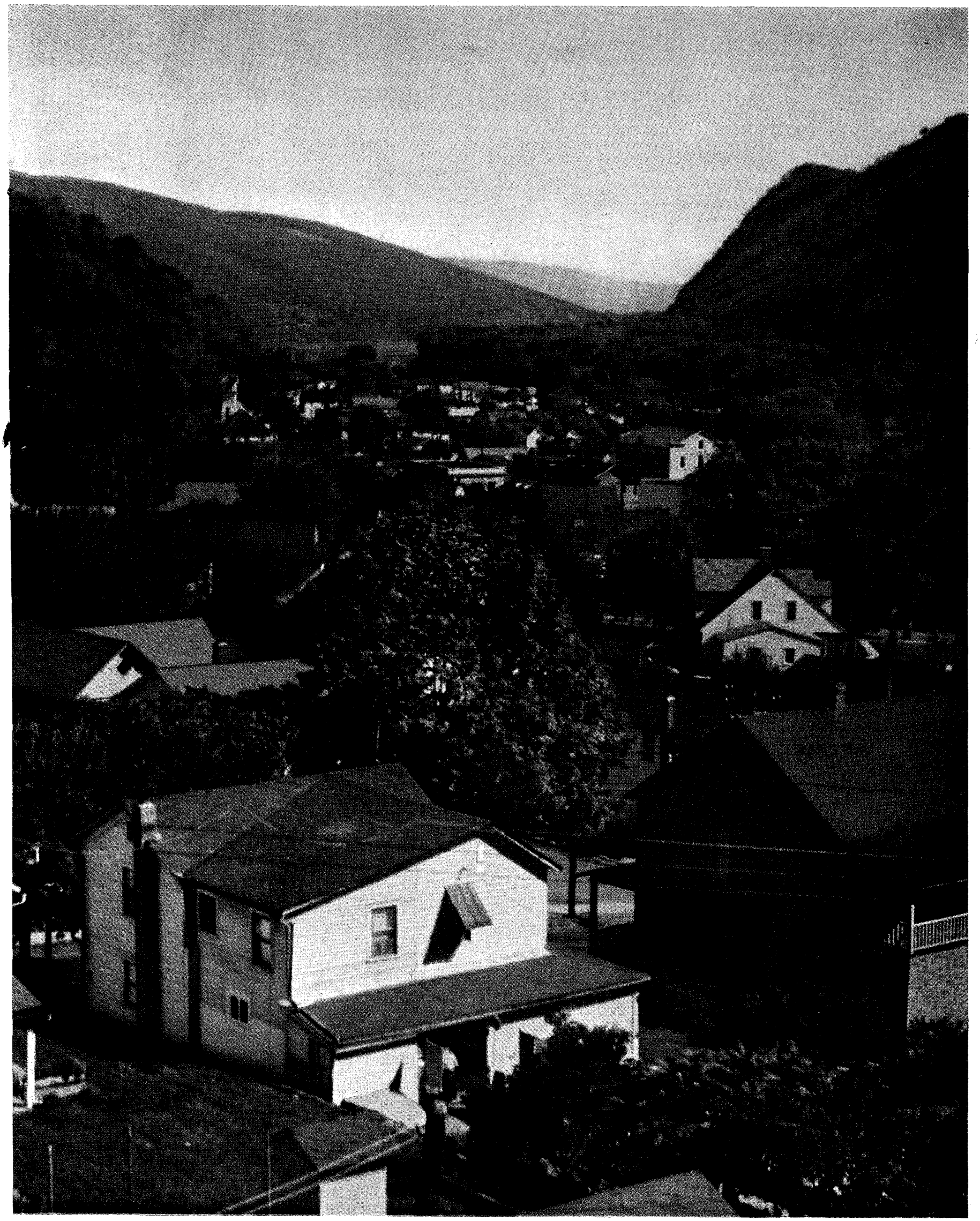

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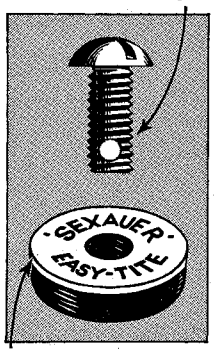

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(*Continued from Page 133*) Unwin were still working on the two large murals in the children's dormitories.

The paintings, each about forty feet long and representing a sizable gift from the artists in terms of time and talent, were started in the late fall of 1952, during the final stages of building construction. They were finished the following spring, under the critical but admiring eyes of the first young patients. Living in nearby towns, both women became so fond of the children that they have continued to make regular visits. They have not only stimulated many of the youngsters to express themselves with pencils and brushes but with deep insight have helped them solve emotion-laden problems.

Miss Jones, widely known as an author and illustrator of children's books, chose for her mural in the girls' ward a series of panels depicting the four seasons in a typical New Hampshire woodland spot. Two little girls, one wearing a leg brace, are playing house with their dolls, using a flat stump as a picnic table and feeding crusts and seeds to the birds. Scattered here and there through the mural are dozens of small fairies, painted with luminous pigments that glow at night to keep the children company.

"I put in the fairies to stress the fact that there is a world of the imagination," Miss Jones explained. "These little beings are the children themselves, very active, flying, swimming, climbing, jumping, skating on ice—doing all the things they long to do with perfect freedom. So, looking at themselves, they feel at moments, through imagination, that they are really doing those things. And maybe that helps them a bit on the long, long road of learning to walk."

While she was at work on the painting the children would come in to watch her, usually one at a time. They would pause at the door and say, "Can I come in, Miss Jones? I won't touch anything. I'll be very quiet."

"They would lean against the table on which I was standing to paint—my back turned to them," the artist recalled, in her soft, thoughtful voice, "and after a while they would begin to talk. The effect was very much like that of a psychoanalyst's couch. They would pour out all their problems. Some of those conversations were quite amazing. Their problems are deep, and they've had so much time alone to think about them.

"There are problems like Betty Turner's. Betty, as you know, has heard recently that she will never be able to walk. To fit that fact—and now she has accepted it as a fact—into her life plans is very difficult. She had been hoping and praying all these years that she would be able to walk. She has a fine mind and could live a fine life. There is a great deal in the spiritual strengthening of these children to face the facts."

Betty's experience goes far to prove the wisdom of Gregg's choice of the mountaintop for his Center. For with Miss Jones as her confidante she has sat for many hours looking out over the lovely land. Betty's own home had been a small one, and crowded. And she has said to Miss Jones, "Do you realize what this means to me, to just sit here in the quiet, looking at the hills and the stars? Why, I've never had time to think in my whole life before. I even think I could take some of the quietness home with me when I go."

Later, as I visited with Betty on the sun deck, I spoke of my conversation with Miss Jones.

"Oh, yes!" said Betty with feeling. "Miss Jones is my very dearest friend."

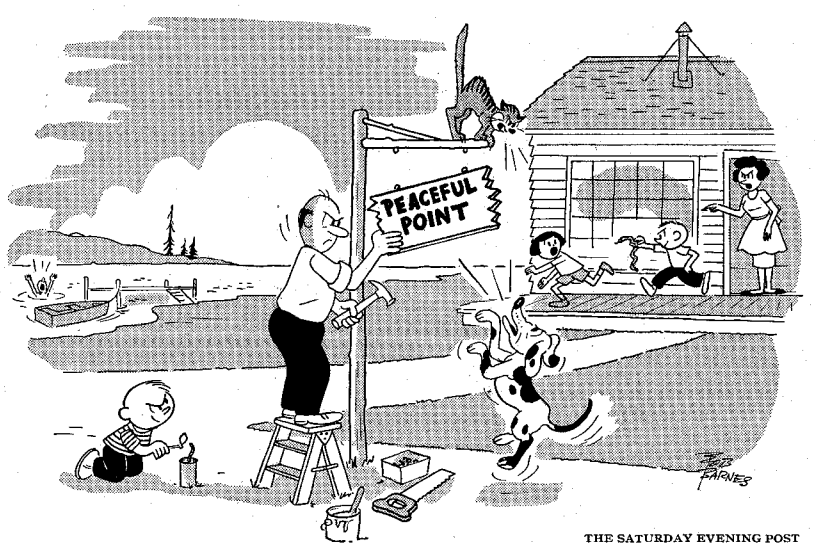
While Miss Jones had been painting her mural in the girls' ward, Miss Unwin was brightening the wall of the boys' dormitory with familiar scenes from nursery rhymes and legends. In the early weeks of their work the two artists used to shout to each other down the passage of the otherwise-unoccupied building to ask how each was getting on.

Miss Unwin, a native of England and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers there, was somewhat appalled by the vast expanse of wall. "At that time I felt the little patients, when they came, would be sort of lonesome in these big rooms," she said. "Most of them would be away from home for the first time. This thought gave me the idea of surrounding them with friendly people from stories they might know. I talked with several teachers to find out which fairy tales were most popular with American children and was pleased to learn they had the same favorites as we had had in England when I was a child."

She used a New Hampshire background, as Miss Jones had done, and against this she placed the characters of thirty-four different nursery rhymes or stories, deftly weaving one scene into another. Puss in Boots wears New Hampshire farmer's boots. Rapunzel lets down her hair from a tower of New Hampshire granite, to be rescued by a prince in a cowboy outfit.

Miss Unwin had already painted in Santa Claus and his reindeer by the time the children began to arrive at the Center. One youngster immediately asked, "Where's Rudolph?" She wasn't sure for how long Rudolph would, to quote the song, "go down in hist-o-ree," but she bowed to the child's wish and put a red nose on the front reindeer.

"Wouldn't it be nice," said another lad, "to put in a palace and make a king



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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coming down the road in his coach?" So palace, king and coach appeared on the wall.

Billy Lovely, the first boy admitted to the Center, was a devoted but sharp-eyed critic. "Why don't you put in a blue jay?" he asked one day. When Miss Unwin had finished the bird, Billy said, "You never see a blue jay alone. They are always in twos." So she painted another one.

Miss Unwin has done quick pencil portraits of more than thirty of the youngsters. "Sometimes they want the wheel chair shown in the picture," she remarked. "One morning a little girl still had her hair in curlers, so she gave me a snapshot of herself to work from. And Gene Lalande always sits near me and makes remarks to keep the children looking bright. He has not only a great sensitivity about art but a great sense of humor."

Motivation is half the battle in rehabilitation. It is provided partly by the interesting arts and crafts one finds in Crotched Mountain's well-equipped occupational-therapy shop. Its pink walls are hung with children's paintings. Bright mobiles swing from the ceiling. In one corner is a turntable on which Harold places a chair or other item of furniture so that he can paint it on all sides while he remains seated. The therapists, Mrs. Koulias and Miss Marion Peabody, use wooden replicas of pay telephones, parking meters and bus-fare boxes to prepare the children for the mechanized world outside. There are button boards and shoe-string tie boards. Learning about buckles is especially important to kids who wear braces. The O. T. teacher may therefore hand Freddie a gun and holster and tell him he can't shoot the gun until he gets the holster buckled on. She'll occasionally slip a cap into the gun as an extra reward.

The handicapped youngster also moves forward on affection and approbation, which he receives here in abundance. The child at Crotched Mountain is loved, but not coddled. The distinction is important.

I talked about this matter of affection vs. overindulgence with Miss Barbara Hayden, a young staff member who understands the children's problems from the inside. She has been in a wheel chair herself ever since an attack of bulbar polio in 1937. Fortunately, she was too ambitious to let herself become dependent. After three and a half years in and out of respirators she completed correspondence courses in writing and literature, and landed an assignment doing gardening and bird-lore columns for the Boston Globe. She joined the "team" at Crotched Mountain a year ago, divides her time between office work, helping the children, and writing "progress notes" about them for their home-town papers.

"Sometimes it takes weeks for these children to get over the bridge of parental dependence," Miss Hayden said. "They feel that their parents' love is tied up with doing things for them. And the children are afraid that if they learn to do these things themselves their parents won't have any way of showing their love any more. Of course, the youngsters do in time get over this feeling. Then they go home and say to their parents: 'Now don't do that for me. I can do it myself.'"

Recently Crotched Mountain has made part of its facilities available to the state of New Hampshire as a school for deaf children. Fourteen are presently living there. Although their dormitories are on a separate floor, they join the other youngsters in the TV room, library and play areas.

The Center is also opening its doors for professional training. Several nursing schools in New England have already become affiliated and are sending students up for part of their work, with special emphasis on the Activities of Daily Living. And students from state teachers' colleges at Keene and Plymouth, New Hampshire, are coming over for nine-week periods to improve their understanding of the handicapped child.

Although most of the children cared for to date have been from New England, Crotched Mountain wants to be known as a national institution. It welcomes patients and trainees from any part of the country and it points out that financial assistance can in many cases be provided by state crippled-children's societies and vocational-rehabilitation offices.

In its founding and development, however, the Center is peculiarly a product of Yankee enterprise and determination. The idea for it was born in the early 1940's in a conversation between Mr. Gregg and Dr. Ezra A. Jones, a Manchester orthopedic surgeon. These two men had been working together for some thirty years to lighten the load of the crippled children of their state. They had helped organize the New Hampshire Crippled Children's Society and had established three outpatient clinics. But Doctor Jones was not satisfied. "Harry," he said, "we're just kidding ourselves about the amount of help we are giving these children. We work with them, put braces on them, give them crutches and let them go home. But when they come back to us a few months later a lot of them are all twisted up and in trouble again."

Through the outpatient clinics the doctors were able to keep many of the children in good shape, Doctor Jones said. "But the more severely disabled need long periods of intensive, twenty-four-hour care and training; they need something we can give them only in a rehabilitation center."

Now, Harry Gregg has never been one to let a suggestion lie around gathering good intentions. It was at that time that he organized the Crotched Mountain Foundation to sponsor his project and went out and bought the site. President of the Foundation is Laurence F. Whittemore, chairman of the Brown Company, one of the nation's largest timber and paper-manufacturing operations, a former president of the New Haven Railroad and often referred to as "Mr. New England." Vice-presidents of the Foundation are: Sherman Adams, assistant to President Eisenhower and former governor of New Hampshire; Doctor Jones, who also serves as chief of staff of the Center; and Samuel P. Hunt, banker and engineer. Mr. Gregg is the treasurer and principal fund raiser.

He started his campaigning in 1945, and eventually signed up 197 "founders" at $5000 or more each. Of these, seventy-six were firms and corporations doing business in New England, and the remainder were individuals. There were a number of large gifts, including those from Gregg himself, and the total for the Children's Center is now over $3,000,000. Mr. and Mrs. Cummins Catherwood, of Haverford, Pennsylvania, who have a summer home near Crotched Mountain, donated $100,000 for the physical-medicine wing. Miss Marion J. Carter, of Lebanon, New Hampshire, contributed $200,000 for a meetinghouse and auditorium. The Hayden Foundation, of New York, gave $500,000 and the Kresge Foundation $100,000, both for the adult center. And Mr. Gregg's good friend, Sciva Speare, a quiet, unassuming Vermonter who has built a fortune out of his two Nashua department stores, gave $1,000,000 for the adult project.

From the very beginning the Center has profited from Mr. Gregg's irresistible persuasiveness. Charles Hopkins, a Greenfield grain dealer, recalls that when he sold the mountain acreage to Gregg as a site for the Center, he thought he was being generous in letting it go for $3000 less than he had paid for it. "But that wasn't enough," Hopkins recalled, with a chuckle. "After completing the transaction, Gregg said to me, 'Now, you do a lot of the business here in Greenfield, Charlie; you ought to give us a donation of a thousand dollars.' I said, 'Mr. Gregg, we'll transact our business one day and take care of our charity another day.' Then Gregg asked me to be a member of his board. I consented, but said I wouldn't be able to attend the meeting that week because I was going to Chicago to a feedmen's convention. 'Well, that's all right,' Gregg replied. 'While you're in Chicago you can stop in and see Mr. So-and-So and get a contribution of five thousand from him.' It happened that Mr. So-and-So wouldn't come through, but I did try."

Much of the labor going into the Center was contributed, as well as a great

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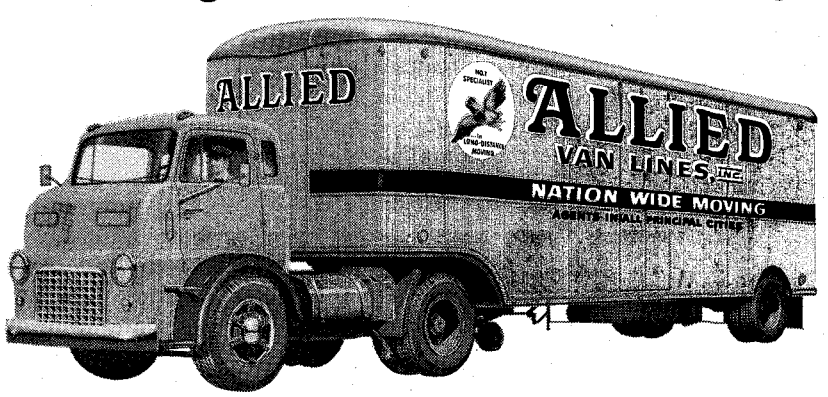

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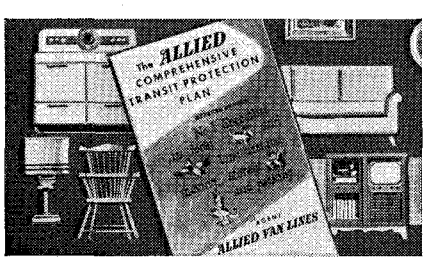

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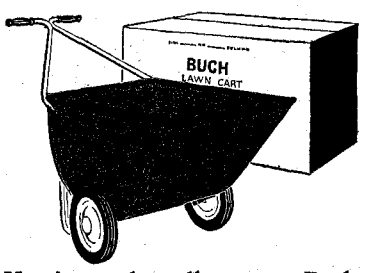

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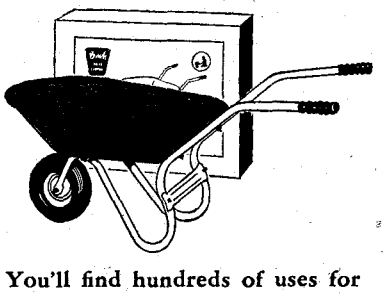


You'll find hundreds of uses for this Buch "Whiz" Barrow—use it for everything from mixing concrete to filling it with picnic equipment for a single step-saving trip to the car. Good-looking and ruggedly durable, too!

deal of equipment. "We organized a gang of about twenty men from the community," Hopkins said, "to come up and clear brush through the woods where the road was to run. Then, when the road contractor arrived to make an estimate, it didn't look like such a formidable task for him, and he made a low bid. He built the mile of road for $25,000, which means he also contributed much of the material."

The Center's furniture and equipment are valued at about $100,000, but not more than $12,000 was paid out for it, the remainder representing donations. And Mr. Gregg likes to relate how he walked into a grocery store in a nearby town, admired a big refrigerator, asked how much one ten by fifteen feet would cost him, and wound up by receiving one as a gift from the grocery store.

Once the citizens of the area became acquainted with the Crotched Mountain Center's aims—and especially after they had visited it and fallen in love with the young patients—giving money and services became a happy New Hampshire habit. The Elks pledged $5000 to be raised over a period of five years—and made the quota in three. The Rotary Club, of Milford, a town of 5000 population, promised $1000, held an old-fashioned farm auction, and sold enough cows, pigs and antiques to net $4000. Over in Peterborough little Mary Williams organized a kids' circus and took in $108 for the Center.

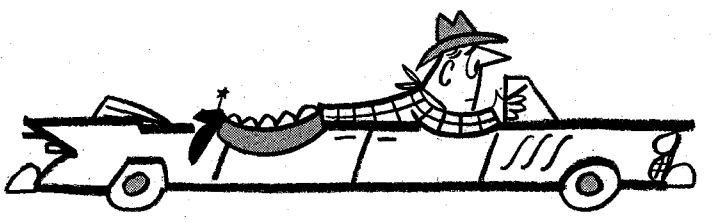
Volunteer services account for a welcome saving in the Center's operating budget. They are performed by the Women's Auxiliary, whose 100 members represent twenty-two towns and villages in the area. The women of each town take one or more days of the month as their assignment and spend that time working for or at the Center. Mrs. Richard H. Bigelow, president of the auxiliary, explains that they do whatever is needed, from helping out in the schoolroom to sewing, ironing clothes and washing windows. They serve lunch to the visitors on clinic day, and last July sixteenth they prepared meals for the 1500 who attended the Arts and Crafts Mart held on the terrace—with proceeds going to the Center.

In everything pertaining to the Center one senses the vision, the enthusiasm and the drive of the man who conceived the project back in 1944. Mr. Gregg not only sparked the fund raising, he helped design the buildings and select the equipment. He also built a home for himself and his attractive wife, Harriet, on the grounds, and, as a resident angel with an eagle eye, he continues to keep careful watch on every detail of operation.

Both of the Greggs are great favorites with the children and spend much of their time with them. Mr. Gregg and a boy named Leo have a standing joke about an automobile. "Leo, I'll give you a convertible if you'll go out and drive it," Gregg will say. "But, Mr. Gregg," Leo will reply with a broad grin, "I haven't any money for the gas." Mrs. Gregg frequently entertains the young patients at her home or takes them to performances at nearby summer theaters. During one of my visits she drove with them down to the lake near the Center, kicked off her shoes, tucked up her skirts and waded into the water to help with some of the children who were in swimming. The Greggs' housekeeper, brisk, good-natured Mrs. Sedgwick Weller, contributes her share to the broadening of the children's day-by-day experiences by taking them with her, one or two at a time, on shopping trips to the towns in the area. Such simple diversions are a real treat to those youngsters who, until they came to the Center, had led quite restricted lives.

Much of the effort of the staff is aimed, in fact, at helping the young patients feel they are no different, in any important respect, from all other children. This is a goal of all rehabilitation—to abolish the psychological barriers that set the physically handicapped apart from the world around them. Dr. Louis Wiederhold, of Antrim, New Hampshire, who makes regular calls at the Center, recalled an incident that illustrated how well this approach is succeeding. He was examining a ten-year-old boy whose legs were severely crippled, but who could walk all right on crutches. Nevertheless, as the doctor proceeded to check him over thoroughly, from head to foot, he realized the boy was worried about something. He seemed to be afraid the doctor would find some new trouble. Finally, when he had finished, Doctor Wiederhold clapped him on the back and said, "There's absolutely nothing wrong with you above the waist." Upon which, the youngster grabbed his crutches, hobbled happily out of the office and went off down the corridor shouting, "Hurray! The doctor says I'm normal!"

THE END



The Perfect Squelch

The young Oklahoman, vacationing in New York City, was invited to a party of the sophisticated set and soon found himself cast in the role of country cousin or rustic clown. One sardonic man about town, in particular, questioned him at length for the amusement of the big-city dwellers.

"And do you drive your own car?" the wit asked. . . . "You do! Why, I'm amazed. I thought all you oil-wealthy Oklahomans had your own private chauffeurs."

"Oh, no," the youngster replied easily. "Only a few have chauffeurs—the rest have pilots."

Charles Fenton

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Well, It Was This Way (Continued from Page 36)

battle to capture public attention, every word counted, and in the romance department the movies had it all over radio. Radio personalities were faceless voices, and how they looked and what they did after hours were anybody's guess. But we were familiar faces, and in Miss Bow's case what she did in her spare time roused as much speculation as if she were the girl next door.

To keep the publicity on our romance from fading, Miss Bow had to be seen with me in public. Now, that was something else again. I could be annoyed by the publicity, but the one thing that couldn't annoy me was being seen with Clara Bow. Hollywood did not have then the places in which to be seen and talked about that it does now. But what places it had, we covered. And we were seen. Clara Bow and her flaming red hair made every entrance a spectacle, and I tagged along in a happy daze. I wasn't much good as a gallant escort, but I learned some by trying.

Well, Children of Divorce completed its showings in first-run theaters around the country. Miss Bow was at work in another picture, and so was I. New romances were needed to pep up the publicity for the new releases, but Miss Bow did not leave me without a parting shot.

"Oh, I could never marry Gary," she told an interviewer. "We would never be happy. He's too fiercely jealous!"

My next picture was the rough and tough Legion of the Condemned, and I leave it to you what the cast had to say about the "fiercely jealous little 'It' boy." I led a hard life.

I had one scene with Fay Wray, however, in which I redeemed myself. The Legion of the Condemned was a World War I picture. In one scene I had to pick up Miss Wray and run across a valley as a squadron of planes dive-bombed us. To simulate bomb explosions, the field had been mined with dynamite charges, connected by wire to the director's platform. The holes had been filled with screened fuller's earth mixed with lumps of cork, the cork being a photogenic substitute for rocks. As explained to me, Miss Wray and I might get a little dusty, and be beaned with light pieces of falling cork. That would be the worst. It sounded safe.

The planes came over, I grabbed Miss Wray, and away we went. I had a "safe" route to run between the mines, but suddenly an explosion lifted me about four feet. I picked up a new stride while still in the air and came down running about six steps ahead of myself. Miss Wray didn't weigh a thing. The next explosion helped me along, but it filled my eyes with dust. I didn't know where I was going but wherever it was, I wanted to be there before the next mine went off under my feet. I think I set a new record for the hundred-yard dash, the first track star ever to use blast propulsion.

My next picture, Doomsday, did little to restore my confidence in explosives. For this scene I had to be lying in deep water beside a riverbank, concealed, except for my head. Some twenty feet from me an underwater charge was to be set off. The engineers went over the site inch by inch, removing any loose debris that might be blown in my direction. What we forgot about was the effect of underwater concussion. When the blast went off, my chest caved in so far my floating ribs met at my backbone. If a root had not held me up, I would have drowned in my first gasp for air.

Later I became too valuable as a movie star to be exposed to such hazards. Oh, part of a bridge fell on me one time during a demolition scene, nearly tearing off my arm, and I've been scorched while dueling with blank cartridges, but the fires were easily put out. I've been slammed, and banged, and ruptured four times, dived on by drone planes falling out of control, kicked by mules, hooked by steers and bitten by dog stars, but it is comforting to know that I am too precious to be risked on anything really dangerous.

By this time the pressure on me that began with Beau Sabreur was beginning to get heavier. Thanks to the Clara Bow-inspired publicity, my name at the box office was beginning to amount to something. In quick succession I was starred with Colleen Moore in Lilac Time, and with Carole Lombard in Half a Bride. Along with increasing activity came still another worry. Sound. All Hollywood knew that the talkies were inevitable. But the studios had millions of dollars invested in silent films still to be released. The minute sound took over, these films would become worthless. Radio was forcing the issue. Either the movies became as vocal as radio or there would be no movies.

When Hollywood made the plunge, it went in all at once. The change-over was so quick, I remember, that it caught Nancy Carroll and me just as we were finishing The Shopworn Angel. For fifty-nine minutes and forty-five seconds of its hour-long run, we played it in silence. But in the wedding scene we stood before a minister. I studied my script containing this new thing called dialogue until I was letter perfect. "I do," I said. And Miss Carroll said, "I do." On those four words the picture was released as a talkie.

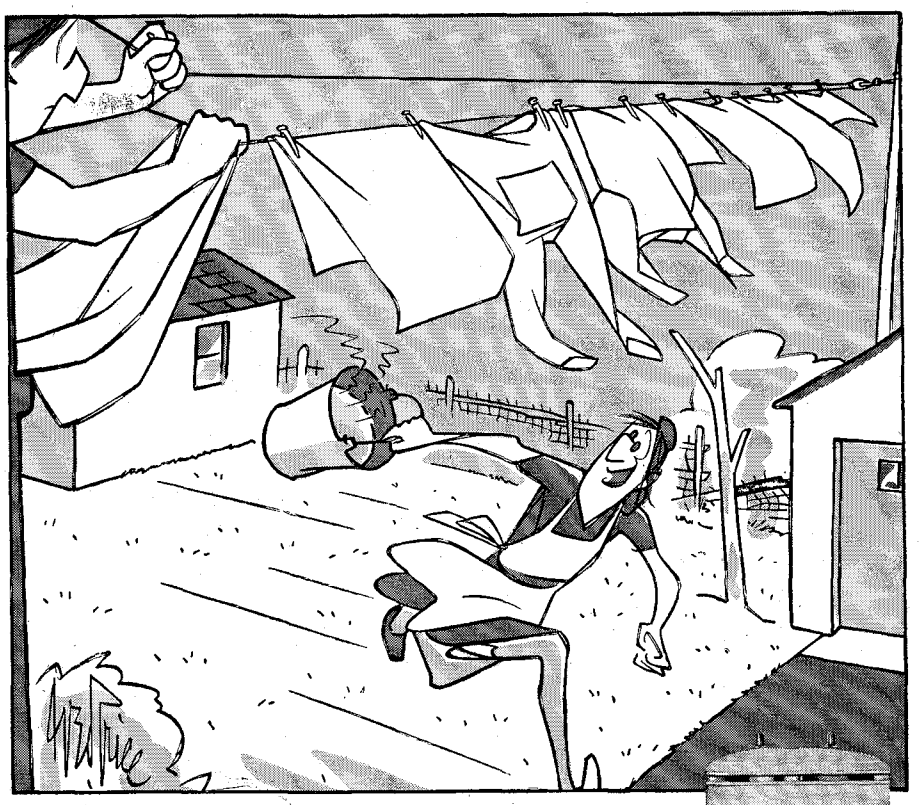
My next picture was the much-publicized Wolf Song, starring Lupe Velez. The newspaper space that Clara Bow and I had won as the "It" boy and girl wasn't a patch on the guff that was poured out following my meeting with Miss Velez. What made it painful was that I guess I was in love with Miss Velez, or as much in love as one could get with a creature as elusive as quicksilver. It was incredible that with all that was happening in the world during 1929 and 1930, so much news space could be devoted to speculation on whether Miss Velez and I had quarreled or made up.

Looking back at that strange period, I can see where we were the victims of circumstance. Hollywood was getting pretty desperate. The depression was hitting the box office, and radio was doing a good job of entertaining ex-movie patrons who saved money by staying home.

And talking pictures had really mixed up things for fair. At the beginning of 1929, only about 1500 theaters out of 20,000 were wired for sound, and the stock-market crash didn't encourage exhibitors to spend thousands on sound equipment when the trend was toward home and the radio set. To complicate matters, sound wasn't filling the theaters equipped to handle it.

But Hollywood still had one exploitable asset: the public was interested in movie stars. Everything was done to keep up the interest. Never mind whether it was done in good taste or bad. The only question was, "Will it make the papers?" Happily married couples were the hardest hit, reading reports of their impending divorces, written up in a lurid style I hope never to see again. And those of us who were single were dragged in for our share.

I remember while we were making Wolf Song I mentioned to a reporter that I was interested in falconry. Soon after the release of his story a fan up in



"Borrowed some hot water for th' wash. Gotta get home before it cools!"

Well, at least Madame knows the old truism: "The hotter the water, the whiter the wash." But she apparently doesn't know the *modern* way to be sure of all the hot water you need all the time. Get an automatic Gas water-heater. It's 3 times faster than any other run by an all-automatic fuel—costs less to buy, install and use, too! See a choice of fine makes at your Gas company, master plumber's or Gas appliance dealer's. Shown: **JOHN WOOD.**

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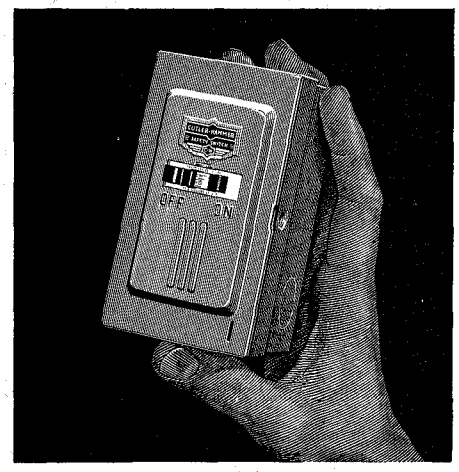

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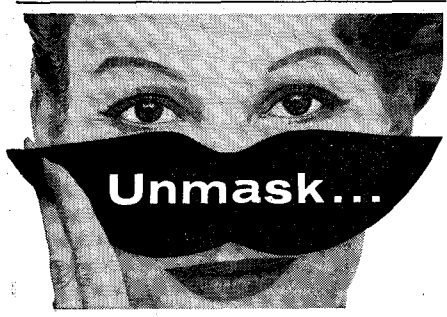

the sparkle that lies in your eyes!

Why tolerate dull-looking, reddish-streaked, tired-feeling eyes another instant? A few drops of EYE-GENE, recommended by eye specialists for over 20 years, will cleanse, soothe and refresh your eyes in seconds.

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Montana sent me a pair of golden eagles, with the suggestion that I try training them. Well, I was interested in falconry, and the female eagle looked as if she might take to a little training. I was living with the folks at home, where there wasn't much space. But Lupe Velez had a huge back yard, so I built a large cage for the eagles over there. All I wanted was a place to keep my eagles, but that is not the way the papers explained it. They became a "Gift of Love Birds, Montana Size."

Lupe Velez didn't object to the publicity, figuring it to be good box office. She had come up the hard way, using every ounce of her vitality and vivacity to make it. Her father was a colonel in the Mexican army, usually in the midst of one revolution or another, and Lupe at one point had been forced to flee to San Antonio when a battle went the wrong way. She was always practicing to be an actress. By the time she was sixteen, without any dramatic or dancing lessons, she was dancing and acting in some of the biggest theaters in Mexico City.

You couldn't help being attracted to Lupe Velez. She flashed, stormed and sparkled, and on the set she was apt to throw things if she thought it would do any good. But she objected to being called wild, which was a word the reporters seemed to favor. "I am not wild!" she would exclaim. "I am just Lupe!"

My folks didn't know what to make of her. Her exuberant Latin spirits baffled mother, but dad was charmed into helpless laughter. If she started tearing our house apart with one of her extravagant dances, dad would put on one of his Judge-of-the-Supreme-Court looks, but that would only inspire her to more outrageous goings-on. Then when she was exhausted she would climb into his lap, grab his ear, and say, "You do loff me, jodge, don't you? You loff Lupe make whoopee!"

After Wolf Song, Lupe Velez, a $2500-a-week star, was plunged at once into another picture, and I, at a quarter of that figure, was shoved into another while my publicity was still hot. We tried to keep the romance going, and succeeded for about a year, but it was rough sledding. Each picture required new exploitation and new "romances" with other stars, and there was no such thing as privacy. We just drifted apart.

My big picture in 1929 was The Virginian, a sort of exclamation point in my life. It was the first major talkie ever filmed outdoors, and well do I remember our awe at the size of our production setup. Before sound came in we only had to wind up the camera and we were in business. Now, moving to our location near Sonora in the High Sierras, we were accompanied by a caravan of trucks, cranes, tractors and enough mobile generators to light a small town. We had telephone linemen, road builders and track layers. We had radio engineers, sound directors, dialogue directors, voice coaches and sound-effects men. And off to one side, feeling obsolete, we had some old-fashioned actors and an old-fashioned movie director named Victor Fleming.

All the equipment was portable, meaning that with the aid of trucks, cranes, tractors, lumberjacks, road builders and track layers, it could be moved several feet at a time. The camera was now enclosed within a four-wheeled, sound-proofed structure built like a brick smokehouse, so its whirring gears wouldn't disturb the microphone. The microphone itself, a fearsome bucket full of charcoal granules, was suspended from a small crane mounted on a dolly, the whole assembly looking like a steam shovel.

To see the camera and microphone in action, imagine a small ridge down which plank tracks have been laid. Over the ridge I come, driving ahead of me a herd of bawling cows, crowding them as close to the microphone as I can get. As I pass the brick smokehouse and the steam shovel, their drivers start down the track, keeping pace with me. The cows, seeing these weird contraptions, grow a mite nervous and pick up speed. Pretty soon we are really high-tailing it, the smokehouse and the steam shovel careering along beside us. This, of course only encourages the cows. The smokehouse and the steam shovel, already out of control, need no encouragement. By the time they sail off the end of the track in a cloud of dust, I've got a junior-grade stampede on my hands. The equipment stops, relatively intact, but some of my cows never come back.

Aside from difficulties with our "portable" equipment, we had a battle of another kind. Victor Fleming clung to the old-fashioned notion that he was making a picture with voices. The sound director, supported by his army of electronic engineers, was convinced he was making a radio program with faces. There was little fraternizing, and nothing much in the way of a co-operative exchange of ideas. What is more, on their impressive sound stages in Hollywood, surrounded by all their abracadabra and awe-inspiring gear, the sound moguls had been getting by with it. Up here on his own stamping ground, Fleming grew less and less impressed. Trouble brewed.

There came finally the scene in which I caught my old friend, Steve, played by Dick Arlen, with a rustled herd of cows. We were to play it in semi-close-up, squatting on the ground, with the camera shooting across Dick's shoulder into my face. My opening line was, "Ah'm sorry, Steve, that Ah had to come up with you at a time like this."

We took our places. The steam-shovel operator lowered the boom and nearly scalped both of us with the bucket of charcoal. There was one more formality, because it was no longer enough to hold up a slate in front of the camera on which would be chalked, "The Virginian, Take 147." The sound track had to be cued in too. For this purpose they had invented the slapstick. The boy would hold the slate up in front of the camera, cuing it in, and then he would bring the slapstick down on top of the slate. Clack!

I watched the take boy nervously. He held the slate in front of my nose, brought the stick down with a violent slap, and wham—he blew my lines right out of my head. After three attempts, I thought I was all right, but that was only my opinion. If I got my lines across to the satisfaction of the sound director, Fleming complained that I looked like a schoolboy making his first public recital. If I pleased Fleming, the sound director would claim I came through the microphone like something abandoned by a soap opera. With this heckling I began to disintegrate fast. Finally I couldn't even remember my line, let alone act it out. Fleming and the sound director weren't speaking to each other when that day's work went into the ashcan.

In a way, Fleming had suffered more than I did. Like all directors of the silent days, he was accustomed to talking his actors into doing what he wanted. "Do this, do that, and now smile as you turn and bow. Turn around. Take her in your arms. Bend her over a little more. Now smooch. Hold it. Ten seconds, twelve seconds. Cut. We don't want to get this scene censored." Now, with a microphone picking up sound, he was stricken dumb. No matter how he strained and sweated to reach his actors, he could not do with mental telepathy what he could do with words. Yet he was forced to remain silent. It wasn't easy.

That night in our tent, Arlen came up with an idea. "Since I'm turned partly away from the camera in this scene," he said, "I'll write down your line on my chaps. When you look past me toward the camera, your line will be staring you right in the face where you can't forget it."

The next morning I took a look at the bold print on the inside of Arlen's chaps, and away I went. Fleming applauded. The sound director looked sour.

"He stammered. The line wasn't smooth," he said.

"But didn't you catch the expression on his face?" asked Fleming. "He has discovered his best friend to be a cow thief. Wouldn't you stammer too?"

"I don't care about the expression on his face. I was listening to the sound track, and it didn't have enough punch.... All right, fellows, back where you were. We'll take this one over."

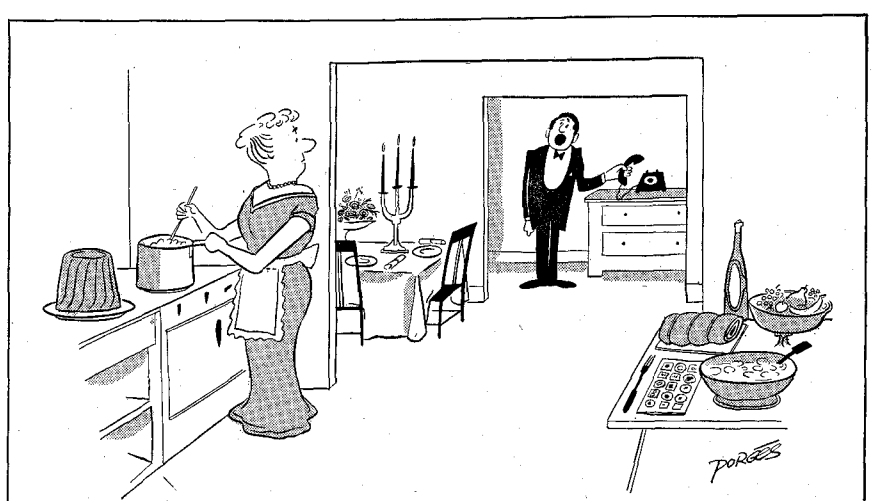
"Who's directing this picture?" asked Fleming after a slow recovery. "You or me?"

"This is sound, and sound ——"

Right then and there Fleming made a firm and violent stand, and, after that, movie directors began regaining their authority. They've never suffered serious competition since.

The success of The Virginian went a long way in establishing me as a star in my own right. More important to me was the fact that through The Virginian I freed myself of that jazz-period label, "the It boy." Once more I was the wholesome, outdoor type, making a fresh start in a new career, the pictures that talked.

If I had been valuable to the studio before, The Virginian made me doubly so. Without rest (*Continued on Page 142*)



"It's them . . . they can't make it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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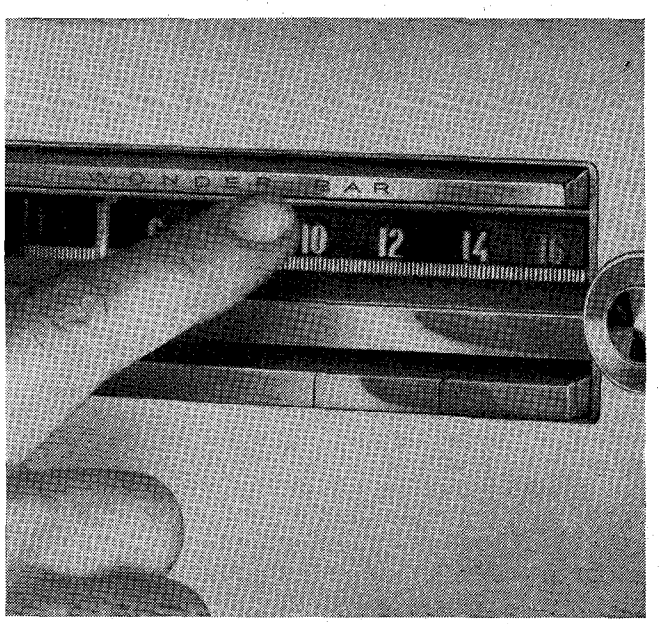

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WORLD LEADER IN AUTO RADIO

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(*Continued from Page 140*) I was shoved into starring roles in Seven Days' Leave, Only the Brave, The Texan, Paramount on Parade, The Spoilers—I was getting dizzy. By the spring of 1930, with my schedule piling up, I was permitted to work days on some films, and nights on others, a rare privilege. The Man From Wyoming, Morocco, Fighting Caravans, City Streets ——

One day I was up in the mountains saving Lili Damita from the Indians. It was a scorching-hot day, and I was encased in tight deerskin shirt, pants and leggings. I nearly suffocated. Then I jumped into my car and made it to Hollywood a hundred miles away, for my scenes with Sylvia Sidney in City Streets.

About midnight we were doing a process shot. We sat in a prop car in the studio, dodging invisible traffic in nonexistent city streets. Later the traffic and the city buildings would be processed in to make everything look real. All of a sudden it became very real to me without processing. The script called for me to avoid an accident, and there, safe in a motionless car in the studio, I saw I wasn't going to make it. I gave the dummy wheel a frantic wrench, and when I came to, I was in a hospital.

"Exhaustion brought on by jaundice," said the doctor. "Or maybe it's jaundice aggravated by exhaustion."

I had just enough punch left to finish my pictures, and then, taking the doctor's advice to get as far away from Hollywood as I could get, I went to Europe. My one thought was to crawl into a gondola in Venice and lie down.

I did just that. I was a happy nobody in Venice. I wandered around, swam some at the Lido and lay on my back absorbing a lot of sunshine. After a couple of weeks of that, I was recovered enough to feel lonesome.

In Hollywood, fans had thrown so much gravel at my windows to get me up at night for a personal appearance that I had been forced to leave home to give the folks some sleep. My appearance in a dining room was enough to start an autograph club. But here in Venice I was ignored.

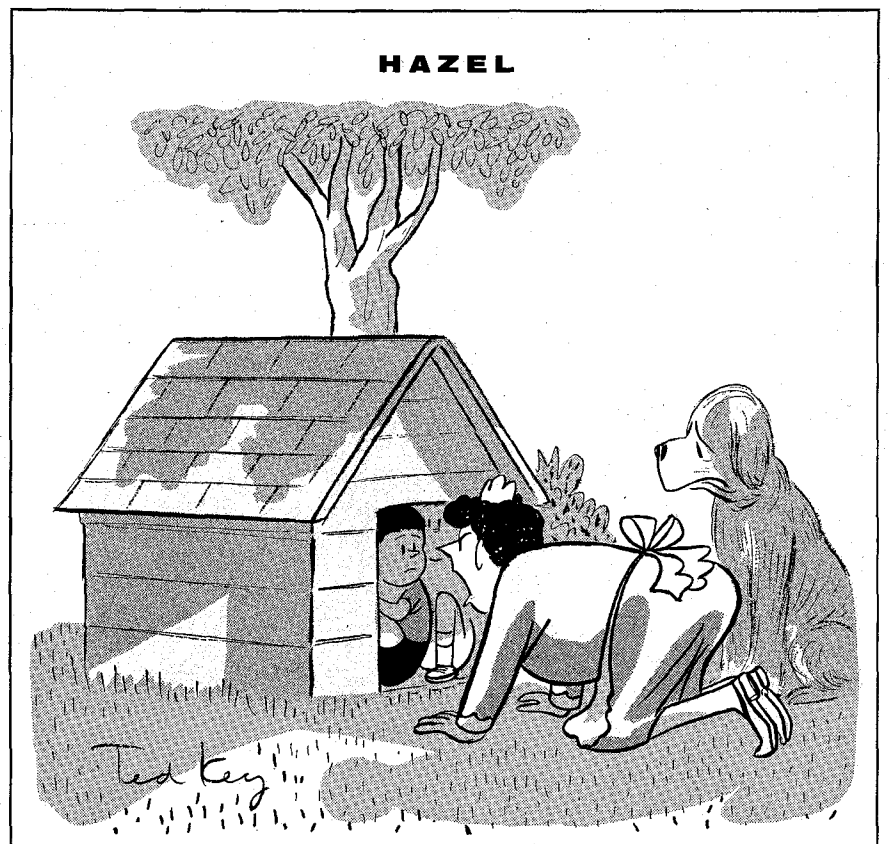
I began to wonder who I was. It was like the time when I awakened to the fact that I was twenty-three years old, and nothing done yet. Now I was twenty-nine years old and so much had been done—to me, with me or by me—that I didn't know what to believe. Was I a star simply because I happened to screen well? Was I the figment of a director's imagination or did I have some stuff of my own? Looking at the question honestly, the answer seemed to favor the directors. Very depressing.

That afternoon I got a letter from Walter Wanger suggesting that I take a run down to Rome to visit a friend of his, the Countess di Frasso, who had a place called Villa Madama. According to his letter, the countess, born Dorothy Taylor, of New York, ran a sort of open house for celebrities, dignitaries, royalty on the loose and other congenial characters. It sounded more cheerful than looking at myself in the mirror. I went to Rome.

The Villa Madama was quite a place. Before the countess began the restoration of the huge estate, it had gone through a century or so of poor sledding. The ancient villa was really a good-sized castle. Parts of it, containing priceless murals on marble walls, had been carelessly used as cow barns. The countess had flushed out the floors, washed down the walls and restored the murals. She put electric elevators underneath marble stairs, and over walls stained by time and dampness she hung silk curtains and expensive paintings. I could believe the rumor that she had spent more than $1,000,000 sprucing up the place.

And then there were the guests. It was hard to tell whether the countess threw one party that lasted all summer or a series of weekend parties that lasted all week. Guests just came and went as if the Villa Madama were a Grand Hotel. With the Italian contingent headed by Prince Umberto, the British contingent by the Duke of York, and the American contingent by Barbara Hutton, I was as out of place as a cowboy can get all at one time.

Seeing that I was never going to make the grade in the grand ballroom, the Countess di Frasso took pity on me. Wanger had reported that I could talk about horses, so she invited in about half a regiment of Italian cavalry to make me feel at home. Those boys could ride. And having heard some about American bronco-busters, they wanted to see how



"Because it's his house, that's why."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

they stacked up alongside a genuine, in-the-flesh cowboy. So they invited me to try out a little steeplechase course they had fixed up to exercise their horses on.

The course turned out to be the famed Tor di Quinto, a nightmare to all who have ever tried it. Leaving the stables, I had my first glimpse of the first jump, and I knew I was in trouble. It was too late to back down. I had the reputations of both Hollywood and Montana at stake, and I began to wish Slim Talbot were with me to show these boys how it really should be done.

The Italian cavalry plainly believed in economy. No point in eliminating riders on a lot of costly little hurdles, when they could wipe out most of the competition on one big one right at the start. No point in putting up a pole fence to be knocked down, when a stone wall would stand the wear and tear indefinitely. And why put a horse over one stone wall, when he could be put over two walls, ten feet apart, at the same time?

The horse they had picked for me was a beautiful, long-legged bay hunter, one of the best in the stable. We got along right from the start. About a dozen of us went over the first hurdle together, but after that the field was not so crowded. I was doing fine. My horse jumped one obstacle after another so smoothly that he didn't seem to be jumping at all. He simply retracted his landing gear. We were well along on the course, with six officers left in the field, when I felt my horse picking up for the next six-foot stone wall with extra power. Up we went. For one ghastly moment I thought we had jumped over a cliff into a deep lake. Far below was this body of water, and in my split second in the air I could see that the opposite bank sloped up and away from the water's edge something like the north rim of the Grand Canyon.

If it is possible to achieve levitation by will power, I achieved it then. We landed inches beyond the rim, the horse scrambled for a couple of steps while my heart caught up to me, and then, with one more hurdle behind us, we were home. Four of us finished the course that day, and of the eight who didn't, none was seriously damaged.

"Eetsa getting too seemple," an officer apologized. "We must feex the waterhole."

When word reached Hollywood that I had ridden the Tor di Quinto steeplechase course without falling out of the saddle, I was not congratulated for upholding the honor of movie cowboys. The reaction was that if I was well enough to cut capers with the Italian cavalry, I was well enough to work. I was ordered to return, not to Hollywood, but to New York, to make a picture with Claudette Colbert called His Woman.

This was in August of 1931. New York was bogged down in layers of heat and humidity. Yet compared to our studios in Astoria, the outside air had the tang of a crisp winter day. The heat would have been more bearable if we hadn't been forced to look at what was called soundproofing. The stages were huge, echoing caverns, originally designed for silent pictures. To reduce the echoes, our sets were encased in blankets—woolen blankets, cotton blankets, ragged quilts, old rugs—anything that might catch a sound wave and smother it. There were hundreds of them hanging everywhere. Below the hanging blankets were dozens of huge studio lamps, pouring out heat. The mere sight of such a set—lights, heat and suffocating blankets—was enough to remove all make-up with an outpouring sweat.

With the heat, the sweat and the running make-up, my eyes began to smart. Midway in the shooting I felt the old strain beginning to build, and if my eyes had not been so inflamed, I would have seen signs of returning jaundice.

I am not what actors call "an easy study." I have to work hard to prepare myself for every scene—so hard that sometimes I have exhausted myself before getting in front of the camera. Working on His Woman, I found that the only way I could keep going was to stretch out on a pile of old scenery or anything that was handy, and take a nap between takes. It worked so well that it's still my habit. When I have got myself in character, and have worked over a scene until it's fixed in my mind, I no longer stew around while awaiting the director's call. I just go to sleep.

I remember one time I nearly overdid the napping during a remake of the old silent classic, Beau Geste, in 1938. Most of us had been killed off defending our Foreign Legion fort, and the time had come for the survivors to cremate us in the ruins. Robert Preston had the job of carrying me in and stretching me out on my bunk, after which he drenched the room with oil.

"Now don't go to sleep," he warned. "We're going to set fire to this place in a minute."

"But if you do go to sleep," warned the director, "don't snore and ruin the sound track."

He got his shot of me on the bed, and went away. I knew a lot of time would be wasted before they got around to burning up the set. Everything would have to be set up perfectly, because there could be no retakes. So I went sound asleep.

In the general excitement before the conflagration, I was forgotten. The fire was pretty well along before Preston hollered, "Great day, where's Coop?" He charged into the flames just about the time I began to dream I was back on the set of I Take This Woman. Fortunately, I wake up easily. Preston and I came smoking out of the room so fast the cameraman thought the set had exploded, and I've never been able to sleep through a fire scene since.

Shooting on His Woman lasted until late September, and I was just able to last it out. By that time I was finished. I didn't care whether I made another picture as long as I lived. At first I was inclined to blame Hollywood for putting me to work too soon after my attack of jaundice, but on second thought I saw that only one person was responsible for taking care of me, and that was me.

One day, returning from my doctor's office, I ran into Jimmie and Willie Donahue, two friends I had met while at the Countess di Frasso's Villa Madama. They were cooking up an African safari, and invited me to join them. A few days later I bumped into Jerome Preston and his wife, friends of the Donahue boys. They had a ranch in Tanganyika where they were breeding horses. They suggested it might be a fine place for me to go to recuperate.

The combination of Africa, ranching and horses was too much to resist, and when they added that my duties would consist of sitting on the veranda overlooking Lake Nyasa, propping my feet on the rail and seeing that the rail didn't fall down, I knew I had a job I could handle. Without a by-your-leave from Hollywood, I grabbed a boat and away I went.

Editors' Note—This is the sixth of eight articles by Mr. Cooper. The seventh will appear next week.

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. . . and doesn't the grass feel cool and tickly?

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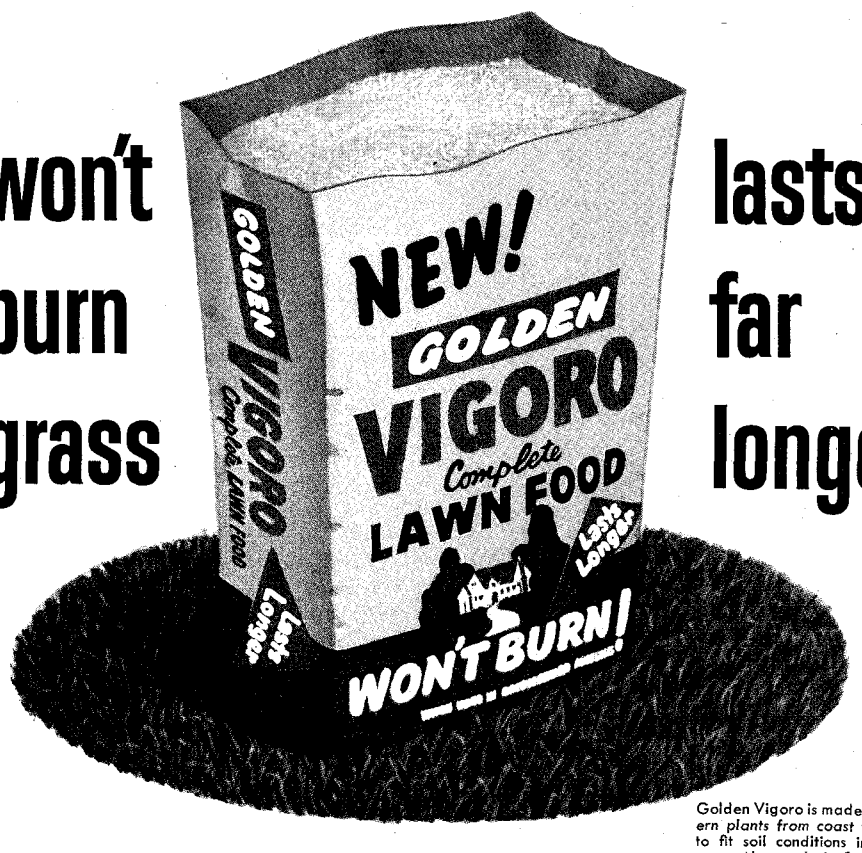

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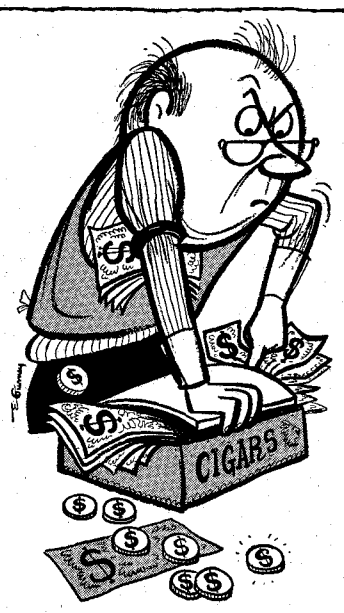

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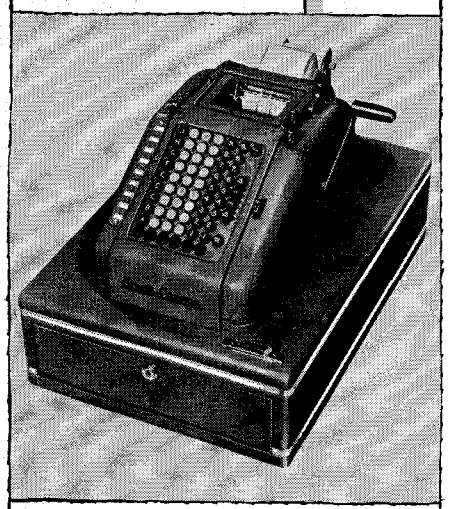

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Keeping Posted

Horses are Good Riding, But Not Bullocks

Alston Waring describes his wife, Beulah, as a farmer's daughter and a farmer's wife, which establishes that he is a farmer, a fact well supported by page 40. When the Warings built a new home on their Pennsylvania farm and, just as it was finished, went to India to live among farmers there, neighbors pronounced them a bit crazy, but the way the Warings created Indian friends for America through technical (and friendly) assistance was both sane and heart-warming. Apropos of that picture, Waring remarks, "Beulah has always been at home on horseback, but in Orissa she found only bullocks." She compromised by taking an occasional spin on an elephant.

Glimpses of Life 30,000 Feet Up

Frank Harvey, after casing the H-bomb planes for page 32, hitchhiked home in the back seat of a T-33 two-place jet trainer and, being a pilot, he was allowed to try his hand at operating the little bolt of lightning. "She's very touchy high up," he discovered. "A gentle bank, while trying to level off, turns into a see-sawing of the wings that may go through fifty oscillations before you can 'damp it out'—until you acquire the delicate touch needed to 'lead' the oscillations by the controls." When Harvey mastered damping within an hour, the pilot remarked approvingly that some pilots never do get the hang of it. Harvey was permitted to bring the jet into the airport traffic pattern away down around 1000 feet, but then the pilot hastily took over. To trust a back-seat fellow close to the ground at 300 mph dampens a pilot's spirits.

Harvey reports certain scary aspects of the back seat of a jet trainer up around 30,000 feet. For instance, if the oxygen supply gets fouled up (a constantly moving gauge must be watched), within one or two minutes the passenger gently and painlessly loses consciousness and dies. Pilots have landed jets and, to their horror, found their passengers dead.

Then there is the ejection seat, in case of a bail-out. There are half a dozen things—even before the powder charge shoots the seat into the sky—which a passenger must do just right to avoid broken arms, a twisted spine, or worse. Once in the sky, he must remember to unfasten the safety belt of the seat as well as pull the parachute ripcord—for he is sitting on the chute. Also he must remember, if he is up around 35,000 feet, to fall to 10,000 before pulling the cord, as upper air is too thin to support life and the opening shock of a chute that far up can be fatal. "You have to keep your wits," Harvey reflects. "Some people, doing everything right, have successfully parachuted from below a thousand feet. For my money, that's clicking." For anybody's money, that's clicking.

About a Newcomer and an Oldcomer

Fred Russell working at mobile desk.

One afternoon in 1951 George Leonard was observing the Nashville, Tennessee, Vols play baseball, and a Vol named Jack Harshman propelled a home run. Immediately Leonard and nearly everybody else on the premises was aware of a young lady in the grandstand uttering piercing cries of approbation. This was Leonard's first awareness of Dee Harshman, spouse of the man who had struck the ball. Subsequently, the unfettered enthusiasm of Mrs. H. had much to do with making a major-league luminary of Mr. H., and so the well-mated pair share a spotlight on page 31.

The writer who shares by-lines with Leonard is his boss, sports editor Fred Russell, of the Nashville Banner. This is Leonard's first landing in the Post and it isn't Russell's—back in Thirty-something he began showing up, and he's still an up-and-coming, fairly young feller today. Next September, Russell will come up as usual with his annual forecast on college football, the Post's Pigskin Preview, hoping to do as admirably as he did last year, when he picked the national champion, seven of the eleven consensus All-American players, and thirteen of the top twenty teams. Russell worries heartily about this forecasting job, which is why, according to coach Pappy Lewis, of West Virginia, the prophet had a 101 license number on his car last year—"There are 101 ways a football can bounce." The reason why Russell, not long ago, was given the Grantland Rice Memorial Award for sports writing, and people from all over gathered in New York to salute him, is that he is a journalistic star and a great guy, to boot. Evidently what this paragraph is trying to say is that he needs no introduction.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I Found Russia Changed"

Charles Thayer, former diplomatic official, reports on class distinctions in the "classless" Soviet, on the endless boasting; and would you like to be told what the Russians fear the most?

George Leonard with close relatives.

Stories are Where You Find 'Em

One day Ralph Wellner Salaway was watching his daughter bounce on a trampolin in the Westchester School of Dance Arts in Los Angeles; come to think of it, there's a picture to prove it. The school is operated by a young lady. So the father suddenly decided to write a story about a boy who bounces on a trampolin in a school operated by a man, and there's a lucid explanation of how short stories get started.

Salaway testifies, "I have two daughters and one wife, ages three, nine and ??." In the Los Angeles school system he teaches visually handicapped youngsters a variety of subjects, including Braille, fortunately being blessed with 20/20 vision himself. His chief idiosyncrasy is that he is one of those odd characters who insist that thirteen is a lucky number. He got that way after being born on November 13, 1913, and is still going strong as a result of his first Post story being his thirteenth sale. As page 13 is no place for him, he's on page 37.

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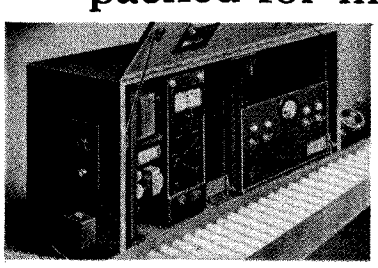

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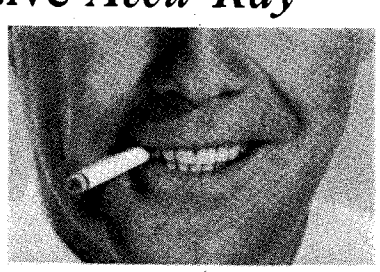

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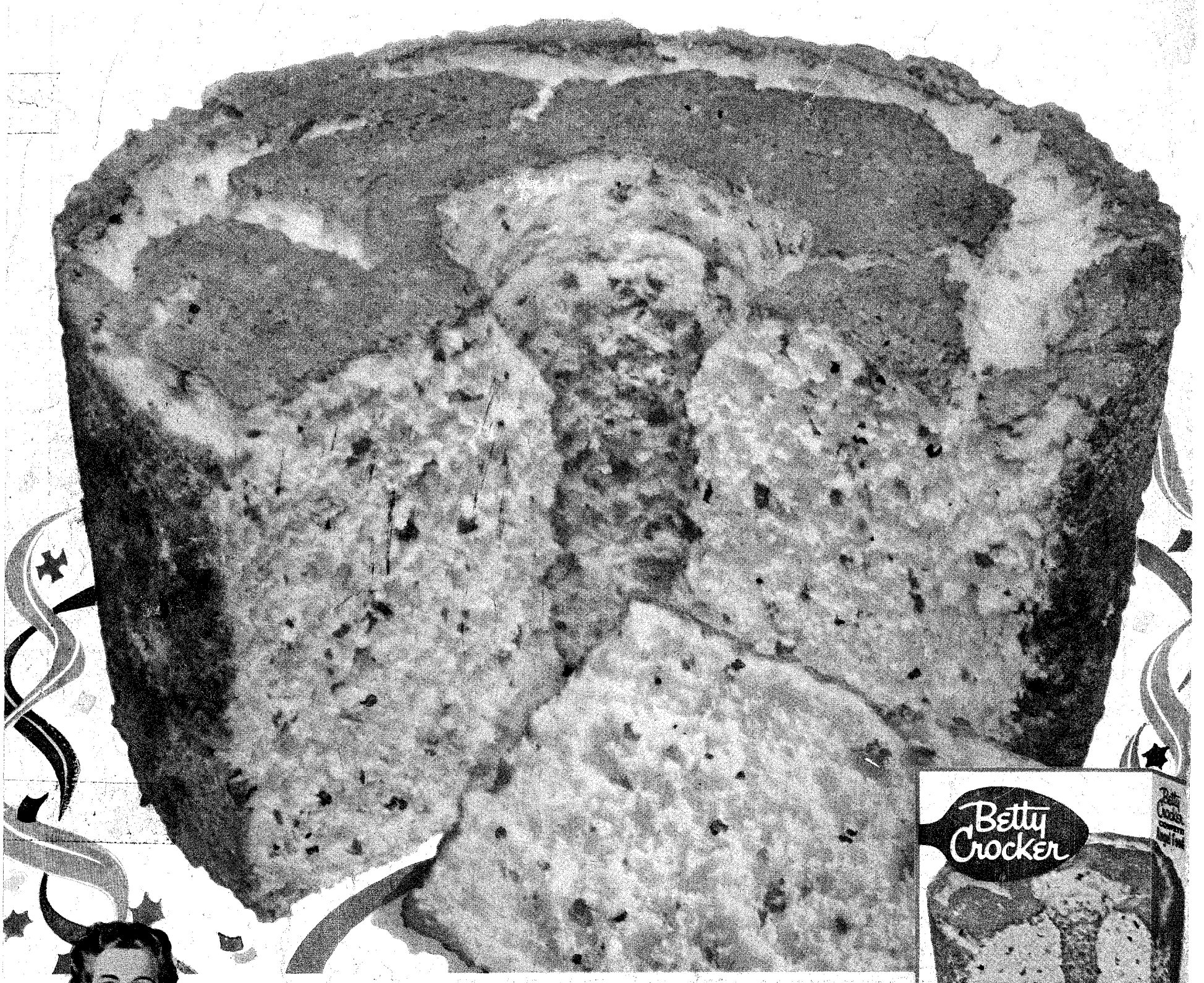

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